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A SEAT IN THE CHAIR OF DESTINY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," relates a curious incident which happened at the taking of Edinburgh Castle during the days of Bruce. The English had possession of the stronghold, which was so inaccessibly placed upon its lofty crag as to be almost impregnable. A certain Scottish chieftain resolved to seize it by stratagem. One dark night, attended by only thirty picked men, he undertook to reach its vulnerable point by climbing up its southern and most precipitous side. The party crept slowly and noiselessly up and along a secret pass known only to one of them, but paused in fright when arriving close under the wall, upon hearing a troop of the guard approaching. Here the parapet was near the ground, and the lookout of the garrison careless, as no one thought it possible for any mortal foot to come from that direction. Just at this moment of mental and bodily suspense, while they were hugging the cliff to avoid being seen, hardly daring to draw a breath, one of the guards suddenly exclaimed, "Aha! I see you well!" at the same instant laying hold of a fragment of rock and plunging it down into the darkness toward them. Fortunately, it flew over their heads and went crashing harmlessly into the black gulf beneath. They were brave, cool men, and did not stir nor utter a sound. To their inexpressible relief this was all. The patrol passed on. It turned out that the man had not even a suspicion of their presence, but had gone through the fierce performance, as he said, to startle his comrades. A student of mental phenomena would hardly dismiss the matter there. The man was evidently seized with a sudden perception of the truth, but mistook it for a casual thought. It was a kind of second-sight; an impingement upon his mind without the intervention of his senses, a magnetic impression. The very intensity of the gaze fixed upon his dim figure, possibly lagging behind the

others, by thirty pairs of gleaming eyes charged with deadly determination and anxiety together, the concentrated excitement of so many men close to him whose lives hung on a hair between heaven and earth, must have shot into him a premonition of the coming fact, and sent a throng of spectral combatants leaping upon the battlements. He actually *did* see them, therefore, but not with the bodily vision, and hurled the rock into the abyss with words as apt to the reality as to its imaginary errand, speaking more wisely than he knew, "Aha! I see you well!"

The canny Scots took the castle, and in the course of about four hundred years awoke to the discovery that they were no longer on the debatable land—neither English nor Scotch—but on *British* ground, and yet the armed tartan was still in possession.

This paper sets out to give the strange and eventful history of another rocky fragment of Scotland, which—broken from one of its aboriginal crags, in an era of such extreme antiquity that its tradition emerges from an impenetrable darkness—was precipitated by an unknown hand into the unfathomable abyss of Time, under a vague impulse of divination, at unseen and unsuspected assailants, and was coupled with an utterance as mystically to the point as the other, while, as a missile, quite as wide of the mark.

In the history of Scotland a shadowy train of events crept silently and surely from age to age, under cover of that darkness which often conceals the tendencies of things, from a quarter aside from the track of war, up the mountain ramparts of the nation's impregnable pride and independence, entering just where the nation was least prepared and most secure, and surprised the canny Scots out of their stronghold before they were aware. After the short, sharp struggle against "Union" was over, they discovered the fullness of what had happened: not only a king

of Scottish royal blood on the English throne, but Saxon and Celt gone back into territorial "Britain" again, rivals no longer except in a common prosperity and the pursuit of a common endeavor.

So the two assaults, though from the opposite sides, were typical one of the other, and exchanged their meanings when they were both merged into the same result. But the stone of the little incident at Edinburgh prophesied itself out in a moment of time, and, like a meteor, fell into the oblivion of that dark night. The other, as befitted its more phantom errand and prolonged flight of centuries, remains like an aërolite, just where it fell, an object of curious interest and speculation, still smoking with the odor of the prophecy in which it spent its force.

How came it to fall in Westminster Abbey? Whence did it come? What did it mean?

This rough-hewed fragment, so widely known as the Stone of Scone, and occupying no less a distinguished place than the Coronation Chair of the British Empire, would, if seen anywhere else, attract no more attention than an ordinary block of building-stone which had lain long neglected or rejected. To such a block it bears some resemblance on account of its general proportions—its measurements being twenty-six inches in length, sixteen and one third inches in breadth, and ten and one half inches in depth. And yet its appearance, otherwise, is so irregular, battered, and weather-beaten that, if found well insulated, say in the fields, it might easily be taken for a common boulder or a broken portion of one. But neglected or rejected, battered or weather-beaten, it certainly has not been for many a long day. Had it been the Black Stone of Mecca itself, it could not have been more carefully guarded or sacredly canopied than it has been, from a period whereto the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The elements have had no recent chance, at any rate, of shaping it, and it requires a close examination to detect any evidences of man having tried to modify the form in which it was originally found. Only some tender touches of a steel instrument on its sides indicate its having been slightly adapted to its present receptacle, or to a previous one.

There are, however, other and very significant indications of human handling in the iron rings at either end, as if it had been equipped for transportation whenever necessary; conveying the impression that it actually *had*, according to its story, undergone many and long pilgrimages. This feature, in something intended to serve as a seat, and as such inserted, as it seems to have been, in a stone throne of coronation, which would naturally be fixed in one locality, makes it look, at the first glance, as if it had really been

taken up, when taken at all, not so much by human beings as by the Genii of the ages, and translated hither and thither during long evolutions of time and in the rare emergencies of change in a dynastic situation. Putting together this character as a permanent seat (it was only removed twice during the thousand years in which we can with some distinctness trace it), and the fact of these iron rings, as betokening flight or migration, we have, besides a suggestive correspondence to the legendary account of its wanderings, a strong implication of that hallowed, fatal character also which made it, like the regalia of a kingdom or the sacred Pix itself, an object of reverent solicitude, to be protected as much by a quick removal in a moment of danger as by the stationary "privilege of sanctuary" in an abbey or church.

Be this as it may, such a curious interest has invested it that not only have all the hoary records of Scotch antiquity been searched in order to find traces of it, but even grave geologists have been summoned to lend their aid in dissolving the mystery of its original locality, from the evidences which might be furnished by the stony chronicles of nature. The very dust of its aged mortality has been examined under a magnifying-glass in the hope of detecting something which might point directly to its parent rock. The result is conjectural after all, though pretty certain. It is of calcareous sandstone, dull-reddish or purplish in color, with a few small quartz and other imbedded pebbles. From extreme age it is slightly crumbling on the surface. Now, it can not, they say, in allusion to the earliest tradition concerning it, have belonged to the rocks of Bethel in mid-Palestine, because they are formed of strata of limestone. Neither could it have been found in Egypt, for it does not bear any relation to the prevailing nummulitic limestone—of which the Great Pyramid is built—and there is nothing similar to its red sandstone in the crystalline rocks of Egypt. The rocks of the hill of Tara in Ireland, upon which it was said to have stood so many ages, are of Carboniferous age, and are without its reddish hue. Iona can not be its native soil, for the rocks there are a flaggy micaceous grit or gneiss. The Old Red Sandstone around Scone is not altogether alien to it, for here and there may be found the peculiar tint of its complexion. Still, above all other known places which might appear to have been its primeval seat, the western coast of Scotland, near Oban, is the most likely, as the reddish, purplish, conglomerate sandstone of that region closely resembles it, especially the rocks in the neighborhood of Dunstaffnage Castle. The stones in the old doorway of the castle are like modern members of the same old family, and are hued

by the self-same peroxide blood. Indeed, there is a cavity in one of the vaults which is pointed out as the place where it was once temporarily deposited.

This region—the present territory of Argyll—is that southwest corner of ancient Pictland which was known as “The Land of the Scots,” because upon its rocky, deeply indented shores, and amid its lakes and mountains, a clan of Scots from Ireland once settled, having come to stay and to conquer. It was here, then, most probably, that, having been hewed from some mountain quarry, or having fallen from some tall cliff, this, the chief component part, indeed the one mystical constituent of the present throne of the British Empire, was found, in an age utterly gone into oblivion.

The reader is now somewhat prepared for the marvelous and nebulous atmosphere of the paragraphs which follow. He is to enter upon that archaeological tract which extends back even into the beginnings of time, and upon whose shadowy footing he must tread with equal reverence and faith, for he will be drawing near to the primeval source and occasion of that pride and independence which has made Scotland foremost among the nations, and which the world has never otherwise been able to account for in the Scottish character!

It would appear that this was the very identical Stone upon which the patriarch Jacob laid his weary head on that lonely night in Bethel, when, having left his father's house, he was proceeding eastward into the mysteries of his appointed life. From it, when he was wrapped in slumber, his poor, tangled, anxious brain had straightened upward into a dream-ladder, reaching even to heaven, whence the Divine announcement was made to him that the land on which he lay, formed, of course, of that very rock, should be the heritage of himself and his descendants, who were to become “as the dust of the earth” for multitude. On the morrow he set up the Stone for a memorial and covenant pillar, anointing it with oil as a Stone of Destiny—which most surely it was, though it did not fall in with the genius of that period or of his native tongue to call it precisely by that name. When he and his children went down into Egypt they took it with them—by no means an improbable thing. Here it remained until the time of Moses, indeed until after the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. Now this is the way in which so sacred and wonderful a relic slipped out of the hands of the chosen people and came into the possession of the Scotch. Some might be unscrupulous enough to state that it happened through an accident of affinity which misled the Stone in following its true owner; that when the

Israelites were leaving Egypt the mingled “Calvinism” and worldly prudence of the Scottish character had so won upon the Stone that it forsook the fortunes of Jacob, also noted for a similar combination, and united itself with the other emigrating nation.

However valuable such a statement would be in accounting for the ultimate wreck which overtook Israel, and the survival, as of the fittest, to the present hour of such an ancient people as the “Scots,” it were nevertheless a pure fabrication. The facts are these: Somehow or other Pharaoh had obtained possession of the relic—a performance very characteristic of that notorious person. When he was drowned, his daughter Scota, who had married Gathelus, a Prince of Greece, at once left the country in great alarm, taking the Stone with her. They went to Spain. Here it became permanently linked with the destinies of the Scottish royal line, and when Brec, the favorite son of Milo, King of the Scots in Spain, in an age somewhat later, was about to establish himself in Ireland, his father committed it to his charge, with the injunction that he should make it the conquering sign of his new royal house. During a furious storm on the Irish coast it was thrown out as an anchor, whence very likely arose that improbable and perhaps malicious story of its having been fished up *by* an anchor from the bottom of the sea. However, it is just as well that I should give due prominence to this early rumor in order that the reader may have the choice of two unfathomable origins—Time and the Ocean—things equally noted for their capacity to keep a secret and to baffle human curiosity. In Ireland it was taken to the royal hill of Tara, where it was known as “Lia Fail” (which is Irish-Celtic for “the Stone of Destiny”). Upon it the kings were crowned. There, in the interest of dynastic purity and good government, it developed a certain measure of political discrimination, groaning loudly when a pretender sat upon it. In the course of time, say the fortieth or fiftieth generation after this, when Fergus, son of Erc, in imitation of his forefather Brec, determined to found a new kingdom, over the strait, in Pictland, and actually did settle “The Land of the Scots” above spoken of, he took the Stone with him as something auspicious wherewith to start a destiny on that virgin soil for his proposed new royal line.

Now we are getting to a period where, if things still look misty to the present near-sighted generation, yet they are somewhat more palpable. Fergus is an historical character, and flourished as King of Scots A. D. 550. About this time the Island of Iona, or Icolmkill, just off the coast, was inhabited by a colony of monks from the Church of Ireland under the abbacy of the fa-

mous and sainted Columba, the "great apostle of Pictland." Here was the abbey, then wattle-built, the ruins of whose later buildings of stone are now such romantic and pathetic objects of interest. It is here that the first Kings of the Scots were crowned. It is here where Columba himself inaugurated Aidan in 574. It is here also where the Kings of Scotland were brought for burial, and where their tombs are still pointed out, a long swath of recumbent gravestones stretching partly across the cemetery, inclosed by a rude railing of iron. When Columba lay dying his head was pillowed upon this Stone, and visions of angels appeared also to him just before he received the promise of the other world and took up the staff of his eternal pilgrimage. When he died it was reverently placed as a memorial beside his grave. If it had no other association than this, it were hallowed enough to that generation. Everything pertaining to St. Columba became of the most sacred interest, an interest which grew from age to age. Some hundreds of years after his death many of his relics were removed to Ireland, but a few, as we shall see, were retained in Scotland.

About the year 840, Kenneth MacAlpine, King of Scots, fell heir (strange foretokening of an after and similar event), through a marital alliance with the royal line of the Picts, to the united kingdoms of Pictland and Scotland. The interminable wars then ceased and the absorption of one people by the other began. As the founder of the new royal house of Scotland he removed his residence to Scone, where he built the celebrated Abbey. Thither he brought certain relics of St. Columba: the Stone which had been the dying pillow of the Saint, a crosier, and a square iron bell dipped in bronze. The Abbey of Scone now and henceforth became preëminent in fame for sanctity. Around this sacred center the government itself gathered. Scone was made the capital city of the kingdom, and here, to the last, all its Kings were crowned—seated by the Thanes of Fife upon the Stone of Fate.

There is enough that is authentic in the foregoing account, legendary as it is throughout, to give a certain form and pressure to what we may feel that we actually know. The mythical shadow which is thrown all along upon the story has a prevailing element of truth. Like the specter of the Brocken in the Hartz Mountains, it assumes a human shape and an historic reality through its affinity and correspondence with a sentiment profoundly characteristic of man and universal to his nature in all ages and climes. The symbolic employment of such a fragment of rock, especially in a land which is rock-built like Scotland, sprang from a natural instinct, not the less true because it could not always define itself.

What we now know to be a scientific fact, that the rocky framework of a country is the bone-work of its life and character, upon which all its beauty grows and around which the vital currents of its being flow, was then as deeply *felt*, if not perceived. A rock was the noblest possible representative of nature: the soil in an eternal form and unchangeable substance; the exponent therefore of territory, and hence, by an easy mental transition, a monument of nationality. Hence also the sentiment came uppermost everywhere and sank deeply into the humblest imagination, which associated it with an unspeakable significance touching almost everything that was fundamental in the social fabric. It was wrought into altars as well as temples, into Druid cromlechs and other symbolic centers of resort that grew into seats of enchantment and divination. The same sentiment which led the Hebrew patriarch to consecrate the Stone upon which he had dreamed his dream of destiny, connecting him with the very land he was about to leave, a sentiment which had received the sanction of the Divine Being who ordered his goings, runs through all the Scriptures in similar forms. Kings were crowned beside such natural pillars, territory was bounded by such landmarks, morally as immovable as mountain ranges. The ancient Celtic and Gothic races, far back in the dimmest antiquity, cherished this feeling, and had this practice—probably derived from the East, whence they came, if we may judge from the "baetulia," or sacred stones, so often mentioned—to such an extent, that vestiges of it linger to this day near Upsala, at Zollfell, at Lahnstein on the banks of the Rhine, at Derry and Monaghan in Ireland, upon the Thames at Kingston, even in Westminster Hall in the very name of the "King's Bench"—evidences of a sentiment which was shared in common with the sons of Israel. It is in this way that the legend which connects the Stone of Scone with Jacob's Pillow becomes no longer fabulous. It is a fact. The "sacrament" is there, whatever the "accident" may be.

And when we see such a thing accompanying the primitive simplicity of kingship, the virtue of sovereignty entering a chosen man through his ceremonial enthronement among his comrades upon the lowly natural seat, we see a type of what the original idea of sovereignty was among these rude tribes of men. We catch a glimpse in concrete form of the law of Tanistry, the principle which reserved to the people the right to indicate the one preferred of an hereditary family of kings. Such a one came from the people, he belonged to the soil, and by whatever other form of right or might ascending into power, in this he admitted and in this he proclaimed

that he was there by their election or consent. Such a barbaric chair would very likely grow in magical sanctity from that natural beginning, as the fact of sovereignty itself was sure to grow into something sacred and divine, but it never outgrew this primitive hold upon the common earth. The rude rock was there in all its rough-hewn contour to testify both of the past behind and of the fact beneath. Indeed, its accretions of sentiment in the progress of time only imbedded it more firmly in the popular heart. When hallowed traditions gathered round it and ages had rolled over it, with the reminiscence ready to revive of a long series of sovereigns receiving their consecration by its dumb permission, as was the case in Scotland, it was not strange that it became invested with a character which identified it not only with the prosperity but the very existence of the nation, with all the nation's power to grow at home and to extend abroad, and that the kings themselves developed into something like incarnations of the national spirit, whom to lose would be to lose the national destiny itself.

No one can now tell when that astonishing prophecy arose and enveloped the Stone of Scone which has always been associated with it, and to which it owes so much of its interest. The prophecy has reached us through the chroniclers, but was said to have been originally inscribed upon it. There is now an empty groove on its lower side which might have contained an inserted plate. It is sufficiently remarkable to know the unquestionable historical fact that there was such a secular prediction current more than four hundred years ago—how long before we can not tell—uttered no one knows by whom, apparently under the inspiration of a cumulative tradition which took the form of an accurate though indefinite intuition. We have it now in this leonine verse :

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Inveniet lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem ;"

and also in the Irish-Celtic dialect, claiming to convey the Druidical rune as it was delivered twenty-four hundred and fifty years ago. The translation is by Sir Walter Scott :

"Cioniodh Scuit saor an fine,
Man ha breag an Fais dine,
Mar a oh fuighid an LIA FAIL,
Dlghid flaitheas do grabhail."

"Unless the Fates are faithless grown,
And Prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er is found this Sacred Stone
The Scottish Race shall reign."

For two hundred years after the reign of Kenneth MacAlpine we see the history of Scot-

land as through a Highland mist—huge dim outlines, like its own mountains, of a kingdom gradually consolidating and coming into view under the outward pressure of wars with the sea-kings, Norsemen and Saxons ; and the forms of the fifteen kings who succeeded him are hardly more than "sceptered shades" in the cloud-land of all that period. But when the epoch arrives, when the crisis is at hand, which shall issue in the fulfillment of the prediction, there is a sudden breaking away of the obscurity, and we find ourselves in the age of "the gracious Duncan," under the lurid sky of Shakespeare's drama of "Macbeth." Now the characters take a flesh-and-blood reality. The Tragedy, which has been called "the most solemn and impressive drama which the world has ever beheld," was written during the reign of James I., and would seem to have been the reflection in its author's imagination of the extraordinary impression, amounting almost to awe, which had been made upon the public imagination by the confluence of the royal line of Scotland with that of England, and the appearance of a lineal descendant of Duncan, and of a real, not mythical, son of Banquo upon the English throne. Never, of all the tributes of an astonished people that James received, was any so memorable, is any now so remarkable, as that offered him in this the greatest effort of its author's genius. It is a monument even now of that almost weird feeling with which his accession was looked upon, coming as that accession did in the accomplishment of a prediction which had been vaguely known to the English people for at least two centuries. The drama was a gathering up of supernatural and fateful elements—around a well-known chronicler's story—as if the writer had dipped his pen in the very fountains of that awful necessitation which was supposed to guard the issues of a royal lineage.

And yet, as we are all now aware, Macbeth, collateral in descent with his cousin Duncan, had quite as good a claim as he to the throne, under the Scottish law, and in the struggle for it slew him, not by treachery, but in fair battle, reigning in his stead for fifteen years wisely and equitably, till Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, with the assistance of Siward, the Danish Duke of Northumberland, succeeded in wresting back his father's seat, and became the undisturbed ancestor of the line from which finally emerged the single king of both the kingdoms. As to Banquo, we know that he never existed—a dynastic shade. Macbeth himself was duly enthroned upon the Stone of Scone, as was Malcolm Canmore afterward ; and for two hundred years more we have the repeated records of these coronations under the shadow of its abbey, through all the furious wars with England, until Edward

I., in the determination to obliterate every vestige of the royalty of Scotland and its national independence, seized upon the Stone, and removed it, with the state records, the regalia, and the Holy Rood, to England, placing them in the Abbey of Westminster, as an offering to the memory of his namesake, Edward the Confessor. After this he brushed away the twelve competitors for the throne like flies. He thrust aside both Baliol and Bruce, as of no account without the vital Stone, in which all the virtue of Scottish royalty lay. He even left behind the marble chair in which it had been enshrined, as if that also was now but an empty shell. When he took it away, the act was like tearing the heart out of the kingdom. The universal anguish of the Scots proclaimed how momentous was the deed. His own triumphant feeling was shown by what he did to plant anew in English ground this which he considered the tap-root of their nationality. At first he would have it built into a new coronation chair of bronze, but finally, as if more befitting its natural simplicity, he caused it to be placed in the plain oaken throne which contains it to-day.

Again and again was its return besought of his successors. The Kings even held conferences over the question. Treaties were made which attempted to include it; and when, finally, under Edward III., its restoration was agreed upon, the populace of London mobbed the Abbey, and nothing could induce them to permit its departure. The regalia might go, even the Holy Rood, the wood of the True Cross might be taken back, but never the Stone of Destiny.

The Chair in which it was deposited—resting on four lions *sejant*, half roused and braced, as if "expectant"—henceforth became a memorable figure in the realm. Its likeness was stamped on the coinage of the period. King Richard II. desired to be painted with crown and scepter as seated in it, a picture which hung for several hundred years in the Abbey, and is now in the Jerusalem Chamber. Every sovereign of England, since Edward I., has been enthroned upon it. It is brought forth at every coronation-day into the chancel of the Abbey, placed high and centrally upon the crimson platform, covered with cloth of gold, like a shrine of sovereign power, and the ceremony of placing the English monarch upon the Scottish Stone shares with that of placing the crown upon his head the whole meaning and efficacy of the inaugurating act. When he is seated there, the people shout—he sits upon the Stone of Destiny!

On no other occasion does it stir from the place it has occupied for six hundred years, in the Chapel of the Kings.* As an object of

interest, it transcends all others in the Abbey, brooding in the death-gloom of the Chapel, with Edward the Confessor's shrine before it, and his bones almost beneath it, with the stately tomb and grim effigy of Edward "the Hammer of the Scots" close by on its left, and in the midst of that throng of sepulchres which contain nearly all the monarchs who reigned since his time until the "Union" was consummated. Like the Abbey itself—

"It gave them crowns, and does their ashes keep."

The long story of the events which gradually but surely fulfilled the prediction associated with its imbedded stone—an historic evolution reaching from A. D. 1057 to 1707, exactly six hundred and fifty years—if resolved into the simple elements which composed this fatality by excluding the mass of those details which are only referable to the will of man, and were therefore irrelevant as they ran, and by exhibiting only those which reveal outwardly and inwardly the operation of the will of God in unfolding his providential purpose—will curdle into the dense and rapid movement of a drama as weird and powerful, and in many parts as incorporeal, as that of "Macbeth" itself. Indeed, so prophetic was Shakespeare, unconsciously to himself through the depth of his communion with all that is fundamental and mystical in human nature, that his wonderful Tragedy seems to include by a sort of vaticinating anticipation all the essential characteristics of the actual history which swept out from the age in which he found it. Just as he took the incidents of the story of Duncan in Holingshed's chronicle, and wrought them into the supernatural situation which introduced the simultaneous working and interworking of fate and prophecy with human action and passion, so does this whole historical development, in which Scotland and England are seen to be allied in one destiny, recast itself into the order of a Tragedy conveying precisely the same impression. The coincidence also of identical material assists the mind in keeping up the illusion that one belongs to the other. "Macbeth" was woven out of the threads which entered into the substance of the critical period whose issues, far in the future, were drawn taut in the loom of Providence; and, therefore, turn into the past as the roller might, fly from one side to the other as the shuttle would, the original pattern only continued to be produced, with the same controlling design, in the self-same texture, the warp of destiny stretching through the woof of passion, one interblending with the other as the loom of action clanged upward and

Cromwell was inaugurated as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall across the way.

* Only once was it removed from the Abbey—when

downward till the end was accomplished. It is not only possible, therefore, but necessary, also, to read "Macbeth" into the story if we would catch the full force of the fateful evolution; and strange it is to see, especially if we keep the Stone in the base of the loom, the facts actually falling into the essential form and taking the very soul of the immortal play.

And even if it were not so, the order and picture of such a play, with its "unities" and concentrating "scenes," would be the only form I could adopt which would enable me to give the most vivid possible presentment of these determining transactions, in a space proportionate to the scheme of this paper. It will be the portrayal over again of ambition and usurpation, of blind dependence upon monitions misinterpreted, of temporary prosperity in wrong-doing, of the terrible Nemesis of retribution sleepless and pursuing, and a desperate, unscrupulous struggle with circumstances uncontrollable, concluding with the triumph of the right and the best in the gracious *finale* of happiness and peace.

Like the Duchess of Gloucester in "Henry VI.,"

"Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that Chair where kings and queens are
crowned."

Is it not a befitting seat, this mass of native rock, to bear its country into my memory again? Is it not an enchanter's chair—this throne of two convergent nations and now united sovereignties, in which a double dynasty reigns—to summon back the vista of nearly a thousand historic years?

Scotland is before me again in a moment of time, like a picture painted on the curtain hanging before that drama of history to which "Macbeth" is but a prologue. How well I remember, how distinctly I see that bare and rugged territory, its rock-bound coasts, its northern diadem of rocky isles, with the ocean beating but never wearing the stupendous walls of the ancient fortress of the Celt! I see its half-naked mountains, their shoulders empurpled by the heather as with a tartan plaid, their summits bonneted by eternal mists, and plumed by the gray ptarmigan. I see its deep-bosomed lochs haunted by legend, its ruined castles and abbeys scattered over the length and breadth of the land like huge skeleton bones of an extinct history.

As I look, memory revives a former sweeping round-tour, which now forms itself, as it were, into a pillared arch about the present subject of my thought. I see the lone and desolate Iona,

the "Blessed Isle," on its western coast, with its gray abbey buildings in pathetic wreck, its forsaken "Reilig Orain" under St. Oran's shadow, where lie the crumbling bones of Scottish chieftains, and the long stretch of ancient kings under their stony coverlids; where Duncan lies—

"carried to Colme-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones"—

where Macbeth was the last interred, as if Scotland had buried also her former epoch and opened another, when she had laid the de-throned usurper in the oblivion of his grave.

Far away to the north, on the silver bow of the Caledonian lakes and the Moray Frith, I see the hill of Inverness, where Macbeth's castle stood:

"Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentler senses."

Again I see, as my eye hurries southward, "the blasted heath," the wide, interminable plain, through which a swift train once bore me with a caldron at its head more potent than any spells incanted here. I see again the low-creeping, tangled herbage, malignant with its refusal to bear a flower or fruit, tropical with its luxuriant waste of forbidding growths, tinged with livid colors, as if blood had rained and dried there, or as if it still mirrored a once lurid sky.

Still farther southward the train speeds on, and I dash amid the larch-forests of the Duke of Athole—trees to be counted by millions, and spreading like a vast plaid of evergreen over mountain and hill for many miles—when suddenly I emerge under the hill of Birnam, rising stripped and bare behind Dunkeld, with only tufts of foliage dotting it here and there, as if Siward's army had just departed with their "leavy screens" for Dunsinane.

Am I not ready now for the Drama of Destiny? Sitting here upon the magical Stone—in the proscenium-box—in the "Chapel of the Kings"—as it were on the very stage itself, and with some of the actors themselves so near—I can yet only give the dimmest outline of what I see, now that the curtain rises and the lights are thrown into the far recess upon a phantom history.

ACT I.—*Scene I.* I seem to see a vision, as if my eyes were filled with the prescient spirit beneath my chair. On an island, rocky and barren in one part, green and flowery in the other part, three shadowy prophetic figures, like weird sisters, are moving in a circle, hand in hand, crooning a chant:

First Fate. One land Britain is to be
For 'tis girdled by the sea.
Second Fate. Girdled also by one crown
Britain is to rule or drown.
Third Fate. One land only and one king
Will one nation surely bring.

First Fate. Scotland, rude and savage yet,
Sitteth on a Stone.
Second Fate. England, given to more art,
'Bideth on a throne.
Third Fate. Should England's throne have not that
Stone
Its Fate were incomplete.

All. Then Scotland's Stone in England's
throne
Shall surely have its seat.

[*They vanish.*]

Scene II. Another prelude of Fate—I see, as in the vista of Shakespeare's imagination, the Court of Duncan in Scotland, and the Court of Edward the Confessor in England. Macbeth usurps the Scottish throne. Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, flees to the protection of Edward. He returns, and, with an army of English and Scots, regains his father's seat.

Scene III. It is weird again. I see the phantom outlines of three hundred and fourteen pitched battles in a war of five hundred years. I see the phantom forms of more than a million of armed men strewed dead upon the ground which drinks up their blood. Those myriad specters melt into in the earth, and behold, it is "the blasted heath"! the field and problem of Destiny. Two phantom figures now emerge from the gloom, riding leisurely like the cousins Macbeth and Banquo, when fresh from the wars of Duncan. They are England and Scotland under that symbolic guise.

The weird sisters salute them :

All hail England! hail to thee!
The hills of Scotland thou shalt own,
And thou shalt have the Stone of Scone!
Thou shalt be king hereafter.

I see in the face of England that it hears the echo of its thought :

All hail Scotland! hail to thee!
Thou shalt sit on England's throne,
There by virtue of that Stone!
Lesser than England and greater.

I see in the heart of Scotland that it does not understand.

Scene IV., A. D. 1057-1165. History now begins in earnest. Malcolm Canmore has ascended the throne of his ancestors. The spirit of Kenneth MacAlpine, first monarch of united Pictavia and Scotia, resumes its fateful march.

Eleven years pass. Now the epoch of Destiny opens: William the Conqueror invades England. The usurper has come.

Edgar Atheling, heir to the English throne, flees to Scotland with his sister Margaret. They are welcomed by Malcolm. Saxon nobles also throng thither. Shortly come disaffected Norman barons also.

Malcolm marries Margaret, a descendant of Alfred, and next heir to the English throne. Now the blood of the Saxon royal line is to flow into the veins of the Celtic kings.

The exiled nobles receive titles and estates in Scotland. Its rude court puts on the hue of Continental civilization in new forms and customs of pomp and state. Malcolm himself becomes almost Saxon in heart through his devotion to his beautiful queen.

Already, in the under-world, Fate has turned her mystic wheel.

Now furious wars ensue between Malcolm and William, which are continued by their immediate successors. At the first William drives Malcolm.

Then the tide turns. The dominions of Scotland after a while extend down over the northern portions of England, but, as the shuttle of alternate victory and defeat flies backward and forward from one land to the other, the fateful wheel below spins fast the threads, and slowly but surely a subtle web is thrown over the northern kingdom. The Kings of Scotland do homage to the Kings of England—not for Scotland, but for these border regions which had belonged to England. The film of the feudal system is floating unseen over the thistle and the heather.

Scene V. The scene, meantime, changes to England. Henry I., son of the Conqueror, seeks the hand of Maude, the Celtic-Saxon daughter of Malcolm and Margaret. She is crowned by his side, here in the Abbey, amid the universal rejoicing of the English people. (Here she lies in her grave close to the Chair.) A daughter of Alfred has become Queen of England! Now, also, the distinction of Norman and Saxon is soon to depart, and the conquerors are to be absorbed into the conquered.

But the hand of Destiny is not yet fully open. Celtic blood is hereafter in its turn to flow into the English royal line. The northern and the southern kings are to be even more united in the cousinhood of Duncan, Banquo, and Macbeth. The Plantagenet oak is also to be planted, which is to contain the Stone of Scone.

As it turns out, it is in the near association brought about by this cousinhood that the usurping spirit is to find its incitement and occasion, even as it did in "Macbeth."

Scene VI. For yonder comes David I. of

Scotland to take the part of Henry II., grandson of Maude, against Stephen. In the divided, distracted state of England his invasion becomes almost a conquest. Destiny seems to pause on the issue, till in the battle of the Standard the will of the under-world is known. But it is not the "Standard of St. Peter" that wins the victory over Scotland. Another and unexpected ensign of deeper significance has suddenly sprung to the front and turned the scale. The mock head of David displayed upon a pole draws the valor of the Scots away, and they flee in uncontrollable panic. They read in the bloody face an intimation of fate, and in this they reveal the instinct which controls them. Their King is their country. The inspiration that as a last expedient thrust out that head, came from the source that knew the vital feeling under which their monarch is their life.

And when the true result is known, and the King is found alive, Destiny resumes her wheel and thickens the web. So much power yet remains to Scotland that she retains even a larger proportion of English territory than before, and for this her kings do homage, but, with the fact, the Macbethian thought begins to form itself in England against her very existence. What is yielded on one side to suzerainty for a part, is fast opening into a claim on the other of sovereignty over the whole. It matters not that terrible wars of resistance are waged from this time henceforth. It matters not that intrigues are discovered by Scotland in the intervals of peace. The insensible meshes are gathering which, while they shall finally ensnare "Macbeth," shall also wind round Scotland till she is helpless at the feet of the usurper. And with this intimation the curtain falls.

ACT II., A. D. 1165-1285.—In this I have only space for "Scenes" where events concentrate the whole of a movement into such.

Scene I. The curtain rises upon William the Lion of Scotland and Henry II. of England. The feudal taste has now so developed in the Celtic heart that it comes to the front with emblazoned shields; the "Lion Rampant" of the North is ravaging the fields of the "Lion Salient" in the South—the wars raging over the question of their tenure and ownership.

But William falls a prisoner into Henry's hands, who quickly makes the personal possession a real one. He will not yield the captive until he shall have done homage for Scotland itself, and, though a sovereign, becomes a liegeman to the King of England.

" . . . The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. . . . He that's coming
Must be provided for.

"*Macbeth.* . . . I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other—"

The sensitive instinct in the Scotch, which before had made them so quick to the touch of fate, is now laid bare again. Their Parliament accedes to the demand. They sacrifice the independence of their country to regain possession of their King. Something still tells them that, after all, in their sovereign lies the vital essence of their nationality. In repossessing him they potentially reconquer all. In losing him they virtually lose all. This may not be a conscious principle, but it is the practical one; it is the one which is floating in the mysterious tide beneath.

Scene II. Now ensues a long hesitation. "Macbeth" is at pause: Fate also seems in suspense:

"We will proceed no further in this business."

Richard the Lion-hearted would go to the crusades, and, in the diversion of the thought, he "buys golden opinions" by being bought. Ten thousand Scottish marks drop into the treasury of the Holy War, and he renounces the obligation which his father had exacted. So William the Lion is entirely free: Scotland where she was before.

Scene III. The scene changes to England. I see the first Abbey of Westminster taken down, and the present one rising at the bidding of Henry III. The arches above my head are springing into their place and inclosing the funeral gloom in which the Confessor's Shrine, now rich with the splendors of gilding and color, shall ever guard his bones.

Henry's devotion to him, even to the naming of "Edward," his son, is to have an hereditary influence which shall soon bring a significant offering to this shrine.

But, meantime, more than peace reigns between himself and Alexander II. of Scotland. Such affection and confidence besides that, when he is absent in France, he commits his northern dominions to the care of that son of Duncan, who "bears his faculties so meek," and is "so clear in his great office," that "his virtues will plead like angels against the deep damnation of his taking off." Soon the bond of cousinship becomes even stronger between the two; for Alexander marries the sister of Henry, and this time the Norman-Saxon blood flows into the Celtic line, and Alexander III., his son, appears on the stage, to more than match the uncle in prudence and forbearance.

For now, Henry, drawn in so far by the smell of dynastic blood, and feeling all the nearer, through this alliance, to the seat of power, has the impulse of Macbeth mounting in him. He intrigues, but without result. He can not "screw his courage to the sticking-place," and when young Alexander comes down to England to sue for his own fair daughter, the Scotsman's firmness turns his will aside, and they treat as equals.

Scene IV. One would say that now, when more of Plantagenet blood is to take possession of the Scottish line, amity must grow and union come in the course of nature. But no—the spring-head is most suddenly and strangely dried up by a catastrophe: the time is evidently not ripe. The children of Alexander die before their father, and no one is left to succeed him but the daughter of his daughter, the Maid of Norway; and she, a feeble child, dies just as she lands at Orkney. What fatality is here! Alexander has just perished in his prime by a fall from the cliffs of Fife! and now Scotland herself stands on the verge of a precipice, and utterly in the dark. Will she fall? But the curtain drops.

ACT III., A. D. 1274-1307-1424.—*Scene I.* It rises upon Edward I., King of England, seated upon his throne. What a magnificent figure now fills the eye! The first truly English king, since the era before the Conquest, in name, in nature, and in the scope of his ambition. Alfred, look upon him! Margaret of Scotland, observe thy distant son! His Celtic-Saxon blood, of which thou wert the fountain-head, is now to come out in such a devoted love for thine adopted country as even to bring about an unscrupulous usurpation of its throne; for "Macbeth" hesitates no longer now:

"I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

The actual Macbeth made a great king: so does Edward in conception, in administration, and in war. No foreign distraction does he allow that will draw him from the long concentrating, now fully concentrated purpose of his house. With the highest instinct of statesmanship he feels the necessity that the whole island should contain but one nation and be ruled by one king. So strong is the necessity that he foresees its certainty. With Edward shall come the England that is to be. With him, therefore, he resolves, shall come the Scotland that ought to be.

He founds the Parliament, establishes the judicature, builds the social structure which the English nation shall afterward confirm.

He puts his heavy hand on Wales, and she no longer draws a separate life. He takes the

coronet of her Llewellyn and hangs it before the Confessor's shrine.

And now for Scotland: When the Maid of Norway sails for Orkney, he seeks an alliance with her through his son, for he would be legal and just in this next project, unless utterly thwarted:

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;

"What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win."

But Margaret—auspicious name!—dies. A dozen claimants seek the empty throne, foremost of whom are Baliol and Bruce. This is Edward's opportunity.

"*Scene II., Banquo—Destiny of Scotland—*(to Fleance his son). Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven.
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep.

Who's there?
"Macbeth. A friend.

"Banquo. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.

"Macbeth. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.
"Banquo. At your kindest leisure.
"Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent—
when 'tis,

It shall make honor for you.
"Banquo. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counseled.

"Macbeth. Good repose, the while."

That is the way he manages it. When the Genius of Scotland meets him, without its sword, in that dark night, he is meditating how he can remove it out of his way.

Scotland makes him her umpire; and in what magnificent state he presents himself on the hither side of the Tweed to claim the right of Lord Paramount, before he will decide who shall be King! the King to be his creature, a vassal at the foot of his throne! And again, Scotland, true to her fateful instinct, admits his claim to the country, in order to secure a King! But it does not work. Under his oppression, even Baliol rebels, and now all hesitation is thrown aside:

no Scottish King shall reign. He will be King himself.

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee :

Thou mar'shest me the way that I was going.

I see thee still ;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before."

"Drugged with possets," nobles and clergy sleep on guard. Edward plunges into a bloody, annihilating war which does not cease till the native sovereignty of Scotland seems extinct: not the sovereignty alone, but all hope of any except his own. He plants not only a dagger in her bosom, but sends out also his murdering armies to destroy the Banquo of her destiny. Every form of independency is crushed, and at last the "Hammer of the Scots" descends on the Stone of Scone; but there its force is spent. "Banquo" dies not under the blow, for "Fleance is 'scaped." Edward has "lost the best half of his affair." The oracle has come true, the Stone has gone to its own place in England's chair; England rules, but the Destiny is to depart with Edward—"no son of his succeeding."

"For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;

Put rancors in the vessel of my peace,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance !

It will have blood ; they say blood will have blood ;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.

How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?"

A great golden-haired being, stalwart as Edward himself, is even now in the Highlands, who waits in the people's name, like Macduff, the Thane of Fife, to place his sovereign on Scotland's throne again, and who will not bend the knee to England. Wallace, man of the people, rouses the people to a knowledge of their power. The Cæsar's surgery of the time has been the cause of this untimely birth, and it is a birth which shall mature into a terrible minister of vengeance upon him who shall usurp undelimited power. Edward is too wise not to know it well, though he affects to deride it.

I see Wallace brought yonder to Westminster Hall, crowned in mockery with a garland of

leaves as a king of outlaws and robbers. But, though his head falls, it is "an armed head" that shall appear again.

Scene III. Edward, dying, does not give up his inexorable resolve :

"I will unto the weird sisters :
More shall they speak.

I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;
Which must be acted, e'er they may be scanned."

He calls his son and exacts a promise that his own solemn vow of vengeance upon the rebellion shall be carried out, that the war shall go remorselessly on till Scotland is utterly subdued. He orders his body to be boiled in a caldron till the flesh falls from his bleached skeleton, then to be borne before his army as a terror to the Scots, the weird, spectral warning of their certain overthrow.

Now I see the sisters of Fate again, and around that caldron of conquest, from which Edward would so invoke the force of Destiny. How they circle it in their glee ! What hideous ingredients they throw into it ! Its cavernous mouth yawns wide—almost two hundred and fifty years across—even from the victory of Bannockburn to the defeat of Pinkie. What battles, what murders, what intestinal troubles, what conspiracies and feuds, are poured into that hell-broth !

"Lamentings heard in the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New-hatched to the woful time"—

as the Fates, now like Furies, dance about it ! Out of its deadly fumes emerge the prophetic shapes which foretell in ambiguous speech the issues of his usurpation. Prophecy that is forced will not speak except to tempt. Monitions that echo the thought are juggling fiends—

"That patter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

Thus I see England questioning Fate.

First apparition—an armed head.

"Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff ;
Beware the Thane of Fife !"

Beware that enthroning power
Which can dethrone !*

* I must be pardoned if the exigencies of such a scheme oblige me to interpolate slightly here and there in

"*Macbeth*. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks ;
Thou hast harped my fear aright.

Second apparition—a bloody child.

"Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*."

Not till Wallace claim his own
And sits on Scotland's Stone in England's throne,
Shall England fall.

"*Macbeth*. Then live, *Macduff* : what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live."

Wallace ! thou livest not ; how canst thou live again ?

Third apparition—a child crowned.

"*Macbeth* shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

Not till a woman's hand
From Edinbro's High Street shall hurl a stool
And strike the crown and head from England's King
In Rufus' Hall, shall England fall.

"*Macbeth*. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ?"

What mortal hand can throw
A bolt so high from 'neath yon Highland keep,
That, hurtling through the sund'ring space, shall sweep
So far as England's seat ?

"Sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellious head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise."

Or till the Scot can such
A missile send.

"Shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?"

*The caldron sinks. Eight kings appear, the last with
a glass in his hand.*

"*Macbeth*. What ! will the line stretch out to the
crack of doom ?
Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more.
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more."

Another eight appear, the last again with a glass.*

parallel verse—dimmed reflection of Shakespeare's radiant bow in the cloud though it be—the points where history itself would appear to thrust up its own substance in the tenor and analogy of the story.

* Shakespeare arranges, though by some accommodation of facts, his procession of eight kings so as to introduce the figure of James I. holding the prophetic glass,

Yet more and more,
This one without his head ! another still,
Not e'en a bonnet on, much less a crown ;
No Scotsman be—yet, Wallace, art thou there ?
A third ; a fourth gold-bound above the plaid ;
'Tis now a king and queen go hand in hand ;
Again a queen, wearing a tartan zone
And double round and top of sovereignty ;
Once more, an eighth ! holding a glass again,
Shows me that still they come !

ACT IV., A. D. 1424-1625.—*Scene I.* The house of Plantagenet has passed away—the three Edwards and Richard II. The houses of Lancaster, York, and Tudor successively reign in England. The house of Stuart in Scotland has already had two of the kings which *Macbeth* saw, and now the third, James I., robed in the romance of eighteen years' captivity in England, his poetry, and his love-match with the English princess, steps on the stage with his beautiful queen. She is the great-granddaughter of Edward III., and in her the stern blood of his grandfather becomes tributary to the Scottish line.

Scene II. Two reigns pass on, the fury of human passion raging all the while, when a pacific lull sets in on the accession of Henry VII. ; auspicious of the end, the beginning of which is laid in what now occurs.

James IV. receives in marriage Margaret, the fair daughter of Henry, and here we are only one generation away from Mary Queen of Scots ! So close as this has the royal river of the North approached the royal river of the South, and before they commingle who can tell which is most the Saxon, most the Celt ?

Scene III. But now it is the two peoples' turn to mingle also ; and therefore, just before the confluence of the sovereign lines takes place, Destiny plies her wheel and pulls straight her threads through the tangled mass of the multitude, who have been unconsciously awaiting all this time the completion of the red royal cord. But aboveground, among the two nations themselves, the scene is like the whirl and commotion of *Macbeth's* caldron. The popular heart is stirred to its profoundest depths by an interest

in which are supposed to be mirrored the shadowy forms of those who should fill the future from him. It is curious that the number eight exactly includes his successors until the next epoch was ushered in which should permanently establish his royal line : *First*, Charles I. ; *second*, Cromwell (who represents the uprising of national sovereignty, the thrusting in upon the throne of the popular will) ; *third*, Charles II. ; *fourth*, James II. ; *fifth* and *sixth*, William and Mary (one by election, the other by descent, reigning) ; *seventh*, Anne ; and *eighth*, George I., who may be said to have held the glass in which his successors were shadowed forth down to Victoria. And up to this last the blood of the Scottish James holds its own, like a determination of fate.

reaching to the very bottom of human character, and in the great ebullition which ensues national distinctions are no longer uppermost and are destined to disappear.

I see the burly figure of Henry VIII. stirring the caldron with the cross. The arm is a profane one, but the instrument is a holy one; and while every fiendish element is brought to the surface by the vigorous action of the former, the turbid mass is slowly precipitated and dissolved through the sacred influence of the latter. The zeal of the Reformation, dividing the peoples upon a new interest and gathering them around new centers, seems to change the border-line of separation which has run east and west to something running as it were north and south. Parties form in each country allied to parties in the other and opposed to one another. The confusion spreads over succeeding reigns, becoming worse confounded with every one. Romanism, Episcopacy, and Puritanism wash back and forth over both countries, obliterating old landmarks.

No one as yet suspects what is working. A covert movement is going on, the purpose of which is not apparent. The subtle power of its advance is yet masked. But it is no less than Siward's allied army of Scots and English taking up the branches of Birnam wood, "shadowing the number of its host, and making discovery err in report of it."

Scene IV. Meanwhile Destiny keeps busily on with the issues of the sovereign order. Elizabeth, in whom the Tudor line has arrived at its terminus, jealous of that main trunk line which she sees sweeping down from Scotland, yet bound up by some fatality in her own will, refuses to take the step which might avert the catastrophe that threatens to turn her own dynastic house into naught but a switch-track beside the right of way.

Angry with the French for proclaiming Mary as more legitimately the English queen than herself, vengeful toward Mary whom she tries to encompass with toils that would make her also "a barren stock," yet she sits crooning in the gate, bewailing the extremity but keeping the door open.

The Queen of Scots, like the beautiful witch she is, winds up the yarn on her Highland wheel, and another crimson thread of English royal blood is spun into her life through her marriage with Henry Stuart, the handsome Lord Darnley.

The fury then flies upon the enchanting sorceress, who seems so in league with the spirits below; she shuts her up, she transports her from one castle to another, but she can not break the spell. At last she brings her fair head to the block and lets out the double-distilled tide which

had brought the mischief. Yet in this she is only working with the under purposes of Fate.

In the outflowing blood of the "daughter of Debate," Romanism flows out and leaves the Protestant movement among the people to gather up its power as it makes its inevitable advance; and soon—as if he were a type, a symbol, a prophecy in himself—James, the son of Mary, ascends the empty throne. No previous sovereign ever reached it amid such universal acclamation. No other, by birth, is so near it; no other can demand it as events have now shaped themselves.

A vague intuition of coming unity seizes the whole population of the island. The three religious parties assemble around him in a common expectation. Of what, no one of them can tell.

Never before did the upper and the under world move in such visible concert to an appointed end. This vacant chair of Edward, waiting in the dusky air of the Chapel of the Kings, looks as if it stood in the mouth of the witches' cavern, and the dark Stone under its seat would appear to have come from the quarries of the shades. When James places himself upon it, Shakespeare muses, and the people wonder. Fate would seem to have reached the goal at last, and all is virtually done.

Scene V. But the weird sisters know better, and continue to croon their chant and turn their wheel below. The Usurper's throne has not even now been taken, though James is the Duncinane that makes it so appear. "Siward's" united army of English and Scots still marches invisibly on. It is not yet time to "throw down their heavy screens and show like those they are."

James, whose head is turned, reverts to the spirit of his English ancestors, and misreads his Scottish destiny; the blood of Edward is yet too strong, and England steps back with him into the era of the Plantagenets and Tudors. When the once hampered and harried King of Scots mounts the diadem of the Divine Right, he is Macbeth in disguise. This Jacobus's* dream on the patriarchal Stone, of a heavenly ladder and an earthly inheritance together, proves too unsubstantial to last. There is only one true dream possible to it: to bear also the people's King, elect as well as consecrate. Now, therefore, as if at a new beginning, "Banquo" and "Macbeth" march in again, and again the witches vanish, half uttered as at the first:

"*Banquo.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?"

* Jacobus, Latin for James as well as Jacob; whence "Jacobite."

"*Macbeth.*

"Would they had staid !

"*Banquo.* Were such things here as we do speak about ?

Or have we eaten on the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner ?"

The misgiving of Destiny is true: James not only in himself, but even until he is rounded and complete in a concluding James, is captive to the insane root. He seems in his own person to be a final ingredient in the witches' caldron :

"Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good."

Meantime "*Fleance*" is at large, "*Siward*" is on his march, "*Macduff*" is coming home.

ACT V., A. D. 1625-1707-'14.—*Scene I.*
Charles I. sits in Edward's chair.

"Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but for certain,
He can not buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule."

He defies the approach of the invisible army, and never suspects its strength. In Edward's spirit he resolves that Union shall come by force. Scotland's Church shall be uniform and one with that of England; silken vestments shall displace its black serge gowns; the Liturgy shall roll her stately wheels through all its sanctuaries, whether they are grooved for such or not.

Now Jenny Geddes catches up her humble stool and flings it at the Dean's head in St. Giles's Cathedral, as he announces the Collect for the day: "The deil colick in the wame of thee, thou false thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug?" And the colic accordingly comes.*

* "*Helen of Troy*," says Carlyle, in his "*Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell*," "for practical importance in Human History, is but a small heroine to Jenny." He thus relates the incident alluded to in the text: "At Edinburgh, on Saturday, the 23d of July following, Archbishop Laud having now, with great effect and much manipulation, got his Scotch Liturgy and his Scotch Pretended Bishop ready, brought them fairly out to action, and Jenny Geddes hurled her stool at their head. 'Let us read the Collect for the Day,' said the Pretended Bishop from amid his tippets. 'Deil colic the wame of thee!' screamed Jenny, hurling her stool at his head. 'Thou foul thief! wilt thou say mass at my lug?' 'A Pape! a Pape!' cried others. 'Stane him!' In fact, the service could not go on at all. This passed in St. Giles's Kirk, Edinburgh, on Sunday, 23d July, 1637. . . . On small signal the hour was come. All Edinburgh, all Scotland, and behind that all England and Ireland, rose in unappeasable commotion on the flight of this stool of Jenny's, and his Grace of Canterbury and King Charles himself and many others lost their heads before they could be at peace again."

It was the Dean of Edinburgh at whom Jenny flung

The Long Parliament, in their steeple-crowned hats, sit till they hold an inquest over the dead monarchy. What a wild scene is that which stretches between St. James and St. Giles! The spirit of Wallace ceases to haunt the iron spikes of London Bridge; the people unwittingly bring the severed quarters of the "traitor" together, and lo! Cromwell confronts the spirit of Edward. War between the King and his people; war, with Englishmen and Scotchmen fighting side by side, "a fierce democracie." An army of Scots deliver up the King! His head falls at Whitehall. The lowly bench of Jenny Geddes has reached, has struck, has overturned the throne. The power of the people, untimely born two centuries ago—the "Thane of Fife" who seats the true King on his throne—springs forth in the fullness of his strength from behind the branches of advancing Birnam wood.

Scene II.—"Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outer walls;

The cry is still, 'They come': our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie—

Were they not forced with those that should be
ours,

We might have met them dareful."

'Tis a siege—a gradual but sure approach of an intrenched position—for "*Macbeth*"—the greed of power—is an irrepressible, persistent, resistant fiend when it secures a seat in a stronghold of such. "The Lord Protector"—Wallace has lost his heart this time, not his head—if he can not be crowned in Westminster Abbey, will be enthroned on the Stone of Scone in Westminster Hall. The Stone does not lift its old Irish lament, but the people do.

Now again the royal line comes before the scenes: Charles II.—*Banquo* to the people's hope, *Macbeth* in his own heart—but he is

"A poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

Again the tragedy of Fate keeps on in heroic comedy. James II. will not only have the Collect said; he will also tell his beads.

"Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments.

"*Malcolm.* Now, near enough; your leavy screens
throw down—

"a little folding-stool whereon she sat." Burns, in his Highland Tour, named his mare "*Jenny Geddes*."

Worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

"*Siward*. This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently
rendered :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

"*Malcolm*. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

"*Siward*. Enter, sir, the castle."

Scene III. Banquo's hour has fully come. Now the Stone of Scone trembles in the chair, just as it used to do when it was first laid on some firm rock to give a sure seat to a Scottish king ; for the heart of the common people is around it once more, and the ancient law which drew an elected sovereign from the royal group is about to return to its simple operation again. The bagpipes sound and the pibroch is heard, for there is virtue still, as well as fate, in the Scottish line. Poor James I. has stolen away under cover of the death-night and taken refuge, unknown to a living soul outside, in yonder vault of his great-great-grandfather, Henry VII, where he lies snug beside him as if claiming dynastic protection from the founder of the Tudor line.* It is a canny recourse to Fate, in order to make his house secure. Two of his great-grandchildren survive—amid the terrible mortality which has overtaken his descendants, and is destined still to overtake them, till the Abbey royal vaults are to be crowded thick with them—and William and Mary sit, side by side, in sister chairs. The pregnant words Rebellion, Restoration, Revolution, tell the whole story of that undergrowing Liberty, of that underworking Destiny, of that underlying Loyalty which have brought them there :

"By these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought."

But these monarchs also pass away in the deep ferment of the new era setting in, and leave no issue for Fate to take in charge.

Scene IV. Then Anne comes with her portly figure to stop the gap, wearing, in time, the double diadem of the "Union" on her brow ; yet of all her eighteen children none survives. The group that history gathered round Charles I.

* The burial-place of James I. in Westminster Abbey was utterly unsuspected until 1868, when, after long search, he was found under the magnificent monument of Henry VII., and close beside him. There was every evidence, in the precautionary closure of the vault, that this curious dynastic interment was intended to remain unknown.

are now all gone, either by death or default. The tree of James, partly riven away by the lightning of religious faith and the popular will, and with a mortal doom apparently at its heart, to make its remaining branches thus wither on the trunk, yet carries destiny at its root and in its sap. The prophecy remains to be fulfilled, and the consummation is at hand.

Scene V. Again I hear the signal borne on the Highland winds—

One limb of the shattered tree of Fate hangs green and blossoming across the Channel, bearing fruit on German soil. Elizabeth, sister of Charles and daughter of James, is this abiding bough of hope to which the people of the united nation look.

And now I see the end : her grandson, George of Hanover—predestined son of Duncan, King of Scotland, predestined son of Margaret, daughter of Alfred, predestined son of the Conqueror who conquered not, unlineal son of Edward who came but remained not—elect of two nations in one kingdom, the long predicted and long appointed of Time, by no right in his own nature, by no power but his people's will, by no virtue but the decree of Destiny, and the hidden promise in his blood—is called to sit in "England's Chair," to reign beneath a constitutional crown upon the Stone of Scone.

"*Macduff*. Hail, King ! for so thou art :
.... the time is free."

But this was only the crest on the wave, a salient sign, the uppermost result of the profounder issues which Fate had all along in hand. Another right royal dynasty had been working all this time through the common heart, preparing the People also for the throne, and their part in its restoration is recognized at last.

"*Malcolm*. We shall not spend a large expense of
time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you.

What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time—

This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us CROWNED AT SCONE."

So the family of the house of Brunswick hold the scepter because Kenneth MacAlpine sits upon the throne.

The "Lia Fail" still speaks beneath the Chair :

"Where'er is found this Sacred Stone
The Scottish Race shall reign."

Now the symbol enlarges into the actual proportions of the fact. The Chair resolves itself into the ideal structure of the sovereignty which invests and sustains the monarchs of England; the Stone dissolves itself into the historic presence of those potential elements which proceeded out of Scotland and dictated the form of that sovereignty. Fit type the strangely compounded fabric turns out to be of that which, as with an upper and a lower seat, supports both him who rules and the weight of that mysterious influence by which the order and measure of his authority has been defined.

Edward builded better than he knew when he built this throne around the Stone; for he built a symbol as true to the event as the mystic fragment has proved itself to be, whose prediction he hoped to foil but only aided to fulfill. Britain has realized his dream of Union. He thought he could obtain it through his caldron and his sword, but he unwittingly wrought its true omen in the composition and the burden of the coronation-chair.

As I look back through the vista now opened underneath this ideal and historic throne, I see in a deep antiquity both nations in one sea-girt isle, compelled by the ocean to a joint and adjacent occupancy, and under territorial necessity, therefore, sooner or later to become one. I see also a series of closely investing circumstances and events, as compulsory as the ocean, which as they operate from age to age, and especially during these later generations, introduce new conditions under which Union is necessary to the ulterior interests of both.

I see the southern nation, while in the end apparently absorbing the northern into its political system, yet actually receiving from the northern the inspiration which made that system possible: England furnishing the body, Scotland the soul; England presenting the opportunity, but Scotland contributing the energy, without which the opportunity would have been lost.

All through these centuries England is engaged in processes, semi-consciously, which are to result in a united empire; Scotland is engaged in processes, altogether unconsciously, of a character so involuntary, so occult, so inevitable and powerful in their consequences upon England, as to look like the working of necessitation in that direction. If it is in the nature of England's occupation to build an empire, it is in the nature of Scotland's position—in her geographical situation, in the vigor, earnestness, and probity of her people, in their ability to inspire and their capacity to perform—to provide the chief corner-

stone. For, without the incorporation of Scotland at home, there would be no release of the power of empire abroad; and without the cordial amalgamation of both nations into a common kingdom, each imparting the strength of its own peculiarity, there could be no realization of that perfect constitutional sovereignty which alone could hold its world-wide own in the progress of mankind. So, as we shall find, was it written.

I see, therefore, in the area of all these centuries that, before the consummation is reached, the whole preliminary working of events is to intensify the character indigenous to each country, in order to produce two individualities so autonomic and pronounced that each should develop an inestimable value to the other when the final issue has become due. When that final issue is approaching its epoch I see Scotland exasperated by repeated invasions and interferences into an inordinate pride and jealousy of independence, and this to such a degree that the popular spirit is ready to burst out, and the people to declare themselves free, on sufficient occasion, of even their own ancient institutions. I see England, on the other hand, wearied into conservatism, settling down to its own heavy methods of dealing with the crisis of the time, and arranging the molds for a cast-iron system in church and state. The one is as poor and bare as her own hills, as violent as her own torrents; the other as rich as her own meadows, deliberate as her own sluggish streams.

Now the storm breaks. The Continental Reformation finds a congenial field in the country of the North, and the whirlwind of religious zeal descends from the mountain people into the country of the South, stirring into a like enthusiasm the people of the plain. England, before only half awake, is inspired by the excitement with ideas and impulses which assimilate her to Scotland. This is Scotland's first contribution to Union.

I see, meantime—through the successive alliances by marriage, which had been taking place from the beginning, between the royal representatives of each nation—Scotland gathering more and more the royal blood of England into her veins, which, operating through both the human and the national constitution, brings after a while a sovereign of Scotland on the throne of England with a moral prestige as well as a legal right to keep him in his place. This is Scotland's second contribution to Union.

I see, further on, another outbreak of the popular spirit over the North country in a democratic feeling so intense and so radical that again it overflows the national boundaries and spreads over England, rousing the population to the contemplation of possibilities never before entertained.

This is Scotland's third contribution to union. She has not only furnished the King on the throne, but both before and after that event she has been the means of charging the people with the spirit which demands the utmost of the people's share in the composition of the throne.

Now, all along has England's opportunity been growing. I see her, when the great perturbation has subsided and all is mature, quietly proceeding with the building of the system which shall constitute that throne. I see her, also, preferring and insisting upon that King of Scottish blood most fit to occupy that throne. I see her, soon, patiently and adroitly drawing the fateful Scotland into an integral but subordinate place within the rising structure of that throne.

But that subordinate material place proves not less to be the fundamental one; for, in assuming the territorial mass, and proceeding to rear the fabric of her power upon it, England has given all the greater voice to the destiny which thence entered into her history and influenced the form of her government. Each post of her throne may stand, like those of the Chair of Destiny, on a lion *sejant*, in one of the four quarters of the globe; its deep arms may embrace an ambition to rule the world; its broad back, resting in a Gothic age and braced by Magna Charta, may rise to the pinnacle of constitutional perfection: yet her monarchs will come into it one by one and pass away, but Scotland will remain in memory as in dynasty, in character as in destiny, unchanged on her own especial seat beneath, a perpetual and treasured presence—at first essential to the existence, now essential to the efficiency of that in which she so silently dwells—bearing in her bosom the intimation of still vast-er issues which shall enter into the progress and development of the world through the spread of the British Empire and the prevalence of the English tongue:

"Where'er is found this sacred Stone
The Scottish Race shall reign."

I see her blooming under the arch of England's chair, with such a capacity of brain and blood released as no one ever dreamed lay latent upon her bare and rugged hills. I see herdsmen and cattle upon her mountain-sides, and thriving farms in vales where once the clans gathered and the slogan sounded. I see her the brilliant seat of letters, of science, of philosophy, of statesmanship, commerce, and finance. I see a modern Athens under the shadow of an Acropolis upon which the thunder of war is heard no more. I see the little fishing-village on the Clyde wrought into the great and populous city whose iron plowshares, furrowing the surface of every

sea, were forged on the self-same beautiful shores—whose "long, narrow sea-lochs run far away among the Argyleshire hills," the rocky birthplace of the "Lia Fail"—where the conjurer was born who uttered over the mist of a boiling pot that mighty incantation which has filled the British realm with the industrial power of five hundred million men, and worked throughout the civilized world, as in a single day, the change of a thousand years.

I see Scotland bearing also her fateful fruit under that sovereign seat abroad as well as at home. I see revived the ancient spirit of the race from whose loins she sprung; the self-same spirit which poured the Celtic hordes into Europe from the East, in an age unknown, bearing the "bætulia" of Destiny fresh from the traditions of Jacob's dream, now sending back its long pent-up volume from the "Land of the mountain and the flood," into the remotest regions of the globe. "In every corner of the world you will find a Scot." Wherever the ensign of Britain floats, the tartan is on guard. "Malcolm" stands beside "Siward," shoulder to shoulder, at the gate of a common conquest; the blood of Scottish "thanes" and English "earls," of Celtic clans and Saxon tribes, beating with double action in a single heart: the Auspice and Destiny of UNION accompanying the progress of the Empire, to give sanction, because direction, to the ambition of possession; putting the mystic circle round all for a further good; on the one hand, gathering whole peoples into the freedom of a common realm, opening to all races a higher sphere; on the other, drawing the wealth of their barbaric strength into an advancing civilization, and incorporating the truth of every religion into a sovereign Faith.

Banquo's daughter sits high in her predestined seat, with the rich insignia of her power flowing over the hidden symbol underneath! Celt and Saxon standing at her feet, Destiny, Duty, and Opportunity gazing up expectantly at her face:

"I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds!"

O Stone of Scone! was this the secret whispered to thee when locked in the red bosom of Argyll? Was this the burden of the Highland winds when they sang above thee in the wild ages past? Hecate found thee under "the vaporous drop profound which hung from the silver corner of the moon"; the Fates danced round thee "in thunder, lightning, or in rain"; but when Columba's dying head was laid on thee, the witches vanished; when Colmes-kill took thee

in its shrine, the caldron sank. 'Twas no blind-eyed Destiny that wrought behind thee: it was the Providence of God; no dark wizard's hand

that sent thee here: but Faith and Hope were the ancient seers who bade thee wait to witness this!*

TREADWELL WALDEN.

THE GOLDEN MESH.

I.

"THE French invented the word *ennui* because they were ignorant of the sensation, so it has been said. I wish they were all here to test their invention."

"Yes, I would like any Frenchman to resist the harbor of Jacmel, island of Hayti."

"It is a dismal hole enough. But let me ask you, Percival Rosstrevor, image of the 'curled and perfumed Assyrian bull' of Tennyson's 'Maud,' what has brought you to the West Indies—the home of *ennui*, of disappointed hopes, of wrecked fortunes? Why are you not in London, or shooting in Scotland, or visiting at that proverbial English country-house which we Americans hear about, study up in the pages of 'Ouida,' and occasionally read of in the descriptions of lordly weddings, and admire in Nash's 'British Mansions'?"

Percival Rosstrevor turned upon his interlocutor a handsome, blond English face, and smiled a good-humored, broad, appreciative smile, showing a set of handsome teeth; he also drew himself up to his full height, which was a great one—six feet three in his stockings.

* Since this paper was written, the writer has fallen in with a book, entitled "Lost Israel Found," which has made more serious use of the Runic Stone. The book already numbers its readers by the hundred thousand in the British Isles, and has made a proportionate impression upon a certain class. It announces that the English people, having originally emigrated from Media, whither the Ten Tribes of Israel were deported and were "lost," are themselves these "Lost Tribes"; and Scriptural proofs are brought in great number to prove that the prophecies which had a reference to "Israel," as distinguished from "Judah," or the "Jews," have had an historical fulfillment in the career of the English people. The story of the Stone is given in detail. It seems that it was preserved in the Temple with the other relics, the Two Tables of Stone, the Rod of Aaron, the Pot of Manna, etc.; that, on the destruction of the Temple, these were brought away by the Prophet Jeremiah; that he and Baruch in the year 580 B. C., accompanied by Tepha, a beautiful Princess, a lineal descendant of King David, landed on the coast of Ireland at the moment of a dynastic change in the Celtic house; that Tepha was duly espoused to Eochaid II., on condition of his adopting the true faith, and the Stone was used to enthrone

"An appetite," said he. "We Rosstrevors have need of food, as you see. We are born to appreciation of good dinners, and we have not the wherewithal to pay for them."

"Yes, you have good teeth, too, to eat them with," replied his companion, Copley Ward. "So you have come out to look for a business, have you? Rosstrevor, let me tell you that you have come to about the last place where you will find one. England has neglected and ruined Jamaica; revolution and bad government have ruined Hayti; emancipation and Denmark have ruined Santa Cruz and St. Thomas, and Spain has ruined Cuba. Never was such a history of man's utter folly as in the history of these noble reservoirs of Nature's bounty. We have here before us, behind this ruined town, the most luxurious, fertile island, a place where all the world could go and make money, and which is now simply ruin and confusion, because no man or set of men is capable of reaching the right way to make its resources pay. The Dutch seem to be the only colonists who can induce their islands to yield up their treasures."

"I happen to inherit a tumble-down property in Santa Cruz," said Percival Rosstrevor; "I am

them, and hence descended to Erc, who went over to the Land of the Scots, and thence, as we have seen, it became the Stone of Destiny to the Scottish line, and duly arrived at its place in Westminster Abbey. This grand relic, therefore, is a visible evidence that Queen Victoria, through her Celtic descent, *via* Tara and Scone, is a lineal daughter of David. Tepha, it seems, died in the early bloom of her beauty, and was interred under the great artificial mound still to be seen at Tara, where also the other relics of the Temple are deposited. The book consequently makes a loud call for the examination of the mound, and promises the exhumation of the relics. As to the point of Destiny, it reverts to the virtue of Jacob's Dream. The words "Lia Phail" and "Scuit" are found to be of Hebrew origin, and the distich is made to read, "Wherever this Stone Wonderful is found, the Wanderer's race shall reign." The Scot must therefore abdicate the Throne of Fate, and give place to the older Hebrew.

One thing is certain, in the light of recent events: the English people, with their protectorate of Asiatic Turkey and possession of Cyprus, close under the eaves of the Holy Land, if not Hebrews, are unquestionably Disraelites!

going to see it. It is called 'Trevor's Hope,' but I should judge, from a letter of my mother's written twenty years ago, that even then it was very forlorn. What it can be now, I do not dare to imagine. Shall I read you the description?"

"Yes; I always like to hear women's letters. They think they are talking, therefore they write well, because unconsciously."

"My mother came out for her health in 1851, and wrote home some pleasant letters. That was just after the emancipation, you know. Von Scholten, the Danish governor, announced from the deck of a sailing-vessel that the slaves were free; and was himself, fortunately, out at sea when the news broke upon the astonished planters. Of course, the islanders immediately became poor, for they lost their slave-labor, but have been growing poorer ever since. Let me read you, however, what she says:

"SANTA CRUZ, January 6, 1851.

"DEAR JAMES: The thermometer at 88°, flowers on my table, myself in an India muslin, with a little negro fanning me! The 'old-year night' we spent at Judge Feddersen's—an immense party of all the respectable Santa Cruzians, and a number of robust young Danish officers from a man-of-war, who danced with tremendous force. The old judge has been here forty-five years, and has given this sort of party every year. His wife lives in Denmark; he goes to see her once in fourteen years! His refreshments were roast ham, cheese, crackers, and Peter-herring brandy, and, I dare say, caviare and dried fish. I asked for an ice, but to be laughed at. However, his handsome mulatto housekeeper brought me a *soursof* with a spoon to eat it with. It is a fruit like a boiled sour custard, and I ate it, trying to think it was poor dessert at home. The next evening I went to the Danish governor's. Here were European luxuries. The governor and his wife are accomplished people of the world—she handsome, he musical. I asked how they enjoyed their life here, at which they smiled and shrugged their shoulders. 'Philosophy!' said he. We had, however, delightful music—all the Danes are musical.

"On Friday I drove up to see Randolph, and we planned an expedition to your property, 'Trevor's Hope.' We started the next day on pacing Spanish jennets—the most comfortable saddle-horses I have ever seen—and rode up a mountain twelve hundred feet high. Oh, what charming glimpses of the sea; and of the island, which is cultivated to the last inch! The view reaches to St. Thomas and Porto Rico—very dim of the latter, but dreamy and delicious. The plantations, each with negro houses around them, look like little towns; the hills are of a

curiously undulating shape, seemingly built to catch the rain; and the long, smooth, white roads, planted with palm-trees, have a very pretty effect. The palm-trees, though, from this elevation look like rows of umbrellas.

"Having achieved the mountain, we descended to the house. Your old Spanish uncle, or cousin—or what relation is he to you?—Morella, insisted on our staying to dinner, although it looked as if dinner would be an impossibility in such a ruin. Madame Morella seems very sad and old, and told me pitiful stories of the effects of the sudden emancipation. The negroes got drunk and broke into the house, smashed the splendid mirrors (I saw the empty frames boarded up), cut the furniture to pieces, knocked in the heads of the puncheons of old rum, broke the bottles of priceless Madeira, and carried off her silver and some fine old diamonds. Morella is so embittered that he will never furnish his house anew, he says. I thought of the Duke of Wellington's windows at Apsley House. They gave us a dinner of soup red-hot with pepper; a fish, which was delicious; a pair of 'guinea fowl,' very tough; and a queer but nice tart, called 'guava-berry'; and any quantity of splendid fruits, and wines which would have graced an English dinner-table—one of these (new to me) was called 'Tinto,' or south-side Madeira, very nice. The table bore evidences of a past luxury, which was, however, but fragmentary; the candles were sheltered from the draught by high glass shades—all was queer, lonely, sad, hopeless, with a spectral look. A little lizard had poised himself on the porous water-jug, making a perfect piece of Palissy; and when I praised the fish, Mr. Morella incautiously told me that it was the *barracuda*, sometimes poisonous, producing an erysipelas which is incurable, and which swells the face and hands, leaving a perpetual burning. After dinner, Madame Morella killed a centiped with her pretty little satin slipper, saying that if it had bitten her foot it would have given her great pain, perhaps have killed her—which was not so agreeable a suggestion, after the *barracuda*, was it, Jamie? The Morellas have several children, and seem to be very anxious about their education and future. I do not wonder, for their income must be very much diminished. I wish that I could do something for them, particularly as this home of theirs, poor as it is, will be the property of our boy Percival when he becomes twenty-five—isn't it so, by your aunt's queer will? I can not think that it will be of much value to him, poor, dear Percy!

"We rode home by the tropical moonlight—the *superb* moonlight, so soft and so clear—Randolph insisting on holding a parasol over my head, for he said the moonlight would give me a swelled

face. They believe here that the moon is particularly dangerous, not alone to one's brain, but to one's personal beauty. Dear Jamie, what with centipeds, *barracudas*, and moons, shall I ever get home to you and my children alive? However, I am much better; I breathe easily, and my cough is nearly gone. I am quite well in this soft, equable, dry air. I shall come home cured. Your loving wife,

"CAROLINE ROSSTREVOR."

"My poor mother!" said the tall young man "she escaped the perils of the tropics, and came home to be killed by an English fog. She died when I was a mere child. I know her chiefly through her letters, and I have brought them with me to live over again her visit to the tropics, as I go to see, perhaps to take possession, of my forlorn hope—my 'Trevor's Hope.'"

"Have you heard what has become of the Morellas?" said the other.

"Oh, yes; Madame Morella died a few years after my mother's visit, having given birth to twin daughters, who survived her. I believe that all the other children died. I know that some of my relatives in England took one of the daughters; the other lives with her father."

"And do you intend to dispossess them?"

"No, indeed, that I do not. And now, Captain Copley Ward, allow me to ask you for what you are coming to the 'land of *ennui*'? Let me put you in the witness-box for a few minutes. America is the land for Americans; no absence of the *material* there; you can all see your way to a good dinner in the 'States.' Is it not so?"

"Percival, my good boy, there are other wants than those of a good dinner. I have come to these islands to find a face, a woman's face—one of those absurd quests which show that we are still as much children as when we cried for the moon from our nurses' arms. Don't ask me any more just now; let me rather tell you that I have had a scramble to get over here from Port-au-Prince, eight days on horseback. I have been 'viewing,' or 'interviewing,' this fair island, and I had no idea that I should have the luck to reach this steamer; still less that I should have the good fortune to meet an old companion with whom I can make the rest of my journey. Now tell me, where have you been since we hunted buffalo on the Plains together—let me see—five years ago, was it not?"

And the two friends, Captain Copley Ward and Percival Rosstrevor, Esq., coming from the very opposite points of the compass socially, politically, and geographically, met on the deck of the good steamer Mersey, and traveled eastward from Jacmel to St. Thomas.

They had greeted each other with fervor, for

they liked each other much. They had been talking together from the early morning hour when Captain Ward, and his friend Wilhelm Gottlieb, a German botanist, had come on board the Mersey. Many subjects had been discussed between them before they reached the personal questions which they were intimate enough to address to each other—those questions which men seldom ask, even of their nearest friends.

II.

THE harbor of St. Thomas, the most cosmopolitan of West Indian towns, looked brilliantly to the travelers as they steamed in on a certain Monday morning.

"I shall not find my flora here, or my dear butterflies and birds," said Gottlieb, looking up at the conical sugar-loaf rock which makes St. Thomas.

"This is but the key to the other islands," said Copley Ward, looking with something of an American interest in commerce and movement at the busy town of Charlotte Amalie, and throwing out a coin to one of the boatmen who brought up his small investment of fresh fruits to the incoming steamer; "you found flowers and butterflies enough during our ride from Port-au-Prince, my dear Gottlieb."

"There was one white flower of surpassing beauty, with a yellow center, a crowd of stamens in a golden mesh, which I did not classify," said Gottlieb, solemnly. "I wonder if these neighboring islands hold a specimen?" And the German enthusiast cast a wistful glance even down toward Barbadoes.

For the German was one of the happy men who are seized, captivated, and held spellbound by Science—that mistress who is always fascinating, never tiresome; that siren who does not deceive or prove inconstant.

"You will go over with me to Santa Cruz, won't you?" said Rosstrevor to Gottlieb. "We shall find your white flower there, perhaps. Captain Ward has promised to come, and to renew some recollections of his when he was chasing the Alabama in these waters. In fact, I expect you, Ward, to introduce me to my property, for you have been here before."

"I was only a middy in those days, Percival, and have passed through so much since that I can be but a poor guide, I fear. However, here is our boat; let us go ashore. I want to deliver my letters to old Arenberg."

Percival Rosstrevor, Esq., an Englishman of good lineage, with a property to look after, had not come without letters; so, before the young men had finished their first dinner at the hotel, they received the card of Mr. Arenberg, a banker, who had relations with every body who came

to Charlotte Amalie, particularly to those who brought letters of credit.

The banker was a little yellow man with polished manners, the sort of man one finds in these remote spots, which are, like the moon, half in sunshine, half in shadow; spots which are lovely by the order of nature, populous and gay at times by the will of man. Mr. Arenberg's news from Europe had been always a fortnight old, at least, and part of his life was passed in solitude, a part in the busy and important transactions of receiving, entertaining, and dismissing the newly arrived people who brought him their credentials.

Mr. Arenberg took a great interest in people for two days, then he lost it entirely; but he recorded them during his temporary fervor in great yellow books, the exact shade of his complexion, and to which he constantly referred.

Thus he knew, on hearing Copley Ward's name, exactly where to look for his grandfather, who had been out in 1820; and, on receiving Percival Rosstrevor's card, he recalled Lady Caroline's visit as a thing of yesterday, looking for his record of that as we should turn over the newspapers for something which occurred last Sunday.

Times and seasons have no existence for these people who live in the perpetual summer of the tropics. They have no "last spring," no "last fall," as we have; they have no winter, on which a heavy fall of snow, or the persistent want of it, has recorded the season as a sort of picture on our palimpsest memories. To them it is always "sacred, high, eternal noon," always summer. Therefore the banker's yellow books were to him necessary notched sticks; in them were a thousand hidden romances, those truths so much stranger than fiction; his own handwriting, neat, methodical, correct, hid stories which he himself could not read—romances of which his prosaic temperament took no note. Like the footprints of extinct birds, their significance was for others, not for the immediate creature who made them.

Captain Ward, Rosstrevor, and Gottlieb did not expect, however, on responding to the banker's invitation to dinner, to find the elegant little *salon*, French cookery, and model service which awaited them. Once Mr. Arenberg had deserted his island, and had traveled in France and England. In these two lands he had learned how to give a dinner, and on his high, barren rock—for his house was up above the town, and commanded the extensive view and sea-breeze so coveted in these islands—Mr. Arenberg reproduced the dinners of the highest civilization.

Not that the art of giving a dinner is at all a rare gift among the inhabitants of St. Thomas or Santa Cruz. People who live in quiet, remote places are apt to think of dinner, to make it the event of the day, to attend to it; but Mr. Aren-

berg had a French cook, a plenty of money, a sense of gastronomy; his dinners were known from China to Peru, and would have commanded a sigh of approval even at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, or at the United Service Club in London.

The conversation was as cosmopolitan as the cookery, and Mr. Arenberg referred to the visit of Lady Caroline Rosstrevor in 1851 as perhaps his nearest approach to modern gossip.

"Mr. Morella lives, as you know, at Trevor's Hope, with his daughter Mercedes. Now, pray, do you know them?" asked Percival.

The madeira was on the table; perhaps the twinkle in Mr. Arenberg's eye was from that, or reflected from the polished silver or the still more polished mahogany, but there was a twinkle.

"Yes," said he—"yes, I know Mr. Morella, and his daughter Mercedes is the most beautiful girl in the Antilles."

After dinner Copley Ward wandered into the library with his host, while the other two men took up their position on the veranda to smoke, and to look at the tropical night.

The sea lay all around them; a sky, dark-steel blue, was far above them; while in mid-air hung the planets, and the moon—a crescent, a bark of pearl sailing in ether.

"You can put your hand on the stars here," said Percival to the German botanist.

"They are delightfully near in this atmosphere. What a good dinner we have eaten, and what cigars we are smoking!" Thus Gottlieb.

This son of Science, the lover of flowers, was German enough to appreciate these things, particularly the wines and cigars.

Meantime Mr. Arenberg and Ward were looking into the yellow books.

"Your grandfather was a capitalist," said Mr. Arenberg, with respect. "He did much business with these islands, particularly, as you know, with the great house of Morella. Your uncle—or your father—was named Manuel Morella Ward, I remember, and was consul at Havana—was he not? I think he was. At any rate, he is the member of your family who so deeply wounded the pride or the purse—which was it?—of Roderigo Morella."

"Yes, my uncle," said Copley Ward. "They were young men together in Havana, and I believe loved the same lady. What sort of a man is Roderigo Morella?"

"A strange, sad, jealous, unforgiving, poor Spanish gentleman, who lives at Trevor's Hope, brooding over the misfortunes of a lifetime. No trace in him of his English mother, a relative, as you know, of Rosstrevor's."

"Yes, I know; and—and his daughter—it must be a sad life for her!"

"Sad enough. She was educated in New York and Paris. What a life she has come to here after those gay cities! And yet she is very cheerful; she has the temperament of a humming-bird, and is a most brilliant, witty, useful woman. She absolutely is making the crops pay at Trevor's Hope—a thing they have not done before since emancipation!"

"What will they do if my friend Percival turns them out?"

"Do what they should have done long ago—go back to Cuba, where Morella has a small estate. He hates it, however—he hates, Spaniard though he is—he hates the Spanish rule. That much of his English blood is in him! And on lonely Santa Cruz, at his forlorn place, he can be as free to grumble as he chooses. His daughter is Spanish to the backbone—even dresses like a daughter of Seville. Ah, the Señorita Mercedes is worth seeing, Captain Ward!"

The two gentlemen discontinued their talk, and rejoined the others, lighting their fragrant cigars as they did so. After a few minutes' general conversation, they discovered that Mr. Arenberg was fast asleep, and, respecting his dreams, they stole away in the moonlight, giving their good night to the venerable, white-haired negro butler to keep for Mr. Arenberg's waking.

"A stately fellow, Copley Ward," said Percival, as Ward left them at the entrance to the hotel and walked off toward the Fort. "But what has he done with his cheerfulness? He was the gayest man I ever knew five years ago; now he is the most saddened and depressed."

"A sorrow here, I think," said the German, tapping his fat chest. "The best comrade, the most noble good fellow to ride across the mountains with. But he takes no interest in butterflies; even the *Antiope*, superb in Hayti, did not reach him, and the orchids did not amuse or instruct him. A man must be lost indeed who does not care for the flora of Hayti. Good night."

A day or two afterward Percival began to think it was time for him to start for Santa Cruz. He had exhausted St. Thomas. Its long, commercial street began to bore him; but before he left this island he must again walk down it, to make some purchases.

He and the German botanist (for Copley Ward was often missing, and seemed to find attractions at Mr. Arenberg's, and at the Fort, which they could not discover) started to execute their commissions, and were well supplied with small packages, when they suddenly met at the door of one of the retail shops Mr. Arenberg, who emerged smiling.

"Look across the street, Mr. Rosstrevor," he whispered, "and see the cousin you have come to dispossess."

Rosstrevor obeyed him, and saw a tall, slender young woman in black, with a Spanish mantilla of black lace over her head, and behind her a respectable-looking old negro woman, with a turban of white muslin, who carried a large umbrella in her hand. The young lady had no color about her dress save one yellow rose, which fastened the lace of her mantilla on one side of a high comb.

The beauty of this woman was so great that it silenced rather than provoked comment. A dark, clear skin; two lips as red as the pomegranate; glossy black hair, which was brushed away from the lowest of broad brows; two great black eyes, with sweeping lashes; a nose rather long and straight—these were but feeble inventories. The glow, the expression, the *regard*, as the French say, was that of the beauties who, under the name of Helen, Cleopatra, Lucretia Borgia, Mary Queen of Scots, and a thousand others, have ruled, have swept, have conquered the world. Even her walk was superb, so much so that Rosstrevor thought he had never seen a woman walk before. This high-stepping creature was tapping the pavement with little feet, which recalled Sir John Suckling's image—

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice ran in and out.

And yet there was a proud, defiant, and almost imperial movement as she advanced. Rosstrevor thought of a fine horse pawing the ground, but dismissed the image as irreverent.

Mr. Arenberg advanced to meet the high-stepping beauty with an old-fashioned, not unbecoming air of gallantry. He bowed his snuff-colored wig to the ground, he pressed his hand on the spot where tradition had once placed what served him for a heart, and he finally raised his little twinkling eyes to her face.

"Your servant, Miss Mercedes—your most obedient servant."

"How de do, Mr. Arenberg?" said the beauty, frankly, smiling and showing teeth which dazzled the gazer—"how de do? We were going up to see you after we had done our shopping, but—"

"Allow me to present your English cousin, Mr. Percival Rosstrevor," said the banker, hastily interrupting her.

"And Mr. Wilhelm Gottlieb," said Percival Rosstrevor, overcome with English shyness, and not knowing what to say.

The beauty courtesied low, a Spanish courtesy, and then extended her hand with American frankness.

"You are expected, and very welcome," said she, sweeping him up with another grand smile.

"You will come and lunch with me, of course?" asked Mr. Arenberg.

"Of course we will—in an hour," said the Señorita; "you must let me sell my plantains, and buy my spices.—Here, Rebecca, give me my test," and she disappeared in the dark shadow of the shop-door.

"Go up for Captain Ward, and we will make a little party for the Señorita," said Mr. Arenberg. "Be at my house in an hour."

But, when they appeared at Mr. Arenberg's house there was no Captain Ward; he had again taken himself off.

However, the lunch went gayly on. Two or three Danish officers, evidently cultivating or suffering from a fatal passion for Mercedes, and some pale Danish beauties who had been hastily brought in to do honor to Mr. Arenberg's lunch, were of the company—all of which gave Percival Rosstrevor time to recover himself.

This was the woman whom he was to displace. He was to appear to her first and foremost in the disagreeable light of proprietor, the owner of her home.

Not that he had at all determined, even if Santa Cruz appeared to him to be a pleasant place of residence—the proper sphere for his energies to exercise themselves upon—to turn out Mr. Morella. If, on seeing him, Mr. Morella decided to go, then he might, perhaps—

His mind, his plans, were all chaotic. He had been suddenly brought face to face with the necessity of making his own way in the world by the death of his father. When his elder brother became Lord Rosstrevor, and married, then it was that poor Percy concluded to start off, and to look at this unpromising property in Santa Cruz.

His cousin Mercedes watched him furtively during the lunch, and, it is to be feared, enjoyed his confusion. Certainly she did not share it, for her laugh, low and musical, her rich contralto tones, her gay wit, her sparkling eyes, were those of a happy rather than of an anxious woman.

"You and your party must come with my servants and myself on the Vigilant to-night, when I return to Santa Cruz," said she, leaning over to Percival, during the lunch.

"I shall be only too happy," said he. "My friends are, however, not exactly of my party; we are but fellow travelers."

"Papa expects you," said the Señorita Morella; "and I, as his lieutenant, extend the invitation to—to—Mr. Gottlieb, and—who is the other?"

"Captain Copley Ward, an American gentleman, and my very dear friend."

"Captain Copley Ward, an American gentle-

man, and your very dear friend, is then invited," said she, gayly.

"I think," said Mr. Arenberg, slowly, "that even were Captain Copley Ward inclined to accept this gracious invitation, I had better see him first."

"How mysterious!" said Mercedes, showing a glimpse of her white teeth. "Do you think we mean him any harm?"

"It is dangerous ground, that which the Señorita Morella commands," said Mr. Arenberg.

But Captain Copley Ward saved them all trouble. He was only to be traced through a letter, which he had left for Percival, saying that business called him suddenly to Porto Rico; that he would join him at Bassin (the principal town of Santa Cruz) the latter end of the week.

Wilhelm Gottlieb declared his intention of waiting for him.

III.

Two or three old negroes, and the respectable Rebecca of the white turban, accompanied Mercedes and Percival during the seven hours' trip from St. Thomas to Santa Cruz.

He could not but notice the calm habit of command, the business-like coolness and sagacity of this beautiful young girl, who, dropping one festoon of her mantilla over her face, so that her black eyes shone through the heavily embroidered lace like stars from behind clouds, moved about attending to the shipment of certain barrels and boxes, evidently containing stores for her household. Seeing Percival's look of surprise, she explained to him, after they were fairly at sea, that her father's health was poor, and that she alone could manage the affairs of the plantation satisfactorily; that the negroes would not work for the superintendent, but would work for her, and so on.

"I have been two years at it, since I left school," said she, laughing, "and you will find my accounts in excellent order. But, indeed, Mr. Rosstrevor, I am very glad the *real owner* has come to claim his own," said she, suddenly turning her bright eyes full upon him, "for it is a heavy care and a great responsibility for a young girl and a sorrowful old man to take charge of Trevor's Hope."

"Miss Morella," said poor Percival, coloring up to the roots of his hair, "it will be a long day before I shall turn you out. There are many formalities; there are many long talks with your father; there is time yet. I beg of you not to look upon me as the—as the—"

"As the rightful owner of Trevor's Hope? I have been brought up to do that, Mr. Rosstrevor, and I shall not be sorry to surrender. New York or Havana would either of them offer happier

homes for me. What it will do to my sad old father to move him I know not, but we must face the inevitable. We are but leaves before the wind anyway. Now, tell me—you are from England—do you know my sister, my twin-sister Lenore?"

"No," said Percival; "I have never seen her, although she has lived with my old aunt at the Grange. When I have been in England, she has been in Paris. We have never met."

"Then I will show you her picture," said Mercedes, detaching a miniature from her watch-chain.

"Singularly like, yet singularly unlike," said Percival, looking at the picture. "Features, hair, and eyes the same, but the expression totally different."

"Yes, they say that she is Penseroso, while I am L'Allegro."

"They say?" said Percival. "Do you not know? Have you not met lately?"

"Yes; we were together for a year at school in Paris, and then we separated—to what different fates!" and Percival thought he saw a tear in the bright eye of L'Allegro.

The schooner was nearing the wharf at Santa Cruz as she finished speaking.

"Papa, this is Mr. Percival Rosstrevor," said Mercedes, as a small, elderly, black-eyed gentleman of meager figure and face approached them. But so stately were Mr. Morella's Spanish manners, that, tall fellow as he was, Percival felt small before him. Years of solitude and of misfortune had not taken from him that grace, that dignity, which seems built into the Spaniard.

They all mounted into a sort of *char à banc* and drove off. It was an hour before they reached Trevor's Hope. Percival spoke casually of his mother's letter.

"You will find us quite unchanged since then," said Mr. Morella, "except that this good girl has brightened up a few rooms."

And there it was—the fine, large stone house, with ample verandas from which hung passion-flowers in heavy, drooping vines, and whose external appearance was stately and grand, but within were the same ruin, the same broken furniture, the same boarded-up mirrors, which Lady Caroline had seen in 1851.

They dined off a black, old mahogany table, a dinner which was almost a *replica* of that which his mother had described, except that, instead of the faded and sad Madame Morella, there sat at the head of the table a Venus of the tropics, a woman whose young beauty lighted up the room.

"These are your apartments," said she, as after the cigars a movement was made toward bedroom candlesticks, and she threw open a door which he had not noticed.

Pretty white and pink lounges, and curtains, comforts simple but tasteful, a few pieces of modern furniture, met his eye.

"I have done my best to make Mr. Rosstrevor comfortable in his own house," said Mercedes, with a deep courtesy.

The young man felt like stooping and kissing the hem of her garment, but she was gone, and he was alone—alone to think of the astonishing position in which he found himself.

It was a week before he thought of Bassin and Captain Ward. His days had been spent in going with Mercedes over the plantation, in looking at her accounts and into the sugar-houses, in riding on a pretty Spanish jennet by her side as she went from one field to another, encouraging the negroes to work, visiting the hospital, or trying to help her amuse her father, whose melancholy hung like a pall over them both.

She would read to him, sing with her guitar accompaniment; she would bring him his coffee with a step like an Ellsler, and occasionally, as if the spirit of Terpsichore possessed her, dance for him up and down the stone piazza like a nymph; sometimes he would smile and call her sunbeam, and kiss her as she bent over him, then relapse into gloom and gravity, his eyes bent on the ground.

"Where did you learn to be so useful?" said Percival, as he saw her counting the jars in her store-closet.

"Necessity and love taught me," said she, passing a white hand over the labels.

"To-day I must go to Bassin and inquire for Captain Ward," said Percival; "my conscience smites me. Will you go with me? Let us take the two white jennets."

"No, you shall go alone. To-day I am busy. If you find Captain Ward, bring him back to dinner."

But Percival found only Gottlieb, who was wandering aimlessly around the dismal little town, and who had heard nothing of Ward, nor had he found his white flower with yellow center, with stamens in a golden mesh. Gottlieb was, however, much interested in Percival's own history.

"And what of your prospects?" said Gottlieb. "You are in love with the Señorita; you will make her your wife; that will settle the affair amicably: you need not turn out the Morellas."

"Gottlieb, you are right as to one half—I think that I *am* in love with Mercedes. I have never seen such beauty, goodness, cleverness; but she has no more feeling for me than if I were one of these lizards, and something tells me that she never will have."

"Ah, that is too hasty. Despair after one week? No! Go back and try—go back to your plantation; make love to her! Threaten to kill

yourself; try turning her father out of doors. Do not be a sheep! I tell you, girls' hearts are like my white flower: they are hard to find, but, when you find them, ah—! That is a golden mesh, indeed. But, good-by. I go after my flower."

On returning to Trevor's Hope, Percival found that Mr. Morella had shaken off his gloom sufficiently to call him into the grand *salon*, and there formally to tender his abdication and resignation.

"It is a matter of business," said the Spaniard, gravely; "I have known the position for twenty-six years. My daughter and myself can retire to our estate in Cuba."

"Mr. Morella, I can not accept. I do not know how to manage this property. I entreat of you, *wait!* until I can speak to—to my friend Arenberg, to Captain Copley Ward. Stay, I beg of you, for a year."

"As you please, Mr. Rosstrevor," said Mr. Morella, relapsing into his gloom again.

"An invitation to dinner!" said Mercedes, breaking in, like Aurora, holding in her hand a folded letter. "Randolph expects us at 'The Amethyst'; a grand dinner of twenty-four. Will you go, papa?"

"I must decline," said Mr. Morella.

"Then there will be only twenty-three, papa. Reconsider."

"No, my love, decline for me," persisted Mr. Morella.

"I wonder," said Mercedes, tapping her rosy lips—"I wonder if your friend the German botanist would come? I will write to Randolph to invite him; and you—you will go with me, of course?"

Of course Percival would gladly go with her anywhere.

She took a great deal of pains about the German botanist, that he should be at this dinner—a fact which surprised Percival, for she had not shown a genuine West Indian fervor of hospitality in inviting him to Trevor's Hope, after Percival's description of his forlorn loneliness and despair over his as yet undiscovered flower.

Bassin is one of those towns which, like many others in the West Indies, is rather apt to depress the stranger, and incline him to accept invitations to leave it with great gratitude.

However, it was very nice of her, Percival thought, to procure Gottlieb an invitation to the dinner; and when they arrived at "The Amethyst," who should make his appearance but Captain Copley Ward!

Percival presented the mysterious absentee to his beautiful cousin Mercedes with considerable misgiving, for Copley Ward was one of those men whose smile and eyes may be fatal to women. He was glad that they received each other with nonchalance—a fact which he attributed to the

circumstance that Copley Ward's heart was elsewhere, and (could he hope it?) that Mercedes had begun to fancy her cousin Percival.

The dinner was an elaborate one, and "The Amethyst" was evidently an estate which had suffered less than many of the others. Randolph was an Englishman, and kept up the habits of his own country, so far as the twelve courses, and the drinking after dinner, belong to British institutions.

Captain Ward sat next to Mercedes, who blazed out amid the pale Danish beauties, like the pomegranate amid snow-drops. She wore her favorite color, yellow, a deep rich golden silk, and, with a reckless use of color which would have vulgarized a less beautiful woman, had put the scarlet flowers of the *Hibiscus* in her hair and bosom.

"She *is* the tropics!" said Gottlieb, in a low whisper to Percival.

She was capricious this evening, and, forsaking her usual gayety, she talked only in low tones to her two next neighbors.

To do Captain Ward justice, he made up for lost time, and, before the dessert, had contrived to engross her.

Indeed, he followed the ladies' departure from the table early, and as Percival looked down one of the trellised garden-walks through an open window of the dining-room, he could have sworn that he saw the Captain's slender figure with a golden-clad *hour* hanging on his arm.

How intensely Lieutenant Arrstrop, a sort of vulgar Hamlet, contrived to bore him! How Randolph, his host, held him by the button! How even Gottlieb pummeled him with butterflies, and disgusted him with *Diptera*! What did he care for insects with two wings, or insects with four? He was in love, poor Percival, and he wanted to fly after the golden butterfly.

And when they came to the drive home, how disgusted he was to be asked to take a seat with the Misses Stridiron, who were to be driven to the south side, while he saw Captain Copley Ward and Mercedes, and the botanist, driven off without him!

He was sulkily driving home alone, after having deposited the Misses Stridiron, when he observed, in the brilliant moonlight, Gottlieb, on foot, waving a branch in the air to attract his attention.

"I have found it!" shrieked the botanist; "my dear white flower, with yellow center, and stamens in a golden mesh—I have found it! I left the tiresome carriage to walk through a thicket where I was sure it would grow; and here I am with hands much scratched in the *chaparral*, and with my treasure."

Percival thought that the floral treasure looked

very much like an orange-blossom, and was comparatively unmoved. What he did think of, and not unmoved, was that Mercedes and Captain Ward must have had a drive of six miles alone.

"And you left my cousin Mercedes with Captain Copley Ward, a man she has but just met, to drive off alone?" said Percival. "A very strange proceeding!"

"Ah, she is an independent," said the German. "She had her old family coachman, and she and the Captain were talking Spanish, a language I do not understand; so, when I asked them to let me walk—to expel the fumes of wine and brandy from my brain (for they drink like the old heroes of the Nibelungenlied here)—I thought they were nothing loath to part with me, and so I sought for my flower, and I have found it. See what a divine fragrance she has!"

Percival raised the flower to his face, and as he did so a strange, violent pain shot through his eyes; his head began to swim; he threw it away from him. "It is poison!" said he.

"No, not in the least," said Gottlieb. "Get out of the carriage and walk; you, too, have taken too much wine."

But, as Percival attempted to walk, he found his limbs shake under him; his hands began to burn; his face seemed to be on fire; strange and terrible sensations took possession of his brain. He stretched out a hand for Gottlieb.

"Take care of me," said he. "I can no longer see you."

When they reached the door of Trevor's Hope, Percival was raving with sudden delirium. The colored coachman, and the servant who answered the door-bell, took him in their arms and carried him into the hall. As the latter flashed a candle in his face, he exclaimed:

"Massa been poisoned by the *barracuda*!" for he saw, in the discolored, swelled face and the closed eyes of the unhappy young man, that he had indeed eaten of that dangerous fish which, although innocuous in a majority of cases, is sometimes one of the deadliest, the most lasting of poisons.

IV.

MR. ARENBERG was giving one of his famous dinners, a week after this event, to the newly arrived passengers of the steamer Trent. It would be unfair to this gentleman's record to say that he ever forgot the Señorita Mercedes, but the young men who had been his guests of the month before were not so clearly outlined on his memory. Particularly had he forgotten all about Gottlieb, who, as a German botanist, without antecedents, and with a very small bank account, was not a man for the banker to record.

Percival Rosstrevor and Captain Copley

Ward he had particular reasons for remembering. They were without doubt men whom to forget would have been quite impossible to a man who held in his old yellow books the map of their interlaced destinies. Rosstrevors, and Wards, and Morellas, had been woven in and out of the warp and woof of Mr. Arenberg's business life for forty years; but now Gottlieb was to take his place in the yellow books, as playing an important part in the history, at least, of Rosstrevor.

The dinner included, besides the newly arrived guests from Europe, two gentlemen of Santa Cruz, Dr. Launitz and Mr. Randolph, the gentleman who had the painful distinction of having offered a poisonous fish to his guests.

"Tell us about poor Rosstrevor. How is he getting on?" said Mr. Arenberg.

"He will recover, I think," said Dr. Launitz; "and if he does, and escapes the bad consequences of the poison, I shall give all the credit to a German botanist who was with him at the time of his seizure."

"How was that?" said one of the guests.

"He was taken ill while smelling a flower which this man Gottlieb had just plucked in the *chaparral*."

"And which, I think, poisoned him," said Mr. Randolph; "for, of all the other guests at my dinner, no other one felt any inconvenience from the fish."

"That has happened frequently, you know," said Dr. Launitz. "What is one man's meat is another man's *poisson*, according to the old joke. To be poisoned, the system must be necessarily in a peculiar state. Gottlieb is learned in poisons and antidotes. He talks of the frequency of the antidotal plant near the haunts of poisonous reptiles—as the plantain which cures the rattlesnake-bite, the aloe which relieves the sting of the tarantula, the cactus-leaf for the centiped; and, in the immediate effect of the fragrance of the white flower in bringing the virus to the surface, he discerned something of that property which makes the serpent-stone valuable. He proved his belief by immediately gathering large quantities of the plant, making decoctions, and poultices, and lotions, and had the heroism to drink of the liquid himself before administering it to his patient. The effect has been magical. The lotion relieves the outside inflammation, the drink calms the delirium and fever. It is now, of course, a question of time, and Rosstrevor is still a very sick man, but I have every hope of his recovery, and that we have added a valuable remedy to the pharmacopœia."

And then they talked of the voyage of the Trent, and of a certain interesting passenger whom she had brought out; of the news in Eu-

rope; of the state of the crops, and the infrequency of rain; and then, rising and shaking hands all about, pronounced the Danish word *Welbekomer*, and adjourned to the veranda.

Dr. Launitz drew Mr. Arenberg aside. "I am very much afraid of the effect of this illness of young Rosstrevor on Mr. Morella. His morbid melancholy has taken flight. He thinks his English relatives will believe that he has caused Rosstrevor to be poisoned. In fact, I attend to the host more than to the guest, and give him the quieting doses I had intended for Rosstrevor. He declares that he will set sail for Cuba immediately, and nothing but my assurance that such a proceeding would give every one a reason for thinking him guilty, should poor Rosstrevor die, keeps him from going."

"That would spoil everything," said Mr. Arenberg. "Keep him quiet, if you can. And how does Mercedes bear up under all this?"

"I think her father's condition gives her great anxiety, but she rises to the situation. Her care of Percival Rosstrevor, and her unselfish, active usefulness, would make a plain woman beautiful: what it does *not* do to the most beautiful of women, I leave you to imagine."

Several weeks followed in dreary and suffering succession before Percival again took his walk on the veranda, leaning on the arm of Gottlieb. The disease had affected the eye and ear, besides its effect on the flesh, so that even now his sight was dim and his hearing affected.

He had been conscious, much of the time, of the kindness of Mercedes. He had heard her soft, musical voice, and her consultations with Gottlieb. He knew that she was, like a *châtelaine* of the middle ages, ministering to the necessities of the wounded knight whom destiny had thrown into her hands.

But something had been borne in upon his brain which took form and substance as he lay and dreamed, soothed by that spirit of healing which lay hidden behind the "white flower with the yellow center and the stamens in a golden mesh." It was this: Captain Copley Ward had come to the West Indies to find a face; that face had been the one which now and then, when the veil lifted from his poor eyes, he saw bending over him—the brilliant, beautiful face of the woman he loved.

He thought of all Captain Ward's mysterious disappearances, and of the curiously sudden acquaintance at the dinner—what did it all mean? What was Gottlieb here for? And, as if a curtain suddenly lifted, he saw, or he thought he saw, it all. Copley Ward and Mercedes were old acquaintances, probably lovers, kept apart perhaps by Mr. Morella's prejudice or queerness, and were

having clandestine meetings, with Gottlieb as a friend.

It was a painful accompaniment to convalescence, particularly as Mercedes was now more with him; and, as he grew to watch for her, to listen to the sound of her footfall, it seemed to him that she had grown each day more lovely and more gentle. She was silent, less occupied with her household duties, more womanly. Was it the exquisite instinct with which a woman suits herself to the sensitive nerves of a convalescent? Or was it, alas! an absorption in the hidden lover, that friend who had not been near him?—for Captain Copley Ward had shown an entire indifference to his illness.

One day as she sat near him, her mantilla thrown back, and the shadows of the passion-flower vine falling in picturesque patches on her white dress as she played rather than wrought at her embroidery—

"Mercedes, dear Mercedes," said he, "is it that I do not see well, or are you changed? Has my long illness fatigued you?—you seem not quite yourself."

"Ah," said she, with her pretty and reassuring laugh, "you sick people all get tired of your nurses. Perhaps I am—well, a shade yellow, or my eyes are heavy. Let me go and put a scarlet flower in my hair, light myself up, make myself presentable—"

"No, dear Mercedes, I want to talk to you. Sit here, nearer me; let me take your hand—that hand which has been bathing my brow and drawing me back from the grave; let me kiss it and renounce it; let me tell you how I love it and crave it—but also that I have had a revelation. Mercedes, I know all: I know now that you love Copley Ward—that he has come here to see you, and that you are thinking of him, and not of me. I must relapse into my place as cousin; but you shall know—I shall have the pleasure of telling you—that I love you!"

"Cousin Percival," began Mercedes, pleadingly.

"No, Mercedes, do not stop me. For the last few days you have grown dearer to me; there is a something about you which fits my present mood. You are gentler than you were; and I, knowing that you love another, must still have you near me. Your atmosphere is necessary to me. I can bear it that you love another; only do not desert me because I have found out your secret. Sit by me; let me look at you; talk to me, sing to me; and, when you will, you shall tell me all about Copley Ward—a good fellow, but he has not treated me well."

"Percival," said Mercedes, "do not misjudge Ward yet; you may hereafter know that which will justify him."

"Ah, Mercedes, do not plead his cause; *that* I can not bear yet. Be merciful; we will not speak his name quite yet, Let us return to our old life. How are the jennets?"

"They are well, and pawing the earth with impatience."

"When may I take a ride, Gottlieb?" said Percival, as the German botanist stepped up on the platform with his hands full of flowers.

"Not until your eyes are better," said Gottlieb, authoritatively; "you have still a danger about the optic nerve; you must not be exposed to the light. Ah, your eyes! they look very badly yet.—Señorita, lend me your handkerchief; his eyes must be bandaged, while you shall read to us."

And, as if to fill the cup of Percival's love and woe, he blinded him with the delicate handkerchief which had lain in Mercedes's lap.

"It has an English scent," said poor Percival. Violets! I see my own cool land again."

"Señorita Mercedes uses violet scents, I notice—always," said Gottlieb; "an American taste, I imagine.—Now read us 'In a Gondola,' please, Señorita, for my patient is feverish."

At this moment Rebecca, the colored housekeeper, appeared for orders.

"You may attend to it all, Rebecca," said Mercedes; "I must read to Mr. Rosstrevor."

"Ah, Mercedes," said Percival, in a gratified tone, "I am rather glad to see you growing a less careful housekeeper. I used to think you were cumbered with much serving."

Gottlieb was very careful of Percival's eyes after this, bandaging them, having green shades made for them, and even bringing out a pair of green goggles. Mercedes, also, seemed to be getting careful of her complexion, for she threw her heavy veil over her face often as she walked with Percival through the shaded garden walks.

"Mercedes," said he one day, as a long silence came to an end, "where is your father? I have not seen him, it seems to me, for a very long time."

"Ah, Percival, he has gone to Cuba. We have hoped that you would not notice his absence; but he has had an agreeable piece of news: a heavy mortgage on his property there has been paid off by some unknown hand, and certain formalities have required his presence in the island. He had a morbid feeling about your illness; and we were not sorry when, for the first time in his life—poor man!—a misfortune was turned into a joy. I do not understand it quite, but Mr. Arenberg does."

Another week saw the cousins riding together; and here Percival had no reason to fear that her anxiety for him had damped the courage of Mercedes. In fact, she had more courage on horse-

back than formerly—was for leaping hedges and for running races, quite inappropriate equine amusements for the atmosphere of the tropics.

Perhaps with the innate coquetry of a beautiful woman, perhaps from her rather independent position, perhaps from her Spanish blood or her American training, Mercedes did not show that disinclination for Percival's society which a rigorous constancy would have marked out. There were moments when he began to hope that she had forgotten Captain Copley Ward, when he felt sure that those black eyes gave a gleam of encouragement to the love for her which burned in his heart. Their position was a very dangerous one for the absent lover. No duenna save old Rebecca to preside over their morning readings or their afternoon drives; no observant public but Gottlieb, who seemed now to be relaxing his business of oculist, and was disposed to let Percival see all that he could see with a very handsome pair of blue eyes. After all, was there any reason that he should not win her from Copley Ward if he could? If she were willing, was he under any promise or bond not to erase the love which certainly had been carried on clandestinely against the will of her father, while his would be open, honorable, and most desirable?

Would not her happiness as well as his own be very much assured by offering to her the hand of the owner of Trevor's Hope, that estate which she had done so much to improve?

One great reason for encouragement Percival found in the change in her own character. Her incessant activity, her love of business, had all left Mercedes. One day he asked her to go to see the sugar-factory, but she declined.

"I do not feel energetic to-day," said she.

"Well, let us go and see the negroes at work on the south side."

"No," said she. "I would rather ride through this orange-grove, or go up to Balasminda and look out at the sea."

"Mercedes, how you are changed!" said he. "What is it? Are you well?"

"Yes—a woman's caprice," said she.

As health and vigor came pouring back through his long limbs and energetic English frame, Percival began to wish to go over to St. Thomas, to fish and hunt and exercise.

When he proposed to Mercedes an expedition to St. Thomas, she looked up at him and said:

"Percival, I would rather stay here with you."

The color mounted to his brow; he hoped too much. Then on "that hint he spake":

"Mercedes, tell me, do you love Captain Copley Ward?" And the answer was, calmly—

"No, I do not."

"And will you, could you, can you, love me?"

"Percival, I do!"

"And I have been deceiving myself all this time—and you never loved Copley Ward?"

"Never! You see, you took it all for granted; you never asked me, or made me answer that question."

"O Mercedes!"

Then she turned upon him, this mysterious girl, and asked him a singular question.

"Percival," said she, "are you sure that you love me—*me*, this individual unit, this West Indian cousin, whom you have known only a few short months? Do you know me well enough to be sure that I shall make you happy? Tell me, when did you first fall in love with me?"

"When I first saw you, Mercedes, I thought you the most lovely woman I had ever seen, and I thought I was in love with you almost immediately. But—may I confess?—there was one occasional wish in my heart, then, that you were *not* so clever, so active, so superior to me! It was after I had really schooled my heart to believe that you loved somebody else that I found that I really loved you. In fact, a new love seemed to come to my heart after my first days of convalescence, when your altered mood (for I shall always insist that you have changed) suited so well my quelled spirits. But how do we know, how can we estimate, the birth, growth, and development of the divine passion? One thing I *do* know, Mercedes—that I love you now, and shall love you for ever!"

The next few days were of that quality of bliss which comes but once in a lifetime—not always even once—and Percival would have been glad to have them go on for ever; but letters, letters, letters! those messengers from the outside world—those Mercuries who always reach us, and do not stay, as we wish they would sometimes, on their "heaven-kissing hill." Like John of Bologna's Mercury, they came from England to disturb Percival's peace, and to call him to St. Thomas.

He had got through with his interview with Mr. Arenberg, he had finished all his business, and was on the point of walking down to the Vigilant, the little schooner whose time of sailing had nearly approached, when he casually looked at the hotel-register and read the announcement—

Captain Copley Ward, Room 21.

To see Copley Ward and to tell him that he had displaced him in the affections of Mercedes, or to shun him, and to go back to her!

Copley Ward had treated him strangely. He tried to argue with himself that the coldness and neglect of his treatment of the last few months

had obviated any duty which he owed to him in the matter of stealing away his love.

But Copley Ward had been his comrade on the Plains; had served him in many ways. He felt in his heart that Ward, in his place, would *not* have striven to win away the woman of his heart, and the braver and better counsel of confession prevailed. He darted up three steps at a time to No. 21.

The door was ajar. He knocked, looked in—no one there. He paused a moment, then determined to leave his card and a few penciled words on the table.

He stepped into the room, and saw lying on the white sofa a black object. What was it?

A Spanish mantilla with a yellow rose!

For a moment his heart stood still. Mercedes had deceived him! She had come, he then remembered—she must have come an hour after he left her by a second schooner which left Santa Cruz for St. Thomas. She had joined Copley Ward; they were gone out together, and she had probably disguised herself, leaving in his room the mantilla which she always wore!

He wondered afterward that he had not died in that choking moment of agony; and yet as a second set of nerves come in and work for us when the first set is stunned, so did he, looking vacantly out of the window, see the Vigilant spreading her sails, and determine, in a sort of maze, to catch her before she sailed and to return to Trevor's Hope.

As he was running down the steep hill to the wharf, he saw Ward coming from the Fort. That, then, had always been the trysting-place! He remembered Ward's early visits there, when this false girl had carried on, as he now believed, her early as her later clandestine meetings with him.

And as he sailed back, through seven miserable hours, he reflected on the changeable, inconstant, and variable character of this girl, her seductive beauty, her almost masculine strength at first, and her gentle and affectionate attentions of the last few weeks. A coquette ingrain, merely making a dupe of him to gratify her vanity!

And yet it seemed impossible! Might not some other woman wear a black mantilla and a yellow rose? He did not, however, remember that he had ever seen another Spanish mantilla worn in St. Thomas or Santa Cruz.

Still that proved nothing; it might be a mistake. And so he argued with his tortured soul.

He determined to go back to Trevor's Hope, write a letter to Mercedes, another to her father, to see Gottlieb, and to take a schooner for some other island, and then return by the first steamer to England. To see Mercedes again, that he could not do.

And yet, as he neared the island filled for him

with such memories, such sad and such sweet experiences, he was overwhelmed with a desire to see her once more, and to reproach, to scorn, to blame, yet to love her with all a lover's unreason.

He drove with drooping head to Trevor's Hope; and there, sitting on the veranda, with her Spanish mantilla and yellow rose, sat Mercedes.

She looked at him as he stepped on the marble slabs; he was as white as they.

"Percival, dear Percival!" said she, "what is the matter? You are worse—you are ill again."

"Yes, very ill," said he. "I know not by what enchantment you have reached here before me, or when you left Captain Copley Ward, but I know *you* now. False, beautiful sorceress, Mercedes, was it necessary to your vanity to deceive, to wound, to kill me? This mantilla, or its fellow, I have just left in Copley Ward's room. Does he keep a magazine of them, that you may masquerade at will, when you go over to see him?"

Mercedes turned as white as he had done.

"Percival! Percival!" said she, "it is my turn to speak, to confess. Do not blame me if I have deceived you. I have—I have won your heart under false pretenses. I am *not* Mercedes—I am Lenore!"

V.

GOTTLIEB wrote down in his great book, called "Wonderful Poisons, and their Effects, Antidotes, and Cures," this paragraph:

"If a great shock is given to the nerves of a recently recovered patient, he is apt to have a slight relapse, and lose temporarily his reason; but the after-effects are not bad: they may make care necessary for a time, but they do not cause death."

Percival did not die. The next day, when the real Mercedes arrived with her husband, Captain Copley Ward, he was sufficiently recovered to hear their history.

But first he had heard, as he sat with Lenore's slender hand pressed to his lips, the long story of her masquerade.

"I came out to help Mercedes, dearest Percy," said she, "for my father had forbidden her marriage to Copley Ward; although it had been an attachment of two years' standing, there was no argument against him except an old quarrel with his uncle of forty years ago. Still, with men of my father's nature, feuds of forty years' standing grow and strengthen. Mercedes felt that the time had come for her to take the step which she was convinced that she had a right to take, particularly as Copley Ward has, through some real or pretended debt which he has found as possibly owing from his uncle to my father, paid

off certain mortgages on the Cuban estate, so that the property becomes very valuable. You know what a daughter Mercedes has been to him always. She is no less a blessing to him in the son-in-law she brings to him. The question of leaving you so ill was the next embarrassment. She, however, soon found that you bore and liked my ministrations as well as hers. You did not see or hear well; we are so alike, that a similarity of dress, and a few artifices of the toilet, have always enabled us to mystify people. You had been intimately acquainted with me for a month before you made the remark on the veranda which caused Gottlieb to bandage your eyes. Then, forgive me, dear Percy, if I continued the fraud, and tried to win you for myself. I have known you always, for dear Aunt Ross, of The Grange, was always talking of you. It was strange that we never met. I now think that it was providential. Heaven meant that we should meet and love each other at Trevor's Hope—our future home, perhaps!"

"When were Copley Ward and Mercedes married?" asked Percival.

"The day after my father sailed for Cuba. Gottlieb and Mr. Arenberg took Mercedes and myself to the church, and Captain Ward met us there, where the two were made one."

"Does Ward know you apart?" said Percival, quizzically.

"Oh, yes! He had the *real* article—I am only the imitation."

However, when Mrs. Copley Ward arrived, splendid as she really was, Percival did not regret the change.

"She is Penseroso and I am L'Allegro—as I told you," said the more energetic of the twins.

And yet, when Lenore, gay with excitement, danced up and down the veranda, she seemed to be Mercedes; and as Mercedes, quiet with her new, full happiness, sat with her chin in her hand looking at her, she seemed to be Lenore.

"Captain Copley Ward," said Percival, after dinner, "do you remember what you said to me as we looked at the lively town of Jacmel? You called the West Indies the '*home of ennui*, of disappointed hopes, of wrecked fortunes.' Now it strikes me that you have had very lively times down here, very few disappointed hopes, and no wrecked fortunes."

"No," said Copley Ward; "as things have turned out, I have not suffered from any of those things. But, you see, I missed my letter from Mercedes at Jacmel, and was naturally as blue as the native indigo. Then, a man who is desperately in love with a lady, and the lady's father forbids him the house, is naturally a little disposed to curse the sky, the land, the sea, and all that in them is."

"Will Mr. Morella forgive you, and will Mr. Morella forgive me?" asked Percival.

"That is a question which to-morrow's mail must answer for us," said Mercedes. "Your time of probation is yet to come. To-morrow Mr. Arenberg comes over to dine, and then we shall hear what papa thinks of runaways."

Mr. Arenberg was a trifle more yellow than his wont, and looked at Captain Ward disparagingly, yet he had been with Gottlieb the obedient go-between—Cupid's messenger, Captain Ward's ally. How far into his old heart the eyes of Mercedes had penetrated no one ever knew. He must have been a little in love, to have served her as he did.

Mr. Morella had written a grave letter of reproof to his daughter for her disobedience; but, as Mr. Arenberg, or somebody, had told him that he owed the payment of the mortgages to Captain Copley Ward, he was not so severe as he might have been. Perhaps he bowed to the inevitable; perhaps he had begun to believe before he left the island that Lenore might keep the plantation of Trevor's Hope in the family; perhaps prosperity had softened his heart. At any rate, he forgave.

Mr. Arenberg had a favor to ask of Percival as they walked down the orange avenue with their cigars.

"Sell me Trevor's Hope," said he; "I want to make it a wedding present to Mercedes."

"Sell Trevor's Hope—the spot where I have found Lenore? Never!" said Percival.

But a soft hand pressed his arm.

"Yes, Percival," said Lenore, "sell it to Mr. Arenberg, if he desires. You and I have been brought up in England; we should be more at home there. Mercedes is a daughter of the tropics by education as well as by birth, and she will be more useful, more at home, here. You came

very near ascertaining my secret by my uselessness, you remember. Let us go back to England. Aunt Ross, of The Grange, has made me her heir, and we can find our place there, I am quite sure."

Mr. Morella came back to the second wedding, and gave his Lenore away. There were dinners, at which the *barracuda* was shunned; there were torchlight processions, which astonished the fireflies; music and dancing enough for all the dames in the two islands.

Mr. Arenberg paid a handsome price for Trevor's Hope, and asked but one condition:

"In giving this place to my young friend Mrs. Ward," said the old man, "I wish to give it a new name."

"What shall it be? what shall it be?" shouted three or four enthusiastic Danish officers, preparing a libation for the christening.

"I wish to call it The Twins," said Mr. Arenberg.

"A happy thought," said Mr. Morella; "for with a new name may come better fortunes. Trevor's Hope has seen sorrowful days. But now I must have a name for my Cuban estate, and I propose, as we owe so much to our German friend Gottlieb, even the life of my dear son Percival Rosstrevor, that he shall name the large coffee-plantation, to which I invite you all, and particularly himself."

Gottlieb was not a man of speeches, but he felt that he must nerve himself to the occasion.

"In reference to the long and patient service of my friend Ward for his bride," said Gottlieb; "in reference, too, to one striking peculiarity of my beloved flower—my flower which has saved a life; in reference to all the tangled threads of this history, let us call it *The Golden Mesh*."

M. E. W. S.

THE POSITION AND INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

AFTER the Spartan women, we should naturally discuss the position and influence of women among the Athenians. But a singular phenomenon chronologically anterior arrests our attention. The Spartan Constitution remained nearly in the same condition from the ninth century to the fourth. Our knowledge of the life of the Athenian women relates mainly to the fifth and later centuries. In the seventh and sixth occurred the movement among women to

which I allude. Unfortunately, many features of it are obscure. The ancients did not feel much interest in it, and the records in which its history was contained have nearly all perished. The center of the movement was the poetess Sappho. She of herself would deserve a passing notice in any account of ancient women, for she attained a position altogether unique. She was the only woman in all antiquity whose productions by universal consent placed her on the same level as

the greatest poets of the other sex. Solon, on hearing one of her songs sung at a banquet, got the singer to teach it to him immediately, saying that he wished to learn it and die. Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle, refer to her in terms of profound respect. Plato called her the tenth Muse; and Strabo seems to express the opinion of antiquity when he says that she was something quite wonderful; "for we do not know," he says, "in the whole period of time of which there is any record, the appearance of a single woman that could rival her, even in a slight degree, in respect of poetry."

This woman determined to do her utmost to elevate her sex. The one method of culture open to women at that time was poetry. There was no other form of literature, and accordingly she systematically trained her pupils to be poets, and to weave into verse the noblest maxims of the intellect and the deepest emotions of the heart. Young people with richly endowed minds flocked to her from all quarters, and formed a kind of woman's college.

There can be no doubt that these young women were impelled to seek the society of Sappho from disgust with the low drudgery and monotonous routine to which women's lives were sacrificed, and they were anxious to rise to something nobler and better. We learn this from Sappho herself. It is thus that she addresses an uneducated woman:

Dying thou shalt lie in the tomb, and there shall be no remembrance of thee afterward, for thou partakest not of the roses of Pieria; yea, undistinguished shalt thou walk in the halls of Hades, flustering about with the pithless dead.

And one of her most distinguished pupils, Erinna, who died at the early age of nineteen, sang in her poem, "The Distaff," the sorrows of a girl whom her mother compelled to work at the loom and the distaff while she herself longed to cultivate the worship of the Muses.

Did she attempt any other innovation in regard to the position of women? What did she think were the relations which ought to subsist between the one sex and the other? These are questions that we should fain wish we could answer; but history remains silent, and we can only form conjectures from isolated facts and statements. A late Greek writer, Maximus Tyrius, compares her association with young women to the association which existed between Socrates and young men. It has to be remembered that even in Sparta the men were thrown into very close and continual intimacy; and that this was still more the case in other states where the women were kept in strict confinement. Even in Sparta the men dined together alone; they were

often away on military expeditions for whole months together, and men were the instructors of the youths. In this way passionate intimacies arose between old and young, the old man striving to instruct his favorite youth in all manly and virtuous exercises, and the young man serving and protecting his old friend to the best of his power. These attachments were like the loves of Jonathan and David, surpassing the love of women. It is likely that Sappho did not see why these intimacies, fraught as they were with so many advantages, should be confined to the male sex; and she strove, or at least Maximus Tyrius thought she strove, to establish much closer connections, such strong ties of love between members of her own sex as would unite them forever in firm friendship, soothe them in the time of sorrow, and make the hours of life pass joyfully on. And her poetry expresses an extraordinary strength and warmth of affection. Just as Socrates almost swoons at the sight of the exquisite beauty of an Athenian youth, so Sappho trembles all over when she gazes on her lovely girls. And she weaves all the beauties of nature into the expression of the depth of her emotion. She seems to have had a rarely intense love of nature. The bright sun, the moon and the stars, the music of birds, the cool river, the shady grove, Hesperus, and the golden-sandaled Dawn, all are to her ministers of love—of this intense love for her poetical pupils, for one of whom she says she would not take the whole of Lydia. But though this association may have been one great object, it can not be affirmed that she formed any idea of making the love of women a substitute for the love of men. Some of her girls unquestionably married, and Sappho composed their hymeneal songs. She entered into their future destinies, and sympathized with them throughout their career, following them to the grave with the sad lament which they only can utter who have felt intensely the joys of life, and see in death the entrance to a cold, shadowy, and pithless existence.

It is possible that she may have ventured on new opinions as to the nature of marriage. When we come to treat of Athens, we shall see that the restrictions on marriage in the ancient world were of the sternest and most narrow character. Her Lesbian countrywomen enjoyed considerable liberty, and Heraclides Ponticus says that they were daring and bold. But they were surrounded by Ionians among whom the position of women was almost servile. Sappho may have opened her home to the girls who were tired of such close restriction, and may have counseled marriage from choice. Probably this circumstance would account for the treatment which the character of Sappho received in subsequent

times, for all women who have dared to help forward the progress of their sex, and all men who have boldly aided them, have almost uniformly been slandered and reviled in all ages.* All the notices which we have of her from contemporary or nearly contemporary sources speak of her in high terms of praise. Alcæus, her fellow townsman, sings of her as "the violet-crowned, chaste, sweet-smiling Sappho," and approaches her in verses which imply a belief in her purity. Herodotus tells how she bitterly rebuked a brother who squandered all his money on a beautiful courtesan. Her fellow citizens honored her by stamping her figure upon their coins—"honored her," says Aristotle, "though she was a woman." And the fragments of her own poems bear testimony to the same fact. They show, indeed, the warm blood of a southern girl who has no concealments. If she loves, she tells it in verses that vibrate with emotion, that tremble with passion. And she was no prude. Like the rest of her sex of that day, she thought that it was woman's destiny to love, and that the woman who tried to resist the impulse of the god tried an impossible feat. But there is not one line to show that she fell in love with any man. She may have done so; she probably did so, but there is no clear proof. There is only one reference to a man, and it is most likely that she is celebrating not her own passion, but the love of one of her girls. And if she wrote many a hymn to the golden-throned Aphrodite, she wrote also hymns to the chaste Artemis, and prayed to the chaste Graces.

But when we pass from her contemporaries to the Athenian comic writers, all is changed. No less than six comedies, written by six different poets, bore her name and exhibited her loves, and four other plays probably treated the same subject. In these she was represented as loving a poet who died before she was born, and two poets who were born after she died. But especially she fell into an infatuated love at the age of fifty for a kind of mythological young man who was gifted by Aphrodite with the power of driving any woman he liked into desperation for him. Old Sappho became desperate, according to these poets, and plunged into the sea to cool this mad passion; but whether she ever reached the bottom, no comic poet or subsequent historian has vouchsafed to tell us. All these villainous stories, which gathered vileness till, as Philaretus Charles remarks, they reached a climax in Pope, seem to me indicative that she ventured on some bold innovations in regard to her own sex which shocked the Athenian mind. And perhaps confirmation is added to this by a reliable

inscription that she was banished and fled to Sicily. She may, indeed, have taken part in some of the numerous political movements which agitated her native island, but it seems more likely that she would give offense by trying to strike off some of the restrictions which in her opinion harassed or degraded her sex.*

We come now to the Athenians. The phenomenon that presents itself here is as peculiar and striking as anything we have yet examined. In Athens we find two classes of women who were not slaves. There was one class who could scarcely move a step from their own rooms, and who were watched and restricted in every possible way. There was another class on whom no restrictions whatever were laid, who could move about and do whatever seemed good in their own eyes. And the unrestricted would in all probability have exchanged places with the restricted, and many of the restricted envied the freedom of the other members of their sex. We proceed to the explanation of this phenomenon.

First of all, the ancient idea of a state has to be firmly kept in mind. The ancient Greeks did not dream, as we have said, of any political constitution more extensive than a city. Athens was the largest of these city-states in Greece, and yet it probably never numbered more than thirty thousand citizens. These citizens, according to the Greek idea, were all connected by ties of blood more or less distant; they all had the same divine ancestor; they all worshiped the same gods in the same temples, and they possessed many rights, properties, and privileges in common. It was therefore of supreme importance that in the continuation of the state only true citizens should be admitted, and accordingly the general principle was laid down that none could become citizens but those whose fathers and mothers had been the children of citizens. From this it followed that the utmost care should be taken that no spurious offspring should be palmed upon the state. The women could not be trusted in this matter to their own sense of propriety. It was natural for a woman to love. Even men were powerless before irresistible love, and much less self-control could be expected from weak women. Means must therefore be devised to prevent the possibility of anything going wrong, and accordingly the citizen-women had special apartments assigned to them, generally in the upper story, that they might have to come down stairs, and

* The controversy about Sappho's character between Welcker and Colonel Mure is well known. Welcker's "Kleine Schriften" contain several essays on her, in addition to his famous "Defense." There is a very good essay on her and her times in Koehly's "Akademische Vorträge."

* "To attack a woman's reputation is the ready resort of the blockhead who is jealous of her talents."—*Miss Cornwallis*.

men might see them if they ventured out. Then they were forbidden to be present at any banquet. The men preferred to dine by themselves, rather than expose their wives to their neighbor's gaze. And, in order to defy all possibility of temptation, the women must wrap up every part of their bodies. In addition to these external arrangements, laws were passed such as might deter the most venturesome. A citizen-woman could have almost * no other association with a citizen than marriage. The most transient forcible connection imposed the duty of marriage, or was followed by severe penalties. And she could not marry any but a citizen. Association with a stranger never could become a marriage. And after she was married infidelity was punished with the most terrible disgrace. Her husband was compelled to send her away. No man could marry her again; for, if any one ventured on such a course, he was thereby disfranchised. She was practically expelled from society, and excommunicated. If she appeared in a temple, any one could tear her dress off, and maltreat her to any extent with impunity, provided he stopped short of killing her. Her accomplice also might be put to death if the husband caught him. Restrictions of the most stringent nature and punishments the most terrible were employed to keep the citizenship pure. To help further to realize the position of the Athenian wife, we have to add that she was generally married about the age of fifteen or sixteen. Up to this time she had seen and heard as little as possible, and had inquired about nothing. Her acquaintance with the outside world had been made almost exclusively in religious processions. "When I was seven years of age," say the chorus of women in the *Lysistrata*, "I carried the mystic box in procession; then, when I was ten, I ground the cakes for our patron goddess, and then, clad in a saffron-colored robe, I was the bear at the Brauronian festival; and I carried the sacred basket when I became a beautiful girl." Such were the great external events in the life of a high-born Athenian maid. When she married, her life was not much more varied. Her duties lay entirely within the house. They were summed up in the words, "to remain inside and to be obedient to her husband." She superintended the female slaves who carded the wool; she made, or assisted in making, the garments of her husband and children; she had charge of the provisions; and she was expected to devote some time to the infants. If she went out at all, it was to some

religious procession or to a funeral; and, if old, she might occasionally visit a female friend and take breakfast with her, or help her in some hour of need. For the discharge of the duties which fell to an Athenian woman no great intellectual power was needed, and accordingly the education of girls was confined to the merest elements.

Such was the treatment of Athenian women: what were the results? One can easily perceive that there was very little of love-making before marriage. A girl of thirteen or fourteen preparing for a life of sewing, spinning, provision-getting, and child-nursing is not generally an object of much attraction to grown-up men. The romantic element is decidedly deficient. And then even if there had been some romantic element, the young men had no opportunities of free intercourse. Accordingly matches were managed to a large extent by old women, who were allowed to go from house to house, and who explained to the young woman the qualities of the young man, and to the young man the qualities of the young woman. A marriage concluded in such a way might or might not be happy, but there could be little ideal love about it. Nor is there any reason to believe that the Athenians were very fond of their wives. They liked them if they managed their houses economically, and had healthy children, especially sons. But they were absent from them the most part of the day, they did not discuss with them subjects of the highest moment, they did not share with them their thoughts and aspirations. The domestic sentiment was feeble: this comes out in various ways. One instance will suffice. Sophocles presents one of his characters as regretting the loss of a brother or sister much more than that of a wife. If the wife dies, you can get another; but if a brother or sister dies and the mother is dead, you can never get another brother or sister. The one loss is easily reparable, the other is irreparable. This state of matters had a powerful effect on the wives. Many of them consoled themselves in their loneliness with copious draughts of unmixed wine. They often made assignments through their slaves, and were fond of stealing out of the house whenever they could find an opportunity. And faithlessness, though the punishment was so terrible, was not uncommon. In fact, their human nature could not bear the strain laid upon it. No doubt there were many among them who were good and faithful wives, and we must not always judge southern girls by our northern constitutions of body and soul. I have known a Greek girl who attained to peerless beauty before she was fourteen. Every feature was perfect; her dark eyes twinkled at one time with the wildest merriment, at another gazed with a strange and weird-like melancholy as if into infinite darkness. She could

* It seems to have been possible for an Athenian to take a free Athenian woman as a concubine; but the rights of such concubines and children, and indeed the whole subject, are involved in difficulties. See Van den Ee, *De Jure Familiarum apud Athenienses*.

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speaking fluently four languages, and she had read largely in the literatures of each. And when I came upon her in her sad, melancholy moods, she would tell me that she was puzzled with the mystery of life, and was wondering what it all meant. I have no doubt there were many such girls in old Athens, and many an Athenian wife could discuss the highest subjects with her husband. In fact, it is scarcely possible to conceive that such a marvelous crop of remarkable men, renowned in literature and art, could have arisen, if all the Athenian mothers were ordinary housewives. But circumstances certainly were exceedingly unfavorable to them; and though there never was in the history of the world such a numerous race of great thinkers, poets, sculptors, painters, and architects, in one city at one time as in Athens, not one Athenian woman ever attained to the slightest distinction in any one department of literature, art, or science. "Great," says Pericles, in the famous funeral oration which Thucydides puts into his mouth, "is the glory of that woman who is least talked of among the men, either in the way of praise or blame." And this glory the Athenian women attained to perfection.

We pass from the citizen-women of Athens to the other class of free women—the strangers. A stranger had no rights or privileges in any of the ancient states. Any justice that he might obtain could be gained only by the friendly services of some citizen. If this was true of the man-stranger, it was also true of the woman-stranger. She was not entitled to the protection of the city-state. No laws were made for her benefit. She had to look after her own interests herself or get some man to do it for her by her own arts of persuasion. The one object that the state kept before it in regard to these stranger-women was to see to it that they did not in any way corrupt the purity of the citizen blood. The statesmen thought that great dangers might arise from their presence in a community. Political peril might threaten the very existence of the state if strangers, with strange traditions and foreign interests, were to take even the slightest part in the management of public affairs. And the gods might be fearfully insulted and inflict dreadful vengeance if any one of these stranger-women were to find her way into the secret recesses of ancestral worship and perform some of the sacred functions which only the citizen-women could perform. The Spartans accordingly did not permit any strangers, male or female, to reside in their city. These strangers might come to certain festivals for a few days, but the period of their stay was strictly limited. Athens pursued a different policy. She was a commercial city. She was at the head, and ultimately ruler, of a large con-

federacy of Greek states which sent their taxes to her. Besides, the city itself was full of attractions for the stranger, with its innumerable works of art, its brilliant dramatic exhibitions, its splendid religious processions, its gay festivals, its schools of philosophy, and its keen political life. Athens could not exclude strangers. It had therefore to take the most stringent precautions that this concourse of strangers should not corrupt the pure citizen blood. Accordingly laws were enacted which prohibited any citizen-man from marrying a stranger-woman, or any stranger-man from marrying a citizen-woman. If the stranger man or woman ventured on such a heinous offense any one could inform against him or her. The culprit was seized, all his or her property was confiscated, and he or she was sold into slavery. The citizen man or woman involved in such an offense had to suffer very severe penalties. The stranger-woman therefore could not marry. Marriage was the only sin that they could commit politically in the eye of an Athenian statesman. They might do anything else that they liked. Now it is not conceivable that in such circumstances a numerous class of women would betake themselves to perpetual virginity. If any one had propounded such a sentiment, the Greek mind would have recoiled from it as unnatural, and plainly contrary to the will of the gods. And accordingly these women might form any other connections with men, temporary or permanent, except marriage, and the Greek saw nothing in this but the ordinary outcome of human nature under the peculiar circumstances of the case. Besides, in Athens a special sphere lay open for them to fill. The citizen-women were confined to their houses, and did not dine in company with the men. But the men refused to limit their associations with women to the house. They wished to have women with them in their walks, in their banquets, in their military expeditions. The wives could not be with them then, but there was no constraint on the stranger-women. The Greek men did not care whether the offspring of stranger-women was pure or not. It mattered not either to the state or to religion. There was no reason for confining them. And accordingly they selected these stranger-women as their companions, and "Hetaira," or companion, was the name by which the whole class was designated. Thus arose a most unnatural division of functions among the women of those days. The citizen-women had to be mothers and housewives—nothing more; the stranger-women had to discharge duties of companions, but remain outside the pale of the privileged and marriageable class. These stranger-women applied their minds to their function, with various ideas of it, and various methods. Many adopted the lowest

possible means of gaining the good will of men; but many set about making themselves fit companions for the most intellectual and most elevated among men.

They were the only educated women in Athens. They studied all the arts, became acquainted with all new philosophical speculations, and interested themselves in politics. Women who thus cultivated their minds were sure to gain the esteem of the best men in Greece. Many of them also were women of high moral character, temperate, thoughtful, and earnest, and were either unattached or attached to one man, and to all intents and purposes married. Even if they had two or three attachments, but behaved in other respects with temperance and sobriety, such was the Greek feeling in regard to their peculiar position, that they did not bring down upon themselves any censure from even the sternest of Greek moralists. One of these women came to Athens when Socrates was living, and he had no scruple in conversing with her on her art, and discussing how she could best procure true friends. And, in fact, these were almost the only Greek women who exhibited what was best and noblest in woman's nature. One of these, Diotima of Mantinea,* must have been a woman of splendid mind, for Socrates speaks of her as his teacher in love, when he gives utterance, in the "Symposium," to the grandest thoughts in regard to the true nature and essence of divine and eternal beauty. Almost every one of the great men of Athens had such a companion, and these women seem to have sympathized with them in their high imaginations and profound meditations. Many of them were also courageously true to their lovers. When the versatile Alcibiades had to flee for his life, it was a "companion" that went with him, and, being present at his end, performed the funeral rites over him. But of all these women there is one that stands prominently forward as the most remarkable woman of antiquity, Aspasia of Miletus. We do not know what circumstance induced her to leave her native city Miletus. Plutarch suggests that she was inflamed by the desire to imitate the conduct of Thargelia, another Milesian, who gained a position of high political importance by using her persuasive arts on the Greeks whom she knew, to win them over to the cause of the King of Persia. This may have been the case, but a good deal that is said about Aspasia must be received with considerable skepticism. Like

Sappho, she became the subject of comedies, but, unlike Sappho, she was bitterly attacked by the comic poets and others during her lifetime. The later Greek writers were in the habit of setting down the jests of the comic writers as veritable history, and modern commentators and historians have not been entirely free from this practice. Whatever brought her to Athens, certain it is that she found her way there, and became acquainted with the great statesman Pericles. She made a complete conquest of him. He was at the time married, but there was incompatibility of temper between him and his wife. Pericles therefore made an agreement with his wife to have a divorce and get her married to another, and so they separated, to the satisfaction of both. He then took Aspasia as his companion, and there is no good reason for supposing that they were not entirely faithful to each other, and lived as husband and wife till death separated them. Of course, husband and wife they could not be according to Athenian law, but Pericles treated her with all the respect and affection which were due to a wife. Plutarch tells us, as an extraordinary trait in the habits of a statesman who was remarkable for imperturbability and self-control, that he regularly kissed Aspasia when he went out and came in. Her house became the resort of all the great men of Athens. Socrates was often there. Phidias and Anaxagoras were intimate acquaintances; and probably Sophocles and Euripides were in constant attendance. Indeed, never had any woman such a *salon* in the whole history of man. The greatest sculptor that ever lived, the grandest man of all antiquity, philosophers and poets, sculptors and painters, statesmen and historians, met each other and discussed congenial subjects in her rooms. And probably hence has arisen the tradition that she was the teacher of Socrates in philosophy and politics, and of Pericles in rhetoric.* Her influence was such as to stimulate men to do their best, and they attributed to her all that was best in themselves. Aspasia seems especially to have thought earnestly on the duties and destiny of women. The cultivated men who thronged her assemblies had no hesitation in breaking through the conventionalities of Athenian society, and brought their wives to the parties of Aspasia, and she discussed with them the duties of wives. She thought that they should strive to be something more than mere mothers and housewives. She urged them to cultivate their minds, and be in all respects fit companions for their husbands. Unfortunately, we know very little more. Did

* Some have affirmed Diotima to be a fiction of Plato (Mähly, "Die Frauen des Griechischen Alterthums," p. 14), but this supposition has been amply refuted: Stallbaum on the "Symposium," p. 120 D. Otto Jahn collects all the references to Diotima by ancient writers in his edition of the "Symposium."

* The latest biographer of Pericles believes these statements, and attributes the making of Pericles and Socrates to Aspasia: "Das Perikleische Zeitalter," von Adolf Schmidt.

she come to any definite conclusion as to the functions of woman? It is difficult to say. The hints are very obscure. But in all probability the conclusion to which she came was that neither man nor woman can adequately perform their mission in life separately; that a man can never do his best without the inspiration and support of a congenial woman, and that woman should seek her work in vigorous and sympathetic coöperation with some congenial man. Probably Plato has put into the mouth of Aristophanes the sentiments which the philosopher had heard often in the Socratic circles, which regarded Aspasia as their instructress in those matters. Referring to the myth that man was split in two, and that his two halves go in search of each other, he says: "For my part, I now affirm, in reference to all human beings, both men and women, that our race would become happy if we were able to carry out our love perfectly, and each one were to obtain his own special beloved, thus returning to his original nature. And, if this is best, the best in present circumstances is to come as near as possible to this, and this occurs when we obtain the beloved that is by nature meet for us." There is no reason to suppose that Aspasia had any romantic notions in regard to love or the destiny of woman. She was, on the whole, practical, and thought that woman should find her satisfaction in work, not in dreams. She did not imagine that one could have only one love, and that, if she did not get that, or lost it, she should repine and turn from life. She was in the world to be an active being, and accordingly, when Pericles died, she formed a connection with Lycisles, a sheep-seller, believing him to be the best subject she could obtain, and made him, though not a bright man, the foremost politician in Athens for a time.*

The entire activity of Aspasia, her speculations, her intercourse with men whose opinions were novel and daring, and who were believed, like Anaxagoras and Socrates, to be unsparing innovators; her own hold over the noblest married women in Athens, and her introduction of greater social liberty among them, were all calculated to outrage the conventional spirit. Almost all the prominent members of her coterie were assailed. The greatest sculptor of all ages was meanly and falsely accused of theft, and died in a prison. The outspoken Anaxagoras was charged

with impiety, and had to flee. And at length Aspasia was brought to trial on the same accusation. It was easy to get up such an accusation against her. She might have visited some temple, and taken part in some religious ceremony, impelled by truly pious motives; but such an act on the part of a stranger, whatever her motives might be, would have been deemed a great impiety by orthodox Athenians; or she may have induced some Athenian citizen-ladies to go with her and engage in some foreign worship. The Athenians permitted foreigners to observe their own religious rites in their city, without let or hindrance, but they had strong objections to genuine Athenian women becoming converts to any foreign worship. The Athenian ladies did not look on religious matters with the same eyes as the men. They yearned to have the benefit of the more enthusiastic worships which came from Asia Minor; and accordingly, if Aspasia had been inclined to lead them that way, she would, no doubt, have had many eager followers. Or, finally, and most probably, she may have been supposed to share the opinions of the philosophers with whom she was on such intimate terms, and to have aided and abetted their opposition to the national creed. What were the grounds of the charge we do not know. All we know is, that she was acquitted, but that she owed her acquittal to the earnest pleading of Pericles, who on this one occasion accompanied his entreaties with tears.

There can be no doubt that Aspasia exercised a powerful political influence during her residence in Athens. This fact is assured to us by the abuse which she received from the comic poets. They called her Hera, queen of the gods, wife of Olympian Zeus, as they named Pericles. They also called her Dejanira, wife of Hercules, and the new Omphale, whom Hercules slavishly served—all pointing at the power which she had over Pericles. Aristophanes, in his "Acharnians," asserts that Pericles brought about the Peloponnesian war to take vengeance for an insult offered to Aspasia, and others affirmed that the Samian war was undertaken entirely to gratify her. These are absurd statements on the face of them, and were probably never meant to be anything else than jokes; but they render unquestionable the profound influence of Aspasia. It is probable that this influence was exercised in an effort to break down the barriers that kept the Greek city-states from each other, to create a strong Hellenic feeling, to make a compact Hellenic confederacy.* But, whatever were the aims of her politics, it may be safely asserted that no woman

* Chronological difficulties have been suggested in the way of this statement being true (see especially a beautiful monograph on Aspasia, "Aspasie de Milet," par L. Becq de Fouquières, p. 342), but I do not think that the difficulties are insuperable. Müller-Strübing ("Aristophanes," p. 585) has found an allusion to this connection with Lycisles in Aristophanes with greater ingenuity than success.

* See especially Miss Cornwallis's able defense of Aspasia, "Letters," p. 181.

ever exercised influence by more legitimate means. It was her goodness, her noble aims, her clear insight, that gave her the power. There was probably no adventitious circumstance to aid her. It is not likely that she was beautiful. I think Sappho was beautiful. The comic poets said that she was little, and had a dark complexion. Littleness was incompatible with beauty in the eye of a Greek, and a dark complexion would also be against her. But all that we can gather about Sappho's form leads to the conclusion that the comic poets traduced her in this as in other matters. Plato calls her "beautiful," an expression which most have taken to refer to her poetic genius, but this interpretation is at least doubtful. A vase of the fifth century B. C., found in Girgenti, gives us representations of Alcæus and Sappho, and on these Sappho is taller than Alcæus, and exceedingly beautiful. We have also a portrait of Sappho on the coins of the Mitylenæans; and here again the face is exquisite in feature, and suggests a tall woman. If it has any defect, it is that it is rather masculine. At first one might hesitate to believe that it is the face of a woman, but there can be no doubt as to its beauty. On the other hand, no ancient writer speaks of Aspasia as beautiful. She is called the good, the wise, the eloquent, but never the beautiful. We have one bust bearing her name certainly not beautiful. It represents a comfortable, meditative woman, but I doubt very much whether it is genuine. And I am far more inclined to believe that we have a true portrait of Aspasia in a marble bust of which there are two copies, one in the Louvre and one in Berlin. The bust evidently belongs to the best times of Greek sculpture, and, as a recent writer in the "Archäologische Zeitung" argues, can well be that of no other than Aspasia. The face is not altogether beautiful according to Greek ideas. It has an expression of earnest and deep thought; but what strikes one most of all is the perplexed and baffled look which the whole face presents—as of some lifelong anguish, resulting from some contest which no mortal could wage successfully—not without a touch of exquisite sweetness, tenderness, and charity. Could it be the fight in behalf of her own sex?

If ever there was a case which might have suggested to the Athenians the propriety of extending the sphere of marriageability, surely it was this case of Aspasia. But we can not affirm that any one thought of this. The Athenian women, even the citizens, had no political standing. They were always minors, subject to their fathers, or to their husbands, or to some male. Aristotle always classes women and children together. But such was the force of character of these companions, or such their hold on powerful

men, that not unfrequently their sons were recognized as citizens, and attained to the full rights of citizenship. This could take place in three ways. There might exist between Athens and another Greek or foreign state a right of intermarriage (*ἐκγᾶμία*), established by treaty. Strange to say, there is no clear instance of such a treaty in the history of the Athenians. There was no such treaty between Athens and Sparta, or Argos, or Corinth, or any other of the famous towns of Greece. The privilege was indeed conferred on the Plataeans, but it was when they became citizens of Athens, and were likely in a generation or two to become undistinguishable among the rest of the Athenian citizens. A passage in Lysias seems to intimate that the right of intermarriage was ceded to the Eubœans, but there can not be a doubt that the passage is corrupt. The text in that part has other marks of corruption, and the entire history of the relations between Athens and Eubœa speaks strongly against the possibility of the establishment of such a treaty. Mention is also made of the proposal of such a treaty between Athenians and Thebans in the speech of Demosthenes on the crown, but the decree is unquestionably spurious, as Grote has most conclusively shown. In that same speech a decree is quoted in which the Byzantines bestow on the Athenians the right of intermarriage, and it is likely that other states would confer the same privilege on the Athenians, but there is no proof that they ever returned the favor. A second method of rendering the son of a foreign woman legitimate was by decree of the Athenian Assembly; and it was probably in this way that Pericles, the son of Aspasia, became an Athenian citizen with full rights. There was a third way, not acknowledged by law, by which many such children must have found their way into the ranks of citizens. The ordinary process by which a legitimate child came to the possession of his full rights was by his being presented by his father to the *phratría* and acknowledged by the *φράτρες* as a genuine member of their class or brotherhood. The father had to swear that the child was his legitimate child. In many cases fathers had no difficulty in swearing that children born to them of a beloved stranger were legitimate, and the *φράτρες* doubtless winked at the deception. This was specially the practice with the aristocratic party. In earlier times there had been no such strict law as afterward prevailed in the democratic period. Indeed, the theory seems to have been held that the blood of a mother could not affect the purity of the birth of a child, because there was really nothing of the mother in the child. She had nothing to do with the production of the child. She was merely its recipient and nurse. Æschylus has very strongly expressed

this idea in the "Eumenides," and we have good reason for thinking that the opinion was held by large numbers of the aristocratic party to the end. It was Pericles who established the law that the child to be legitimate must be the son or daughter of an Athenian male citizen with full rights and an Athenian female citizen with full rights, legally betrothed to each other. It is when a distribution of corn takes place, or similar advantages are reaped, that the law is strenuously applied by the democratic party, and all the children of strangers disfranchised. But always when investigation is made many are found enjoying the privileges of citizens unchallenged, whose mothers were not genuine Athenian citizens. Themistocles was the son of a Thracian stranger, and so was the general Timotheus, according to one account. It was probably through the *parthenia* that Sophocles got his favorite grandson, through Theoris the Sicynian, recognized as an Athenian citizen.* But though the women may have gained recognition for their children, no interest was taken in their own case, and mankind had to pay dearly for this exclusiveness.

Probably the condition of women in Athens had much to do with the decay of that city. The effort which Aspasia made to rouse the Athenian wives to higher mental efforts must have lost much of its effect after her death. The names of these wives are not to be found in history. But the influence of the companions came more and more into play. Almost every famous man, after this date, has one companion with whom he discusses the pursuits and soothes the evils of his life. Plato had Archeanassa, Aristotle Herpyllis, Epicurus Leontium, Isocrates Metaneira, Menander Glycera, and others in like manner. And some of them attained the highest positions. Princes can do as they like. In the earlier days of Athens, when tyrants ruled, princes frequently married foreigners. And now again princes married their companions, and several of them thus sat on thrones. The beauty of some, especially of Phryne, the most beautiful woman that ever lived, attracted the eyes of all Greece; and Apelles painted her, and Praxiteles made her the model for the Cnidian Aphrodite, the most lovely representation of woman that ever came from sculptor's chisel. And some were renowned for their musical ability, and a few could paint. They cultivated all the graces of life; they dressed

with exquisite taste; they took their food, as a comic poet remarks, with refinement, and not like the citizen-women, who crammed their cheeks, and tore away at the meat. And they were witty. They also occupied the attention of historians. One writer described one hundred and thirty-three of them. Their witty sayings were chronicled and turned into verse. Their exploits were celebrated, and their beauty and attractiveness were the theme of many an epigram. But it must not be forgotten that hundreds and thousands of these unprotected women were employed as tools of the basest passions; that, finding all true love but a prelude to bitter disappointment, they became rapacious, vindictive, hypocritical ministrants of love, seeking only, under the form of affection, to ruin men, and send them in misery to an early grave. Nothing could be more fearful than the pictures which the comic poets give of some of these women. But what else could have been expected in the circumstances? There was no reason in the nature of the women themselves why they should not have been virtuous, unselfish, noble beings; but destiny was hard toward them; they had to fight a battle with dreadful odds against them. They succumbed; but which of us could have resisted?

I said a little ago that no one claimed political rights for either the citizen-women or the strangers. I must make a slight exception, and I am not sure but the exception may be owing to the influence of Aspasia. We have seen that she was said to be the teacher of Socrates. Indeed, Socrates calls her his teacher in the "Memorabilia." She was one of the great characters in the Socratic dialogues. She appeared several times in those of Æschines; and in the Menexenus, a Socratic dialogue, if not a Platonic, she prepares a model funeral oration. Is it not likely, then, that she influenced the opinions of Plato? And in the "Republic" of Plato we have the strongest assertion of the equality of woman with man. Plato, and many others with him who lived after the ruin of Athens at Ægospotami, had become discontented with the Athenian form of government, and probably with the treatment of the women. Accordingly, in his ideal state, which, however, still remained a city-state, he took for his groundwork the Spartan system of education. The state was to be all in all. He went so far as to remove the monogamy which formed the barrier in the Spartan system to communistic principles, and he recommended the same mode of gymnastic exercises for both sexes. But he went further. He affirmed that there was no essential difference between man and woman.

"And so," he says, "in the administration of a state neither a woman as a woman nor a man as a

* Some have doubted the existence of this grandson Sophocles, because an inscription was found in 1849, "Sophocles the son of Iophon" (Rangabe, "Antiq. Hell.," ii., p. 997); but there is nothing to prevent the supposition that Sophocles had two grandsons named Sophocles. If Iophon had a son, he would naturally be called Sophocles; and if the son of Theoris had a son, Sophocles also would be the name that would certainly be given to him.

man has any special function, but the gifts of nature are equally diffused in both sexes; all the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women also, and in all of them woman is only a lesser man." "Very true." "Then are we to impose all our enactments on men and none of them on women?" "That will never do." "One woman has a gift of healing, another not; one is a musician and another is not." "Very true." "And one woman has a turn for gymnastic and military exercises, while another is unwarlike and hates gymnastics." "Beyond question." "And one woman is a philosopher, and another is an enemy of philosophers; one has spirit and another is without spirit." "That is also true."

From these premises he draws the conclusion that the women endowed with the higher gifts should have the same education as the gifted men, and that they should have the same duties, even to fighting in defense of their country, only that in the distribution of labor the lightest labors should be assigned to the women, as being naturally weaker in body. Some think that Plato's community of wives was ridiculed the same year that it was propounded, by Aristophanes, in his comedy of the "Ecclesiazusæ, or Parliament of Women," but it is more probable that the comedy was exhibited before Plato's "Republic" was written. In fact, there is a likelihood that woman's position was a subject much agitated. Xenophon certainly puts into the mouth of Socrates a decided assertion of woman's equality with man. "Woman's nature," he says, "happens to be in no respect inferior to man's, but she needs insight and strength." And it is likely that many others held the same opinion, and proposed methods for elevating the position of women. It was some communistic theory of the day that Aristophanes attacked, but he was not

bitter in his ridicule. It has always to be remembered that it was the business of the Dionysiac priests, as we may call the comic poets, to show the laughable side of even the most solemn things, and often little harm was meant by these merry outbursts. Aristophanes, moreover, had changed greatly from what he was in the time when in the "Acharnians" he had bitterly attacked Aspasia. He had become gentle to strangers. He did not dislike the Spartans and their ways. Though he said many harsh things against women, he also said many good things for them. It was through them that in the "Lysistrata" he urged on the Athenians the duty of reconciliation and peace. And now in the "Ecclesiazusæ" he gives a kindly picture of what the women would do if they had the reins of power in their hands. This was the only form of government that the Athenians had not tried, and, as all the rest had notoriously failed, there could be no great harm in intrusting the women with the administration of affairs. The gentle spirit of women might prevail. And surely under such a government men would be happy. The women would see to it that there would be no poor in the city, theft and slander would cease, and all would be content. Plato's speculations and Aristophanes's fun, however, were of no use. The city-state was too small an organization for the progress of man. It was destined to give way before a more humanizing government. And so the petty states had to yield to the empire of Alexander, and with the change began a great change in the position of women. But this change had to be carried out under another and greater rule. The Romans swept over Greece and established a firmer and more comprehensive empire than that of Alexander.

JAMES DONALDSON, in *The Contemporary Review*.

A COMEDY OF SUPERSTITION.

WHENEVER a great history of religion comes to be written, a very prominent place in it will surely be held by Spain, the chief home during three centuries of that unquestioning faith—held by so many to be the "one thing necessary"—in a creed of which the characteristic is extreme subjection to its high priest. France, holding the same creed, held it much more lightly, and became, at least a century ago, a country of practical atheism. Scotland, believing as firmly, was fortunately bound to a more independent form of belief.

It has no doubt been noticed before that, where religion, especially of this blinder form, is a real guiding power, men are, so to speak, on familiar terms with it, and do not mind taking little liberties which would shock those whose daily life was not so thoroughly penetrated by it. Thus, in the time of the old English mysteries, before the Reformation was dreamed of, the most sacred stories were mixed with a gross buffoonery which no modern materialist could bring himself to use in his keenest satire on superstitious absurdities. The "Vice," or Devil, with his

wooden sword, made what fun he could of saints and holy personages, and went much further in his familiarities than even Mephistopheles, in the prologue to "Faust." Something in the same way, though, of course, in a lesser degree, all our Scriptural jokes now come to us from a nation into whose every-day life religion enters to an extent almost unknown among us—the United States; I scarcely think that any English newspaper or magazine would have ventured to publish Mark Twain's "History of Joseph," and we do not find in any of our tales for children so odd a mixture of Bible and burlesque as that in the little book which has of late been so unaccountably successful—"Helen's Babies."

In Spain this fact naturally receives its fullest illustration, as the following anecdote will testify. In the later part of what Spaniards call their golden age (which covered rather more than a century and a half, say from 1530 to 1690), one of the chief amusements of the court was the performance of improvised comedies, in which the King himself (Philip IV.) and his favorite, the great poet Calderon, often took part. One day the subject of their drama was "The Creation of the World"—*pur et simple*. The King, as a matter of course, took the part of the Creator; Calderon was Adam. The poet had to describe the Garden of Eden, and, carried away by his subject, had quite forgotten himself in an eloquent rhapsody, when, turning round, he caught the King in the middle of a tremendous yawn. Calderon stopped in confusion. "Good myself!" (that is to say, "Good God!") said his Majesty, by way of a comic apology, "I had no idea I had created such a talkative Adam!" Whereon the poet laughed, and then the play proceeded quite seriously. The whole affair was in no sense a burlesque, an intentional irreverence; and Philip would honestly have felt it his duty to burn any one who did not believe that the universe had been brought into being in six days, just as he had shown on his amateur stage.

But the whole relation of the theatre to the church was curiously different in Spain from what it has been here for many centuries. Here we not only have no religious drama whatever, but the least attempt to introduce religion upon the stage is jealously guarded against; it is even doubtful whether such a prayer as the King's in "Hamlet" could nowadays be introduced in any new play. In our acted drama, I imagine that the "Virgin Martyr" of Massinger stands almost, if not quite, alone; and even in this, as in the whole range of British dramatic art, it is distinctly the human interest which is the mainspring of the story.

Compare for a moment the greatest names of the English and Spanish theatres—Shakespeare

and Calderon. Of the former we are not able even to guess at the religious views; there is no drama of his in which religion plays a part of the slightest importance; he has not, I think, one really prominent character of a priest in his works—Friar Lawrence is actually the foremost, for the militant bishops in his histories are no exceptions, and even Wolsey he has treated entirely as statesman, not as churchman. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of"—this was his creed; and "to thine own self be true" was his chief commandment. Even the especial vices and virtues attendant on religion are the ones least insisted upon in his exposition, otherwise so complete, of the human heart. He has not painted for us superstition, as did Scott in his portrait of Louis XI.; nor hypocrisy, as Molière in "Tartuffe"; Macbeth is punished more, it would seem, for having dealings with real witches than for believing in imaginary ones; Angelo's is an assumption of morality rather than of devoutness. And when he adapted an old play on the subject of King John, wholly directed against the Roman Catholics, Shakespeare cut out the polemical scenes and speeches almost entirely—and yet not so entirely as to allow one to believe that he was Catholic, or even anti-Protestant, himself.

But Calderon, partially his contemporary (being born in the year which probably produced "Twelfth Night"—1600), looked at this side of life from a completely different point of view. He was not only a devoted Catholic; in his fifty-second year he became a priest, and remained one until his death in 1681—thus, it is curious to notice, doubly imitating Lope de Vega, who also like him began life, though well born, as a common soldier. Of the three hundred and twenty works ascribed to Calderon, one hundred are *autos*, allegorical pieces performed at the great religious festivals; for thirty-seven years he had the exclusive privilege of furnishing with these works all the chief cities of Spain—Madrid, Toledo, Seville, Granada—and, though they have not procured him his foreign fame, of all his writings they were the most esteemed at home; for his own part, he would seem to have ranked them far above his secular works. Schlegel says, in his chapter on Spanish dramatic literature, that

The mind of Calderon is most distinctly expressed in his pieces on religious subjects. Love he paints merely in its most general features; he but speaks her technical poetical language. Religion is his peculiar love, the heart of his heart. For religion alone he excites the most overpowering emotions, which penetrate into the inmost recesses of the soul. He did not wish, it would seem, to do the same for mere worldly events. However turbid they may be in themselves, to him, such is the religious medium

through which he views them, they are all cleared up and perfectly bright. Blessed man! he had escaped from the wild labyrinths of doubt into the stronghold of belief.*

What makes this fact so noticeable is that Calderon's was the very reverse of a narrow nature, both intellectually and morally. In range of subject I do not think he has been surpassed by any dramatist of any age. Read his "A secreto Agravio secreta Venganza" ("Hidden Revenge for a Hidden Dishonor"), a romantic tragedy, which may well be compared to "Othello"; his "Alcalde de Zalamea," which one might call a "domestic drama," of a school—unknown in England till long after Shakespeare—of which Colman's "John Bull" is an early and a good example; his "La Vida es Sueno" (Life is a Dream), a strange story of enchantment, serious in the main, nearer perhaps in incident to the "Arabian Nights" than to anything familiar to English playgoers; his picturesque and humorous "Alcalde de sí mismo" ("His own Jailor"), which has something of the nature and of the charm of that other forest-story, "As You Like It"; his strangely weird "Amor despues de la Muerte" ("Love after Death"), a tragedy of the Moorish war; his "Magico Prodigioso," a predecessor of Goethe's "Faust"; his "history," "The Schism in England," remarkable for a very powerful portrait of Anne Boleyn; and his innumerable comedies "of cape and sword"—for example, the "Casa con dos Puertas mala es de guardar" ("A House with Two Doors is difficult to guard") and the "Dicha y Desdicha del Nombre" ("Luck and Ill-luck in a Name")—which contain always the same general characters of lovers, ladies, fathers, and valets, the same complicated intrigues of mistake, duel, and hide-and-seek, the same genuine fun of the *graciosos* or clowns. From love to war, from homely rural life to history, from whimsical bickerings to deliberate murder, from the grossest buffoonery to profound philosophy, he carries us at will; he was a brilliant scholar, apparently a good soldier, the king of his country's poets, a favorite at court, a popular and successful churchman; and superstition in him is a thing much more noteworthy and instructive than when we find it in a narrow fanatic, or a hermit ignorant of the world without his cell.

And, what strikes one as so strange in a man of his clear and healthy intellect is, that he took that extreme view which regards religion as a thing dissociated from morality, which judges a man by his creed and not by his life. This ex-

traordinary theory—which may, I think, be not unfairly said to characterize superstition as distinguished from genuine religious feeling—is to be met with among many classes and at many epochs; but seldom, surely, among men of the life and character of Calderon. Some of the lesser, loose-living dramatists of the Elizabethan era spoke with the uttermost horror of one of their number who died an atheist; and it is well known that Louis XIV., whose mistresses, I believe, no one has yet succeeded in counting, in his whole life missed mass only twice, and then because he was with the army; but the union of vulgar profligacy with ignorant superstition has in it nothing remarkable.

Far stranger is it that, of all examples of this curious theoretical piety, Calderon certainly gives the strongest. In his play called "La Devocion á la Cruz" ("Devotion to the Cross") he straightforwardly brings before you a man doing everything wicked he can think of—murdering, ravishing, robbing, even violating convents—and dying at the end, one may really say, in the odor of sanctity, because he was born under a cross and has always paid the greatest reverence to that holy symbol. Miracles happen freely throughout the play, though the scene of it is laid as late as the thirteenth century, and the manners and ideas are those of the poet's own time. In a word, superstition reaches its utmost height in this "comedy"—as, following its author, I have called it, though its story is almost entirely tragic; the word seems to have been used by Spanish dramatists simply to denote a secular piece, as distinguished from the *auto*, or Scriptural or allegorical play.

To appreciate such a work as this, we must entirely change our point of view from that which is now natural to us; we must forget all scientific opinions, all Protestant prejudices, and assume for the time opinions and prejudices directly opposed to them. M. Damas Hinard, the translator of a good many of Calderon's best plays, says—following the line of M. Philarrète Chasles's thoughtful introduction to this same piece—

If we have not the power, before beginning to read it, to abstract ourselves from the ideas under whose influence we live, such a work can hardly interest us, may even excite our contempt. But, if you can succeed in forgetting for a moment your opinions, your education, your studies, Montaigne and Voltaire; if you can for a moment free yourself from your critical spirit, from your skepticism; if in thought you can make yourself a Spaniard, a Spaniard of the sixteenth (seventeenth?) century, a Spaniard under Philip II. that is to say, a zealous and ardent Catholic; if, abjuring the free use of your reason, you submit yourself blindly, a humble slave, to belief; if you regard the Inquisition as an institu-

* For the splendid continuation of this piece of truly poetical criticism the reader must go to Schlegel himself ("Dramatic Literature," Lecture XXIX.).

tion worthy of all respect, salutary and a shelter; if in your heart you approve of the expulsion of the Moors and the war of Alpujara; if you rejoice at the aid lent to the League, and at the departure of the Armada, which was to destroy heretic England, and at the implacable fanaticism which inspired the conquerors of America; if, in a word, to judge this drama, you place yourself at the poet's point of view, read then the "Devocion á la Cruz," and I do not fear to predict that you will recognize in it the work of a powerful genius, a great and skillful master.

The whole story and the whole background of this play are so extraordinary, so unlike what we in England are used to, yet so powerful and in many respects so truly dramatic, that I think a fairly full transcription of them can hardly fail to interest. The somber strength of the first act, the wonderful daring and barbarous power of the situation which ends the second, and the movement and animation of the last, must have carried an audience of impressionable Spaniards along in a whirl of almost breathless excitement. Indeed, looking at it merely from a dramatic point of view, one may doubt whether Calderon ever wrote anything finer than the best scenes of this terrible "comedy"—there are few things in all literature more impressive than the position of Julia and Eusebio over the body of Lisardo, more touching than the woman's long, despairing speech.

The first scene of the play is laid in "a desert place in the midst of mountains: far in the distance one can see a cross." With this before us, and remembering the title of the play and the character of its author, we are a little astonished to find that the action begins with the entrance of two peasants, Gil and Menga, who bewail with comic pathos the obstinacy of their she-ass, who, like her descendant in our nursery rhyme, "will not go." However, after a little talk in the usual manner of the Spanish *villano gracioso*, Gil is left by Menga, and, seeing two men who may possibly be brigands approach, he conceals himself; then enter two of the principal characters, and the drama takes its proper tone.

Lisardo bids Eusebio draw his sword, now that they have reached a solitary place, far from the highway. His cause of quarrel he shows in throwing upon the ground a packet of letters which Eusebio had addressed to his sister. Then, in one of those long explanatory speeches in which Calderon delighted, he tells their family history, and every line breathes that intense Castilian pride which the poet was almost too true a Spaniard to blame. His father, Lisardo Curcio, ruined the family by his prodigality, but that does not "free nobility from its obligations." Julia, his sister, has been won to listen to Eusebio's vows; but Lisardo would sooner see her dead by his

own hand than married to one of unknown birth. She shall enter a convent, and there spend all her years; and Eusebio, her lover—treacherous in that he was her brother's friend—shall die.

To this strange exhibition of pride of birth, Eusebio answers with the story of his life, told with another pride to us still stranger. He was found, an infant, at the foot of a cross, by shepherds who for three days had heard his cries, but had not ventured to approach for fear of prowling beasts, which dared not touch the sacred child. A rich man named Eusebio adopted him, and brought him up, calling him Eusebio of the Cross. Of the miraculous events of his childhood and youth he tells in this one speech no less than six stories, in each of which he is saved by something in the shape of a cross from imminent danger; and he bears on his breast a birthmark, a holy cross. Yet he tells us his nature has always been wild and ferocious. With his teeth not yet grown he tore his nurse's breast; nothing shall now prevent him from slaying Lisardo; and, if he can not win Julia for his wife, he will force her to become his mistress.

After this weird prologue of haughty superstition they fight. Lisardo falls, mortally wounded; but, as he implores "by the cross on which Christ perished" that he may not be allowed to die without confession, Eusebio carries him on his shoulders to a neighboring hermitage. Gil, reappearing, tells all that he has seen to Menga and other peasants who arrive, and they inquisitively follow the dying man and his slayer.

The savage suddenness of this opening is perhaps heightened by the reality of this admixture of peasant buffoonery; and the memory of the duel, and of the brother's death, serves as a dark background to the quiet scene between Julia and her waiting-maid, which follows. We are carried to a chamber in the house of Curcio, and there find these two in conversation:

Julia. Nay, let me weep my liberty that's lost,
Or give me consolation, telling me
That my life's end shall end my sorrows soon.
Have you not seen a tranquil stream, that ran
With gentle motion unopposed awhile,
But then, its smooth way barred, did dash itself
Angry and swift along, tossing aside
The sweet flowers met to welcome it? *

Even such
My cares and sorrows are: long time contained
Within my heart, at last have they worked forth
A passage, and in floods of eager tears

* Compare "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act II., Scene 7:

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou knowest, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enameled stones, etc.

Pour from mine eyes. Oh, let me weep, Arminda,
My father's sternness!

Arminda. But bethink you, madam—

Julia. Is there a fate more happy than to die
Of grief? A sorrow that tears life from us
Gives glory—common miseries can not kill.

And she tells her latest woe—her brother has
found her letters from Eusebio, and has told their
father of the discovery. They have gone together
toward the convent; "but," she says—

 Their hope is vain
If thus they'd force me to forget Eusebio.
Sooner than languish in their nunnery
I'll give myself to death!

And here her lover enters, unperceived—

Eusebio [apart]. Never man sought
So daringly, nor with such wild despair,
Asylum in the house himself had wronged!
Ere Julia shall know her brother's death
I'd speak with her; will it not be some solace,
Even in my misery, if, thus ignorant,
She's won by my fierce love to follow me?
When afterward she learns Lisardo's fate,
Held in my power, will she it or no,
She must submit to that necessity
Unalterable.—Julia, thou fairest!

Julia. What is this? *Thou*—and here?

Eusebio. My misery,
And my love, hither drew me, in despite
Of every danger.

Julia. How hast entered
This house? how dared this reckless enterprise?

Eusebio. Do I fear death?

Julia. What wouldst thou here?

Eusebio. Ah, Julia,
I'd render thee such service, that thy gratitude
Should to my love accord new life, should give
New glory to my hopes. Thy father's pride
Resents my passion: he has learned our love,
And would confine thee where my happiness
With all my hope should wither. If indeed
The love that thou hast vowed to me be true,
Unfeigned thy protestations, and thy heart
Mine own, come, fly—or irresistibly
Thy father's will shall triumph. Leave this house,
Nor dread the consequence: so I have won thee
They are helpless, they must yield, must pardon me.
Come! I have castles that shall shield thee, guards
Will give their lives for thee—wealth to surround,
A soul to worship thee! If I may trust
Thy love—if dear to thee's my life—ah, fly,
Or at thy feet woe slays me!

Julia. Hear, Eusebio—

Arminda. Madam, your father comes!

Eusebio hides hastily; Curcio, the father, enters, and announces his intention of sending Julia at once to a convent. She demurs to this, on which he says that her obstinacy confirms him in his old belief, that her mother had played him

false—that Julia was not his child at all. He is relating the circumstances of her birth, when the dreadful news interrupts him that Lisardo is being borne thither, dead, by four peasants; who indeed at once bring in a litter, stretched upon which the sister and the father see the yet bleeding corpse. Julia demands, in agony:

What power inhuman

Hath wracked its rage on him? What merciless hand,
Bathed in his blood, has dared to thus destroy
Such virtues as were his? Ah, woe's my life!

Blas. Stay—[CURCIO is approaching the litter; the peasants try to keep him back.]

Curcio. Give me leave, friends. 'Tis my heart's one solace.

Let me but gaze upon this icy corpse,
Where cruel destiny in bleeding letters
Hath writ my woes. Let me but watch the face
O'er whose fair sorrow do I love to stoop
My white hairs, till they wrap him like a shroud.
—Say, friends, who killed this boy, whose life and mine
Were one?

Menga. 'Tis Gil knows; while the deed was done,
Hid by a tree he watched.

Curcio. Friend, tell me, tell me
Who stole my life thus?

Gil. All I know is this,
That in the quarrel, ere they fought, he called
Himself Eusebio.

Curcio. Ha! Then this one man
At once of life and honor robs me!

[To JULIA.] Now
Find thou excuses, if thou canst! Tell all
How holy were thy aims, tell all how pure
Thy love, whose infamous voluptuousness
Is written in my blood!

Julia. Father!

Curcio. Answer me not,
As is thy wont! Make ready now to enter
The convent, or to follow to the grave
Thy brother. My grief buries both to-day,
Him who is dead to the world, yet in my memory
Shall live: thee, living to the world, but dead
To me! And, while your funerals are prepared,
Rest here with him: learn from the dead to die.
Fly not, the doors are barred!

[All go, leaving JULIA alone with the body. EUSEBIO comes forward. She addresses him:]

Julia. It is in vain
That I would speak to thee: my heart stands still,
Breath and words fail me. I know not—

I know not
What I should say, what think: for all at once
Reproachful pity, pitying reproach
Possess me. I would shut mine eyes before
This innocent blood that cries aloud for vengeance,
And I would shut mine eyes before thy tears:
Neither can lie, nor those tears, nor this blood.
At once, at once, driven on by vengeance, drawn
Backward by love, my spirit, that thirsts to punish,

Yearns to defend thee. In this wild abyss
Of eddying thought am I whirled to and fro.
Is't thus that thou wouldst woo me, and are those
Thy cruel deeds, offered as homages,
Eusebio? I was resolved, I waited
The day of marriage, and thou givest me here
A woful funeral! I disobeyed
My father but for thee, and when I looked
For joyful robes, these vestments of the tomb
Thou bear'st me! When for thee, and for thy
love,

I put my life at hazard, why, oh why,
For the dear nuptial bed hast thou laid out
A hearse for me? When heedlessly aside
I cast all ceremony and all care
For the world's tongues, and offered thee my hand—
Why dost thou stretch out to me that of thine
Red with my own blood? What joy shall I gain
In thine arms if, to give our love its life,
I needs must push by death? Alas!

Ev'n could I

Banish this sorrow from my memory,
At thy face, at thy look, would start up fresh
That recollection—! So, I loving thee,
I cry for vengeance, and, thus crying, hope
I may not win it. This my curse is hard,
Is't not? Now last, in memory of old love,
I pardon thee; but never hope again
To see, to speak with me. . . .

Now fly, now go,

Eusebio. Think that from to-day I am lost
To thee, for thou hast willed it so. Yea.

Go!

Be happy, knowing only joys unmixed
With any bitterness. Go! As for me,
A convent-cell will be my prison soon,
My grave, perhaps—it is my father's will.
There shall I weep the woes of so sad fate,
A star so cruel, such unhappy chance,
A love so joyless, a so pitiful passion,
And of a hand so stern, that tears away
Life from me, giving me not even death,
That I at once alive and dead may suffer
Amid all miseries!

Eusebio. If thou canst be
As cruel in thy deeds as in thy words,
Thou seest me in thy power, at thy feet.
Avenge thyself! A prisoner, my crime
Yields me to thee; my prison is thy love;
Thine eye's my judge, from whom, alas!
I hope

No sentence but of death. Yet, know thou this,
Fame by his heralds evermore shall say,
"He died, because he loved"; for all my crime
Lay in my love. I will plead no excuse,
My crime admits none; only this I ask—
Avenge thyself and kill me. Take this dagger
And, since my woe is to have injured thee,
Stab deep this heart which loves thee, tear out from
My breast the soul that worships thee, pour forth
The blood that's thine. If thou'lt not give me death,
I'll call thy father to avenge himself;
I'll tell him I am here!

Julia. Eusebio, stay!
If thou dost love me, listen to my prayer,
And do as I shall ask thee!

Eusebio. I will do it.
What is't?

Julia. Seek straightway some sure place where
thou

May'st shield thy life, and call together there
Those who will guard thee!

Eusebio. Better death at once,
For while I live I love thee; and be sure,
Though thou be cloistered in a nunnery,
Thou shalt not hide thyself from my pursuit!

Julia. Beware! I shall find means to shield my-
self.

Eusebio. Thou wilt permit me to return?

Julia. I will not.

Eusebio. There's no way?

Julia. Never hope it.

Eusebio. Then—thou hatest me?

Julia. Is't not my duty?

Eusebio. Thou'lt forget me?

Julia. Ay—

I know not.

Eusebio. Shall I never see thee more?

Julia. Never.

Eusebio. What, is our past love nothing?

Julia. Is the blood,

That flows between us, nothing?

—Hark, they come!

Go, go, Eusebio!

Eusebio. I obey thee—but

To come to thee again.

Julia. Never and never!

So ends this powerful scene, and with it the
act, into which the strange religious element has
hardly entered—except in Eusebio's history of
his youth, and now and then incidentally else-
where—and in which is found the purest human
tragedy of the piece. To all appearance, the last
scene is of that nobler horror which Shakespeare
and the Greeks almost always painted; the ter-
rible secret hinted at in the second act and fully
revealed in the third is not yet known to the au-
dience, only retrospectively casts its unnatural
gloom over this earlier portion of the play. It is
in the second act, in that dreary mountain scene
which we already know as the place of death, that
Curcio, who is leading a band of his retainers in
pursuit of Eusebio, completes, in a long solilo-
quy, the story before interrupted. He tells how,
at the foot of the very mountain-cross by which
he now stands, he accused his wife of infidelity;
how she, protesting her innocence, clung to the
cross and implored its shelter. Then Spanish
superstition held him back for a moment, but
Spanish pride and savagery were stronger, and
he plunged his sword time after time at her breast
—not into it, for by a miracle he pierced only the
empty air. Struck with horror, he rushed home,
leaving her—as he could not but believe—dead.

A second prodigy! When he reached the house he met her, lovely and unharmed, bearing in her arms a little child—Julia, even then of superhuman beauty. She had been born at the foot of the cross, and a holy cross of fire was imprinted on her breast. The mother was tranquil and happy, except for a strange belief which troubled her—that she had been delivered of another child at the same time, which had been left, perhaps to perish, in the mountains.

Who it is, then, that is pursuing Eusebio we may guess; and we are no longer surprised at this latter's strangely compounded nature, of superstition and fierceness, nor at his proud declaration that, since a bitter fate has made him take refuge in a life of brigandage, his crimes shall equal the injustice he has undergone. He is being savagely hunted down, as though he had treacherously murdered Lisardo, and it is only by slaying that he can defend himself from slaughter; his wealth, his castles, have been seized, he is left to beggary—but he prefers robbery, and all travelers in the mountains have reason to regret his wrongs. From rich men he takes wealth and life, then buries them beneath a cross, and offers up a prayer for their souls; from poor maids he takes their sole possession, and sends them home, with sometimes a present from his spoils. Even as the act opens, a shot from the arquebuse of one of his followers has struck the breast of a venerable priest, traveling alone through this desert place; the old man falls, but to the astonishment of the brigands they find that he has only fainted—he has been preserved from death by a book he carried in his breast, against which the leaden bullet has miraculously flattened as though it were of wax. Need it be said that this book is a treatise on the "Miracles of the Cross," or that Eusebio lets its author go free, and asks his prayers? In gratitude the old priest tells him that, if he will but call for him—he is named Alberto—when death is near, as God's minister he will hasten to his side, whenever and wherever it may be, and, receiving the brigand's confession, will save his soul.

It is strange to notice that this fear of dying unconfessed is the only one Eusebio feels. When he hears that Julia is shut up in a nunnery, he resolves upon what must have been to him the most hideous of crimes: to win her he will scale the convent walls—

No chastisement affrights me. My desire
Is solely to be master of her beauty.
Love forces me to force: to brave the cloister,
To violate that sacred shelter. Nay,
Such my despair is, that if Love himself
Impelled me not, yet would I do this deed—
But to commit so many crimes in one!

And in the night he goes there. Two of his fol-

lowers place the ladder against the wall; he begins to ascend it; he sees a strange flame flicker before him; at this, the fatal moment, he trembles, filled with "fantastic terrors, never felt before"; but he dashes through the blinding mystic light—"all the fires of hell shall not stop him"—and enters the holy convent.

Hardly can the solemn horror of the murderous night in "Macbeth" make us feel what the ensuing scene was to a Spanish audience of the old time. The robber, laden with unutterable guilt, traverses noiselessly all the convent; we see him come through the darkness, only the changeful moonlight gleaming on his face as he looks in at the narrow door, half opened, of every cell. He can not find her whom he seeks. "O destiny, what wouldst thou of me?" he mutters. "Whither would ye lead me, uncertain hopes? . . . What silence! what shadows! what horror! . . ." He sees in the last cell a light; he draws back a curtain, and discovers Julia asleep. Her very beauty, clad in the poor raiment of a nun, makes him pause. Love and respect struggle in him—he murmurs her name, half involuntarily—"Julia!"

She awakes from a dream in which his face had been before her. I will not follow his fierce and passionate pleadings, her eager resistance. In almost the same words as those of the hero of Sardou's horrible "La Haine," he argues that he has a prior claim to heaven's—"before you belonged to God, you belonged to me." She struggles against his love and her own; but, hearing footsteps which approach, she hides him in a cell next to hers, which is empty.

Then we see them standing on the convent wall. He has won her to yield to him, but he is flying not with but from her. As he had pressed her in his arms he saw, for the first time, the cross, the holy birthmark on her breast. The sight froze him with terror; he is rushing away, and dares not heed her imploring cry that he will stay, or take with him the woman who has been, if but in thought, unfaithful for an instant to her divine spouse. He staggers and falls from the wall, but rises unhurt, and flees in utter fear from the sacred vengeance. "Seest thou not," he cries—

"The air all filled with flaming thunderbolts?
Seest not the sky all blood, that seems to press
Upon me? If my sins have angered Heaven,
How shall I fly its fury?—Cross divine,
Celestial cross, I solemnly do vow,
Where'er I see thee, to devoutly kneel,
And at thy foot repeat an Ave Mary!"

Julia is left alone, on the high convent wall, in the darkness of night: helpless, faithless to her vows, deserted by him who had made her faithless. Here is a situation to test the power

of any poet; and Calderon has not at all events failed through lack of boldness. His heroine shows herself a worthy companion for his hero—*ce terrible Eusèbe de la Croix*, as M. Philartète Chasles calls him. With fate against her—the outcast of heaven, scorned of man—she, after natural womanly fears and repentings, after half-hearted prayers and struggles with shame, makes a last fierce resolve. She goes out boldly into the dark night, leaving the nunnery and her peaceful life, “a destroying angel, fallen from the sky. . . . Since thou, O God, hast abandoned me,” she cries, “since thou dost cast me off, I accept my fate proudly; and thou shalt see my woman’s despair fill the world with wonder, shake sin itself with horror, and hell with fear!”

After three days—during which the wild herbs of the mountains have been her only food—she meets Eusebio, and, having disguised herself as a man, challenges him to a duel. He does not fight her, however; and she, discovering herself, tells him the extraordinary story of her flight. When, quitting the convent, she had gained the mountains, a shepherd told her the way. Fearing he might betray her, she snatched the knife he carried in his belt and killed him. On the morrow a horseman, who had carried her for some way on his crupper, insisted on passing through a village where she feared recognition, and she killed him. A poor couple sheltered her for the night in their hut; she was grateful, but, lest they should say that they had seen her, she stabbed to the heart the husband—who had accompanied her for some distance on her journey—and then, returning to the cottage, killed the wife. Lastly, that she might disguise herself, she took the dress and arms of a hunter whom she found asleep, and killed him.

Even Eusebio of the Cross trembles before this terrible woman; but Calderon has shirked the great scene between them that we might expect, interrupting it with the news that Curcio and his troop, strengthened by the population of all the neighboring villages—old men, women, and children—have reached the stronghold of the brigands, and are preparing to attack it. The battle begins; both Eusebio and Julia fight like demons; but they are separated, and we see Eusebio engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with Curcio. It would almost seem that these two had never actually met before; for, when they find themselves alone, they cease to fight. A feeling of reverence for the older man’s gray hairs steals upon Eusebio, toward whom the heart of Curcio is drawn with a strange yearning. Indeed, when some of the soldiers break in upon him, Curcio strives to dissuade them from attacking his foe; and afterward, finding him lying mortally wounded beneath the cross, he kneels by his

side to do what may be done to heal him. Then he sees upon the bleeding breast the sign of the cross; he recognizes it as a twin-mark to that borne by Julia; he questions eagerly the dying man, and finds him to be, beyond all doubt, his son! Beneath that cross which has played so important a part in this story, father and son embrace; but, as may be guessed, there is not at such a moment much place in Eusebio’s heart for mere earthly feelings. He cries, again and again, imploringly and despairingly, for “Alberto!” He has not forgotten the old priest’s promise to confess him before his death, and now the time has come; but the man comes not, and in agony, with the reiterated cry “Alberto! Alberto!” our hero falls back dead.

Then comes the strangest scene in all this strange drama. Some peasants bury Eusebio in a rude grave—for such a man could never obtain sepulture in consecrated ground—and, as night is falling, they go, leaving one of their number to guard the place. This one is Gil, the clown whom we have already seen;* and that he should be left to play his pranks of comic terror throughout the ensuing scene is the oddest possible proof of the utter absence from Calderon’s mind of any fear of ridicule. He has hardly been alone a moment, when the old priest, Alberto, comes, having lost his way in the darkness as he was journeying from Rome. Even as he enters, Eusebio’s voice is heard calling on his name—from the grave! Thrice the call is repeated, and then—while the clown capers over the stage in affright—the corpse rises from its resting-place, and, explaining that though death has come the soul yet lingers in the body, it goes out with the priest, to confess to him and receive his absolution. Soon Alberto returns, and, meeting Curcio, his troops, and the disguised Julia (who has been taken prisoner), tells all of the miracle by which Heaven has saved the soul of the pious brigand. Then Julia, horror-stricken to find that her lover was also her brother, in her grief reveals herself, and Curcio raises his sword to slay the unfaithful nun. But she clings to the cross, vowing to return to her convent and to live a life of penitence; and, by a final miracle, she vanishes as her father’s sword is lifted above her head. “And,” to quote the stereotyped conclusion of Spanish plays, “with this strange *dénouement* the author ends ‘Devotion to the Cross.’”

Such a work needs no comments, nor in its native land would it, till quite lately, have needed

* I can not help noting that in an earlier scene this comic peasant, hearing of the one holy sign which Eusebio respects, has appeared in a dress all over crosses, and with an enormous cross upon the breast. The faith which could perpetrate such a joke must have been strong indeed!

any apology. That, however, there is at length a change even in unchanged Spain, I can happily conclude by showing. In an article written by a Spaniard of unquestionable piety, and published in a Catholic magazine (the "*Mois Littéraire*," an attempt to provide reactionary France with an artistic and scientific review), we find it fully admitted that, hand in hand with the religious decadence which the author deplores, there has come, at Madrid especially, a great awakening of intelligence in literature and science. The writer, Manuel Aznarez y Navarro, tells us of the new and astonishing vitality of Spain, of the spread

there of the philosophic theories of Germany, England, and France, of the publication of scientific dictionaries, encyclopædias, and manuals innumerable, and of the growing popularity of the views of Darwin, Lange, and Haeckel. The younger men particularly, and the newer journals—"La Revista Contemporanea" and "*El Porvenir*" ("The Future")—work, write, and struggle for liberty and culture; and we may safely hope that they have already rendered impossible, even in the home of bigotry, such tragic "comedies" of superstition as Calderon's "*Devotion to the Cross*."

Temple Bar.

ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.*

IT is the fashion for those who have any connection with letters, in the presence of thoughtful men and women, eager for knowledge, and anxious after all that can be gotten from books, to expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature, and the miraculous achievements of the press; to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading. Far be it from me to gainsay the inestimable value of good books, or to discourage any man from reading the best; but I often think that we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature—the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of life in aimless promiscuous vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worst thoughts.

For what can a book be more than the man who wrote it? The brightest genius, perhaps, never puts the best of his own soul into his printed page; and some of the most famous men have certainly put the worst of theirs. Yet are all men desirable companions, much less teachers, fit to be listened to, able to give us advice, even of those who get reputation and command a hearing? Or, to put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not, amid the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritu-

ally sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same thing, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for idle and desultory "information," as it is called—a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two plans I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which can not nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature.

But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented, a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the class of books we are to read, in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object? Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry, the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, while a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach—an immensity in which industry itself is useless

* A Lecture given at the London Institution.

without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and of utterly no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat! For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful part of reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small, cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of "information," the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. Is not the accumulation of fresh books a fresh hindrance to our real knowledge of the old? Does not the multiplicity of volumes become a bar upon our use of any? In literature especially does it hold—that we can not see the wood for the trees.

A man of power, who has got more from books than most of his contemporaries, has lately said: "Form a habit of reading, do not mind what you read, the reading of better books will come when you have a habit of reading the inferior." I can not agree with him. I think a habit of reading idly debilitates and corrupts the mind for all wholesome reading; I think the habit of reading wisely is one of the most difficult habits to acquire, needing strong resolution and infinite pains; and I hold the habit of reading for mere reading's sake, instead of for the sake of the stuff we gain from reading, to be one of the worst and commonest and most unwholesome habits we have. Why do we still suffer the traditional hypocrisy about the dignity of literature, literature I mean, in the gross, which includes about equal parts of what is useful and what is useless? Why are books as books, writers as writers, readers as readers, meritorious and honorable, apart from any good in them, or anything that we can get from them? Why do we pride ourselves on our powers of absorbing print, as our grandfathers did on their gifts in imbibing port, when we know that there is a mode of absorbing print which makes it impossible that we can ever learn anything good out of books?

Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, "As good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book." But has he not also said that he would "have a vigilant eye how Bookes demeane themselves, as well as men; and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors"? . . . Yes! they do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious hours of reading to the trivial book; they make it dead for them; they do what lies in them to destroy "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalmd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life"; they "spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Bookes." For in the

wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, *must* strictly choose. If they saturate their minds with the idler books, the "good book," which Milton calls "an immortality rather than a life," is dead to them: it is a book sealed up and buried.

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be a freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggerel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatize, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't"; and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the grave-digger in "Hamlet," is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers—of all writers and of all readers—has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they join in, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they intrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

I have no intention to moralize or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which is by itself no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books

of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books can not be more than the men who write them; and as a large proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books, as books, are entitled *a priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other thoughtful or ornamental products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgile vasto*, those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, or some author on the mere ground that we never heard of him before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world: the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across" is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are especially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization, have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything, vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our

products bring with them new perils and troubles, which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life such as we are yet unable to cope with. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favorable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works that issue from the press each day, how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, while so few fulfill that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place—I would rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually—if it be not rather some noisy book-fair, where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practicing his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading over the whole of the ancient writers:

Et totum rapiunt, me, mea vita, libri.

Who now reads the whole of the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the "Paradise Lost" is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, or why Adam or Satan is like that, or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the "Paradise Lost," but the "Paradise Lost" itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. I say it emphatically, a great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion and a solid gain. I dare say many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this: What are the books that, in our little remnant of reading-time, it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind. Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose—every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information, i. e., the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, while those whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the cor-

ner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books—very much in all kinds—is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I can not but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought; as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

I remember, when I was a very young man at college, that a youth, in no spirit of paradox but out of plenary conviction, undertook to maintain before a body of serious students the astounding proposition that the invention of printing had been one of the greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen mankind. He argued that exclusive reliance on printed matter had destroyed the higher method of oral teaching, the dissemination of thought by the spoken word to the attentive ear. He insisted that the formation of a vast literary class looking to the making of books as a means of making money, rather than as a social duty, had multiplied books for the sake of the writers rather than for the sake of the readers; that the reliance on books as a cheap and common resource had done much to weaken the powers of memory; that it destroyed the craving for a general culture of taste and the need of artistic expression in all the surroundings of life. And he argued, lastly, that the sudden multiplication of all kinds of printed matter had been fatal to the orderly arrangement of thought, and had hindered a system of knowledge and a scheme of education.

I am far from sharing this immature view. Of course I hold the invention of printing to have been one of the most momentous facts in the whole history of man. Without it, universal social progress, true democratic enlightenment, and the education of the people would have been impossible, or very slow, even if the cultured few, as is likely, could have advanced the knowledge of mankind without it. We place Gutenberg among the small list of the unique and special benefactors of mankind, in the sacred choir of those whose work transformed the conditions of life, whose work, once done, could never be re-

peated. And no doubt the things which our ardent friend regarded as so fatal a disturbance of society were all inevitable and necessary, part of the great revolution of mind through which men grew out of the mediæval incompleteness to a richer conception of life and of the world.

Yet there is a sense in which this boyish anathema against printing may be true to us by our own fault. We may create for ourselves these very evils. For this I hold, that the art of printing has not been a gift wholly unmixed with evils; that it must be used wisely if it is to be a boon to man at all; that it entails on us heavy responsibilities, resolution to use it with judgment and self-control, and the will to resist its temptations and its perils. Indeed, we may easily so act that we may make it a clog on the progress of the human mind, a real curse and not a boon. The power of flying at will through space would probably extinguish civilization and society, for it would release us from the wholesome bondage of localities. The power of hearing every word that had ever been uttered on this planet would annihilate thought, as the power of knowing all recorded facts by the process of turning a handle would annihilate true science. Our human faculties and our mental forces are not enlarged simply by multiplying our materials of knowledge and our facilities for communication. Telephones, microphones, pantoscopes, steam-presses, and ubiquity-engines in general, may, after all, leave the poor human brain panting and throbbing under the strain of its appliances, and get no bigger and no stronger than the brains of the men who heard Moses speak, and saw Aristotle and Archimedes pondering over a few worn rolls of crabbéd manuscript. Until some new Newton or Watt can invent a machine for magnifying the human mind, every fresh apparatus for multiplying its work is a fresh strain on the mind, a new realm for it to order and to rule.

And so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematize our reading, to save, out of the relentless cataract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across in the wilderness of books is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.

But this warns me that I am entering on a subject which is far too big and solemn for us to

touch to-night. I have no pretension to deal with it as it needs. It is plain, I think, that to organize our knowledge, even to systematize our reading, to make a working selection of books for general study, really implies a complete scheme of education. A scheme of education ultimately implies a system of philosophy, a view of man's duty and powers as a moral and social being—a religion, in fact. Before a problem so great as this, on which a general audience has such different ideas and wants, and differs so profoundly on the very premises from which we start—before such a problem as a general theory of education, I prefer to retire. I will keep silence even from good words. I have chosen my own part, and adopted my own teacher. But to ask men to adopt the education of Auguste Comte is almost to ask them to adopt Positivism itself.

Nor will I enlarge on the matter for thought, for foreboding, almost for despair, that is presented to us by the fact of our familiar literary ways and our recognized literary profession. That things infinitely trifling in themselves—men, events, societies, phenomena, in no way otherwise more valuable than the myriad other things which flit around us like the sparrows on the housetop—should be glorified, magnified, and perpetuated, set under a literary microscope and focused in the blaze of a literary magic-lantern—not for what they are in themselves, but solely to amuse and excite the world by showing how it can be done—all this is to me so amazing, so heart-breaking, that I forbear now to treat it, as I can not say all that I would.

I pass from all systems of education—from thought of social duty, from meditation on the profession of letters—to more general and lighter topics. I will deal now only with the easier side of reading, with matter on which there is some common agreement in the world. I am very far from meaning that our whole time spent with books is to be given to study. Far from it. I put the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use. I take the books that seek to rouse the imagination, to stir up feeling, touch the heart: the books of art, of fancy, of ideals, such as reflect the delight and aroma of life. And here how does the trivial, provided it is the new, that which stares at us in the advertising columns of the day, crowd out the immortal poetry and pathos of the human race, vitiating our taste for those exquisite pieces which are a household word, and weakening our mental relish for the eternal works of genius! Old Homer is the very fountain-head of pure poetic enjoyment, of all that is spontaneous, simple, native, and dignified in life. He takes us into the ambrosial world of heroes, of human vigor, of purity, of grace. Now Homer is one of the few poets the

life of whom can be fairly preserved in a translation. Most men and women can say that they have read Homer, just as most of us can say that we have studied Johnson's Dictionary. But how few of us take him up, time after time, with fresh delight! How few have even read the entire Iliad and Odyssey through! Whether in the resounding lines of the old Greek, as fresh and ever-stirring as the waves that tumble on the seashore, filling the soul with satisfying silent wonder at its restless unison; or whether in the quaint lines of Chapman, or the clarion couplets of Pope, or the closer versions of Cowper, Lord Derby, of Philip Worsley, or even in the new prose version of the Odyssey, Homer is always fresh and rich. And yet how seldom does one find a friend spell-bound over the Greek Bible of antiquity, while they wade through torrents of magazine quotations from a petty versifier of to-day, and in an idle vacation will graze, as contentedly as cattle in a fresh meadow, through the chopped straw of a circulating library. A generation which will listen to "Pinafore" for three hundred nights, and will read M. Zola's seventeenth romance, can no more read Homer than it could read a cuneiform inscription. It will read about Homer just as it will read about a cuneiform inscription, and will crowd to see a few pots which probably came from the neighborhood of Troy. But to Homer and the primeval type of heroic man in his beauty, and his simpleness and joyousness, the cultured generation is really dead, as completely as some spoiled beauty of the ballroom is dead to the bloom of the heather or the waving of the daffodils in a glade.

It is a true psychological problem, this nausea which idle culture seems to produce for all that is manly and pure in heroic poetry. One knows—at least every schoolboy has known—that a passage of Homer, rolling along in the hexameter or trumpeted out by Pope, will give one a hot glow of pleasure and raise a finer throb in the pulse; one knows that Homer is the easiest, most artless, most diverting of all poets; that the fiftieth reading rouses the spirit even more than the first—and yet we find ourselves (we are all alike) painfully pshaw-ing over some new and uncut barley-sugar in rhyme, which a man in the street asked us if we had read, or it may be some learned lucubration about the site of Troy by some one we chanced to meet at dinner. It is an unwritten chapter in the history of the human mind, how this literary prurience after new print unmans us for the enjoyment of the old songs chanted forth in the sunrise of human imagination. To ask a man or woman who spends half a lifetime in sucking magazines and new poems to read a book of Homer, would be like asking a butcher's boy to whistle "Adelaide." The noises

and sights and talk, the whirl and volatility of life around us, are too strong for us. A society which is for ever gossiping in a sort of perpetual "drum," loses the very faculty of caring for anything but "early copies" and the last tale out. Thus, like the tares in the noble parable of the Sower, a perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books of the world.

I speak of Homer, but fifty other great poets and creators of eternal beauty would serve my argument as well. Take the latest perhaps in the series of the world-wide and immortal poets of the whole human race—Walter Scott. We all read Scott's romances, as we have all read Hume's "History of England," but how often do we read them, how zealously, with what sympathy and understanding? I am told that the last discovery of modern culture is that Scott's prose is commonplace; that the young men at our universities are far too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions. They prefer Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Mallock, and the Euphuism of young Oxford, just as some people prefer a Dresden Shepherdess to the Caryatides of the Erechtheum, pronounce Fielding to be low, and Mozart to be *passé*. As boys love lollipops, so these juvenile fops love to roll phrases about under the tongue, as if phrases in themselves had a value apart from thoughts, feelings, great conceptions, or human sympathy. For Scott is just one of the poets (we may call poets all the great creators in prose or in verse) of whom one never wearies, just as one can listen to Beethoven or watch the sunrise or the sunset day by day with new delight. I think I can read "The Antiquary," or "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," and "Old Mortality," at least once a year afresh. Now Scott is a perfect library in himself. A constant reader of romances would find that it needed months to go through even the best pieces of the inexhaustible painter of eight full centuries and every type of man; and he might repeat the process of reading him ten times in a lifetime without a sense of fatigue or sameness. The poetic beauty of Scott's creations is almost the least of his great qualities. It is the universality of his sympathy that is so truly great, the justice of his estimates, the insight into the spirit of each age, his intense absorption of self in the vast epic of human civilization. What are the old almanacs that they so often give us as histories beside these living pictures of the ordered succession of ages? As in Homer himself, we see, in this prose Iliad of modern history, the battle of the old and the new, the heroic defense of ancient strongholds, the long-impending and inevitable doom of mediæval life. Strong men and proud women struggle

against the destiny of modern society, unconsciously working out its ways, undauntedly defying its power. How just is our island Homer! Neither Greek nor Trojan sways him; Achilles is his hero; Hector is his favorite; he loves the councils of chiefs and the palace of Priam; but the swineherd, the charioteer, the slave-girl, the hound, the beggar, and the herdsman, all glow alike in the harmonious coloring of his peopled epic. We see the dawn of our English nation, the defense of Christendom against the Koran, the grace and the terror of feudalism, the rise of monarchy out of baronies, the rise of parliaments out of monarchy, the rise of industry out of serfage, the pathetic ruin of chivalry, the splendid death-struggle of Catholicism, the sylvan tribes of the mountain (remnants of our prehistoric fathers) beating themselves to pieces against the hard advance of modern industry; we see the grim heroism of the Bible-martyrs, the catastrophe of feudalism overwhelmed by a practical age which knew little of its graces and almost nothing of its virtues. Such is Scott, who, we may say, has done for the various phases of modern history what Shakespeare has done for the manifold types of human character. And this glorious and most human and most historical of poets, without whom our very conception of human development would have ever been imperfect, this manliest, and truest, and widest of romancers, we neglect for some hothouse hybrid of psychological analysis, for the wretched imitators of Balzac, and the jackanapes phrasemongering of some Osric of the day, who assures us that Scott is an absolute Philistine.

In speaking with enthusiasm of Scott, as of Homer, or of Shakespeare, or of Milton, or of any of the accepted masters of the world, I have no wish to insist dogmatically upon any single name, or two or three in particular. Our enjoyment and reverence of the great poets of the world is seriously injured nowadays by the habit we get of singling out some particular quality, some particular school of art, for intemperate praise, or, still worse, for intemperate abuse. Mr. Ruskin, I suppose, is answerable for the taste of this one-sided and spasmodic criticism; and every young gentleman who has the trick of a few adjectives will languidly vow that Marlowe is supreme, or Murillo foul. It is the mark of rational criticism, as well as of healthy thought, to maintain an evenness of mind in judging of great works, to recognize great qualities in due proportion, to feel that defects are made up by beauties, and beauties are often balanced by weakness. The true judgment implies a weighing of each work and each workman as a whole, in relation to the sum of human cultivation and the gradual advance of the movement of ages.

And in this matter we shall usually find that the world is right, the world of the modern centuries and the nations of Europe together. It is unlikely, to say the least of it, that a young person who has hardly ceased making Latin verses will be able to reverse the decisions of the civilized world; and it is even more unlikely that Milton and Molière, Fielding and Scott, will ever be displaced by a poet who has unaccountably lain hid for one or two centuries. I know that in the style of to-day I ought hardly to venture to address you about poetry unless I am prepared to unfold to you the mysterious beauties of some unknown genius who has recently been unearthed by the Children of Light and Sweetness. I confess I have no such discovery to announce. I prefer to dwell in Gath and to pitch my tents in Ashdod; and I doubt the use of the sling as a weapon in modern war. I decline to go into hyperbolic eccentricities over unknown geniuses, and a single quality or power is not enough to rouse my enthusiasm. It is possible that no master ever painted a buttercup like this one, or the fringe of a robe like that one; that this poet has a unique subtilty, and that an undefinable music. I am still unconvinced, though the man who can not see it, we are told, should at once retire to the place where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

I am against all gnashing of teeth, whether for or against a particular idol. I stand by the men, and by all the men, who have moved mankind to the depths of their souls, who have taught generations, and formed our life. If I say of Scott, that to have drunk in the whole of his glorious spirit is a liberal education in itself, I am asking for no exclusive devotion to Scott, to any poet, or any school of poets, or any age, or any country, to any style or any order of poet, one more than another. They are as various, fortunately, and as many-sided as human nature itself. If I delight in Scott, I love Fielding, and Richardson, and Sterne, and Goldsmith, and Defoe. Yes, and I will add Cooper and Marryat, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen—to confine myself to those who are already classics, to our own country, and to one form of art alone, and not to venture on the ground of contemporary romance in general. What I have said of Homer, I would say in a degree but somewhat lower of those great ancients who are the most accessible to us in English—Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, and Horace. What I have said of Shakespeare I would say of Calderon, of Molière, of Corneille, of Racine, of Voltaire, of Alfieri, of Goethe, of those dramatists, in many forms, and with genius the most diverse, who have so steadily set themselves to idealize the great types of public life and of the phases of human history.

Let us all beware lest worship of the idiosyncrasy of our peerless Shakespeare blind us to the value of the great masters who, in a different world and with different aims, have presented the development of civilization in a series of dramas, where the unity of a few great types of man and of society is made paramount to subtlety of character or brilliancy of language. What I have said of Milton, I would say of Dante, of Ariosto, of Petrarch, and of Tasso; nor less would I say it of Boccaccio and Chaucer, of Camoens and Spenser, of Rabelais and of Cervantes, of Gil Blas and the Vicar of Wakefield, of Byron and of Shelley, of Goethe and of Schiller. Nor let us forget those wonderful idealizations of awakening thought and primitive societies, the pictures of other races and types of life removed from our own: all those primeval legends, ballads, songs, and tales, those proverbs, apologues, and maxims, which have come down to us from distant ages of man's history—the old idyls and myths of the Hebrew race; the tales of Greece, of the middle ages, of the East; the fables of the old and the new world; the songs of the Nibelungs; the romances of early feudalism; the *Morte d'Arthur*; the Arabian Nights; the ballads of the early nations of Europe.

I protest that I am devoted to no school in particular: I condemn no school, I reject none. I am for the school of all the great men; and I am against the school of the smaller men. I care for Wordsworth as well as for Byron, for Burns as well as Shelley, for Boccaccio as well as for Milton, for Bunyan as well as Rabelais, for Cervantes as much as for Dante, for Corneille as well as for Shakespeare, for Goldsmith as well as Goethe. I stand by the sentence of the world; and I hold that in a matter so human and so broad as the highest poetry the judgment of the nations of Europe is pretty well settled, at any rate, after a century or two of continuous reading and discussing. Let those who will assure us that no one can pretend to culture, unless he swear by Fra Angelico and Sandro Botticelli, by Arnolfo the son of Lapo, or the Lombardic bricklayers, by Martini and Galuppi (all, by the way, admirable men of the second rank); and so, in literature and poetry, there are some who will hear of nothing but Webster or Marlowe; Blake, Herrick, or Keats; William Langland or the Earl of Surrey; Heine or Omar Kayam. All of these are men of genius, and each with a special and inimitable gift of his own. But the busy world, which does not hunt poets as collectors hunt for curios, may fairly reserve these lesser lights for the time when they know the greatest well.

So, I say, think mainly of the greatest, of the best known, of those who cover the largest area of human history and man's common nature.

Now, when we come to count up these names accepted by the unanimous voice of Europe, we have some thirty or forty names, and among them are some of the most voluminous of writers. I have been running over but one department of literature alone, the poetic. I have been naming those only whose names are household words with us, and the poets for the most part of modern Europe. Yet even here we have a list which is usually found in not less than a hundred volumes at least. Now poetry and the highest kind of romance are exactly that order of literature which not only will bear to be read many times, but that of which the true value can only be gained by frequent, and indeed habitual, reading. A man can hardly be said to know the "Twelfth Mass" or the "Ninth Symphony," by virtue of having once heard them played ten years ago; he can hardly be said to take air and exercise because he took a country walk once last autumn. And so, he can hardly be said to know Scott, or Shakespeare, Molière, or Cervantes, when he once read them since the close of his school days, or amid the daily grind of his professional life. The immortal and universal poets of our race are to be read and reread, till their music and their spirit are a part of our nature; they are to be thought over and digested till we live in the world they created for us; they are to be read devoutly, as devout men read their Bible and fortify their hearts with psalms. For as the old Hebrew singer heard the heavens declare the glory of their Maker, and the firmament showing his handiwork, so in the long roll of poetry we see transfigured the strength and beauty of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles, the long life-history of our common kind.

I have said but little of the more difficult poetry, and the religious meditations of the great idealists in prose and verse, whom it needs a concentrated study to master. Some of these are hard to all men, and at all seasons. The "Divine Comedy," in its way, reaches as deep in its thoughtfulness as Descartes himself. But these books, if they are difficult to all, are impossible to the gluttons of the circulating library. To these munchers of vapid memoirs and monotonous tales such books are closed indeed. The power of enjoyment and of understanding is withered up within them. To the besotted gambler on the turf the lonely hillside glowing with heather grows to be as dreary as a prison; and so, too, a man may listen nightly to burlesques till "Fidelio" inflicts on him intolerable fatigue. One may be a devourer of books, and be actually incapable of reading a hundred lines of the wisest and the most beautiful. To read one of such books comes only by habit, as prayer is impossible to one who habitually dreads to be alone.

In an age of steam it seems almost idle to speak of Dante, the most profound, the most meditative, the most prophetic of all poets, in whose epic the panorama of mediæval life, of feudalism at its best and Christianity at its best, stands, as in a microcosm, transfigured, judged, and measured. To most men the "Paradise Lost," with all its mighty music and its idyllic pictures of human nature, of our first child-parents in their naked purity and their awakening thought, is a serious and ungrateful task—not to be ranked with the simple enjoyments: it is a possession to be acquired only by habit. The great religious poets, the imaginative teachers of the heart, are never easy reading. But the reading of them is a religious habit rather than an intellectual effort. I pretend not to-night to be dealing with a matter so deep and high as religion, or indeed with education in the fuller sense. I will say nothing of that side of reading which is really hard study, an effort of duty, matter of meditation, and reverential thought. I need speak not to-night of such reading as that of the Bible; the moral reflections of Socrates, of Aristotle, of Confucius; the Confessions of St. Augustine and the City of God; the discourses of St. Bernard, of Bossuet, of Bishop Butler, of Jeremy Taylor; the vast philosophical visions that were opened to the eyes of Bacon and Descartes; the thoughts of Pascal and Vauvenargues, of Diderot and Hume, of Condorcet and De Maistre; the problem of man's nature as it is told in "The Excursion" or in "Faust," in "Cain" or in the "Pilgrim's Progress"; the unsearchable outpouring of the heart in the great mystics, of many ages and many races—be the mysticism that of David or of John, of Mohammed or of Buddha, of Fénelon or of Shelley.

I pass by all these. For I am speaking now of the use of books in our leisure hours. I will take the books of simple enjoyment, books that one can laugh over and weep over; and learn from, and laugh or weep again; which have in them humor, truth, human nature in all its sides, pictures of the great phases of human history; and withal sound teaching in honesty, manliness, gentleness, patience. Of such books, I say, books accepted by the voice of all mankind as matchless and immortal, there is a complete library at hand for every man, in his every mood, whatever his tastes or his acquirements. To know merely the hundred volumes or so of which I have spoken would involve the study of years. But who can say that these books are read as they might be, that we do not neglect them for something in a new cover, or which catches our eye in a library? It is not merely to the idle and unreading world that this complaint holds good. It is the insatiable readers themselves who so

often read to the least profit. Of course they have read all these household books many years ago—read them, and judged them, and put them away for ever. They will read infinite dissertations about these authors; they will write you essays on their works; they will talk most learned criticism about them. But it never occurs to them that such books have a daily and perpetual value, such as the devout Christian finds in his morning and evening psalm; that the music of them has to sink into the soul by continual renewal; that we have to live with them and in them, till their ideal world habitually surrounds us in the midst of the real world; that their great thoughts have to stir us daily anew, and their generous passion has to warm us hour by hour—just as we need each day to have our eyes filled by the light of heaven, and our blood warmed by the glow of the sun. I vow that when I see men, forgetful of the perennial poetry of the world, muck-raking in a litter of fugitive refuse, I think of that wonderful scene in the "Pilgrim's Progress," where the Interpreter shows the wayfarers the old man raking in the straw and dust, while he will not see the Angel who offers him a crown of gold and precious stones.

This gold, refined beyond the standard of the goldsmith, these pearls of great price, the united voice of mankind has assured us are found in those immortal works of every age and of every race whose names are household words throughout the world. And we shut our eyes to them for the sake of the straw and litter of the nearest library or bookshop. A lifetime will hardly suffice to know, as they ought to be known, these great masterpieces of man's genius. How many of us can name ten men who may be said entirely to know (in the sense in which a thoughtful Christian knows the Psalms and the Epistles) even a few of the greatest poets? I take them almost at random, and I name Homer, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Calderon, Corneille, Molière, Milton, Fielding, Goethe, Scott. Of course every one has read these poets, but who really knows them, the whole of them, the whole meaning of them? They are too often taken "as read," as they say in the railway meetings.

Take of this immortal choir the liveliest, the easiest, the most familiar, take for the moment the three—Cervantes, Molière, Fielding. Here we have three poets who unite the profoundest insight into human nature with the most inimitable wit, "Penseroso" and "L'Allegro" in one; "sober, steadfast, and demure," and yet with "Laughter holding both his sides." And in all three, different as they are, is an unfathomable pathos, a brotherly pity for all human weakness,

spontaneous sympathy with all human goodness. To know "Don Quixote," that is to follow out the whole mystery of its double world, is to know the very tragi-comedy of human life, the contrast of the ideal with the real, of chivalry with good sense, of heroic failure with vulgar utility, of the past with the present, of the impossible sublime with the possible commonplace. And yet to how many reading men is "Don Quixote" little more than a book to laugh over in boyhood! So Molière is read or witnessed; we laugh and we praise. But how little do we study with insight that elaborate gallery of human character; those consummate types of almost every social phenomenon; that genial and just judge of imposture, folly, vanity, affectation, and insincerity; that tragic picture of the brave man born out of his time, too proud and too just to be of use in his age! Was ever truer word said than that about Fielding as "the prose Homer of human nature"? And yet how often do we forget in "Tom Jones" the beauty of unselfishness, the well-spring of goodness, the tenderness, the manly healthiness and heartiness underlying its frolic and its satire, because we are absorbed, it may be, in laughing at its humor, or are simply irritated by its grossness! Nay, "Robinson Crusoe" contains (not for boys but for men) more religion, more philosophy, more psychology, more political economy, more anthropology, than are found in many elaborate treatises on these special subjects. And yet, I imagine, grown men do not often read "Robinson Crusoe" as the article has it, "for instruction of life and ensample of manners." The great books of the world we have once read; we take them as read; we believe that we read them; at least, we believe that we know them. But to how few of us are they the daily mental food! For once that we take down our Milton, and read a book of that "voice," as Wordsworth says, "whose sound is like the sea," we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife.

And while the roll of the great men yet unread is to all of us so long, while years are not enough to master the very least of them, we are incessantly searching the earth for something new or strangely forgotten. Brilliant essays are for ever extolling some minor light. It becomes the fashion to grow rapturous about the obscure Elizabethan dramatists; about the note of refinement in the lesser men of Queen Anne; it is pretty to swear by Lyly's "Euphues" and Sidney's "Arcadia"; to vaunt Lovelace and Herrick, Marvell and Donne, Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne. All of them are excellent men,

who have written delightful things, that may very well be enjoyed when we have utterly exhausted the best. But when one meets beves of hyper-aesthetic young maidens, in lackadaisical gowns, who simper about Greene and John Ford (authors, let us trust, that they never have read), one wonders if they all know "Lear" or ever heard of "Alceste." Since to nine out of ten of the "general readers" the very best is as yet more than they have managed to assimilate, this fidgeting after something curious is a little premature and perhaps artificial.

For this reason I stand amazed at the lengths of fantastic curiosity to which persons, far from learned, have pushed the mania for collecting rare books, or prying into out-of-the-way holes and corners of literature. They conduct themselves as if all the works attainable by ordinary diligence were to them sucked as dry as an orange. Says one, "I came across a very curious book, mentioned in a parenthesis in the 'Religio Medici': only one other copy exists in this country." I will not mention the work to-night, because I know that, if I did, to-morrow morning at least fifty libraries would be ransacked for it, which would be unpardonable waste of time. "I am bringing out," says another quite simply, "the lives of the washerwomen of the Queens of England." And when it comes out we shall have a copious collection of washing-books some centuries old, and at length understand the mode of ironing a ruff in the early mediæval period. A very learned friend of mine thinks it perfectly monstrous that a public library should be without an adequate collection of works in Dutch, though I believe he is the only frequenter of it who can read that language. Not long ago I procured for a Russian scholar a manuscript copy of a very rare work by Greene, the contemporary of Shakespeare. Greene's "Funeralls" is, I think, as dismal and worthless a set of lines as one often sees; and as it has slumbered for nearly three hundred years, I should be willing to let it be its own undertaker. But this unsavory carrion is at last to be dug out of its grave; for it is now translated into Russian and published in Moscow (to the honor and glory of the Russian professor) in order to delight and inform the Muscovite public, where perhaps not ten in a million can as much as read Shakespeare. This or that collector again, with the labor of half a lifetime and by means of half his fortune, has amassed a library of old plays, every one of them worthless in diction, in plot, in sentiment, and in purpose; a collection far more stupid and uninteresting in fact than the burlesques and pantomimes of the last fifty years. And yet this insatiable student of old plays will probably know less of Molière and Alfieri than Molière's housekeeper or Alfieri's

valet; and possibly he has never looked into such poets as Calderon and Vondel.

Collecting rare books and forgotten authors is perhaps of all the collecting manias the most foolish in our day. There is much to be said for rare china and curious beetles. The china is occasionally beautiful; and the beetles at least are droll. But rare books now are, by the nature of the case, worthless books; and their rarity usually consists in this, that the printer made a blunder in the text, or that they contain something exceptionally nasty or silly. To affect a profound interest in neglected authors and uncommon books is a sign for the most part—not that a man has exhausted the resources of ordinary literature, but—that he has no real respect for the greatest productions of the greatest men of the world. This bibliomania seizes hold of rational beings and so perverts them that in the sufferer's mind the human race exists for the sake of the books, and not the books for the sake of the human race. There is one book they might read to good purpose, the doings of a great book-collector, who once lived in La Mancha. To the collector, and sometimes to the scholar, the book becomes a fetish or idol, and is worthy of the worship of mankind, even if it can not be of the slightest use to anybody. As the book exists, it must have the compliment paid it of being invited to the shelves. The "library is imperfect without it," although the library will, so to speak, stink when it has got it. The great books are of course the common books; and these are treated by collectors and librarians with sovereign contempt. The more dreadful an abortion of a book the rare volume may be, the more desperate is the struggle of libraries to possess it. Civilization in fact has evolved a complete apparatus, an order of men, and a code of ideas, for the express purpose one may say of degrading the great books. It suffocates them under mountains of little books, and gives the place of honor to that which is plainly literary carrion.

Now, I suppose, at the bottom of all this lies that rattle and restlessness of life which belongs to the industrial Maelstrom wherein we ever revolve. And connected therewith comes also that literary dandyism which results from the pursuit of letters without any social purpose or any systematic faith. To read from the pricking of some cerebral itch rather than from a desire of forming judgments; to get, like an Alpine Club stripping, to the top of some unscaled pinnacle of culture; to use books as a sedative, as a means of exciting a mild intellectual titillation, instead of as a means of elevating the nature; to dribble on in a perpetual literary gossip, in order to avoid the effort of bracing the mind to think—such is our habit in an age of utterly chaotic educa-

tion. We read, as the bereaved poet made rhymes:

For the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

We, for whom steam and electricity have done almost everything except give us bigger brains and hearts, who have a new invention ready for every meeting of the Royal Institution, who want new things to talk about faster than children want new toys to break, we can not take up the books we have seen about us since our childhood: Milton, or Molière, or Scott. It feels like donning knee-breeches and buckles, to read what everybody has read, that everybody can read, and which our very fathers thought good entertainment scores of years ago. Hard-worked men and overwrought women crave an occupation which shall free them from their thoughts and yet not take them from their world. And thus it comes that we need at least a thousand new books every season, while we have rarely a spare hour left for the greatest of all. But I am getting into a vein too serious for our purpose; education is a long and thorny topic. I will cite but the words on this head of the great Bishop Butler: "The great number of books and papers of amusement which, of one kind or another, daily come in one's way, have in part occasioned, and most perfectly fall in with and humor, this idle way of reading and considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of, without the pain of attention; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness, one can scarce forbear saying, is spent with less thought, than great part of that which is spent in reading." But this was written exactly a century and a half ago, in 1729; since which date, let us trust, the multiplicity of print and the habits of desultory reading have considerably abated.

A philosopher with whom I hold (but with whose opinions I have no present intention of troubling you) has proposed a method of dealing with this indiscriminate use of books, which, I think, is worthy of attention. He has framed a short collection of books for constant and general reading. He put it forward "with the view of guiding the more thoughtful minds among the people in their choice for constant use." He declares that "both the intellect and the moral character suffer grievously at the present time from irregular reading." It was not intended to put a bar upon other reading or to supersede special study. It is designed as a type of a healthy and rational syllabus of essential books, fit for common teaching and daily use. It presents a working epitome of what is best and

most enduring in the literature of the world. The entire collection would form, in the shape in which books now exist in modern libraries, something like five hundred volumes. They embrace books both of ancient and modern times, in all the five principal languages of modern Europe. It is divided into four sections: Poetry, Science, History, Religion.

The principles on which it is framed are these: First, it collects the best in all the great departments of human thought, so that no part of education shall be wholly wanting. Next, it puts together the greatest books, of universal and permanent value, and the greatest and the most enduring only. Next, it measures the greatness of books not by their brilliancy, or even their learning, but by their power of presenting some typical chapter in thought, some dominant phase of history; or else it measures them by their power of idealizing man and nature, or of giving harmony to our moral and intellectual activity. Lastly, the test of the general value of books is the permanent relation they bear to the common civilization of Europe.

Some such firm foothold in the vast and increasing torrent of literature it is certainly urgent

to find, unless all that is great in literature is to be borne away in the flood of books. With this, we may avoid an interminable wandering over a pathless waste of waters. Without it, we may read everything and know nothing; we may be curious about anything that chances, and indifferent to everything that profits. Having such a catalogue before our eyes, with its perpetual warning—*non multa sed multum*—we shall see how with our insatiable consumption of print we wander, like unclassed spirits, round the outskirts only of those Elysian fields where the great dead dwell and hold high converse. As it is, we hear but in a faint echo that voice which cries—

Onorate l'altissimo Poeta :
L'ombra sua torna, ch'era dipartita.

We need to be reminded every day how many are the books of inimitable glory which, with all our eagerness after reading, we have never taken in our hands. It will astonish most of us to find how much of our very industry is given to the books which leave no mark, how often we rake in the litter of the printing-press, while a crown of gold and rubies is offered us in vain.

FREDERIC HARRISON, in *Fortnightly Review*.

POSTSCRIPT.—I shall take the earliest opportunity of presenting, with some explanation or introduction, the library of Auguste Comte, which forms the basis of the whole of my lecture above. The catalogue is to be found in many of his publications, as the "Catechism," Trübner & Co. (translated, London, 1858); and also in the fourth volume of the "Positive Polity" (translated, London, 1877), pp. 352, 483, where its use and meaning are explained. Those who may take an erroneous idea of its purpose, and may think that such a catalogue would serve in the way of an ordinary circulating library, may need to be reminded that it is designed as the basis of a scheme of education, for one particular system of philosophy, and as the manual of an organized form of religion. It is, in fact, the literary *résumé* of Positivist teaching, and as such alone can it be used. It is, moreover, designed to be of common use to all Western Europe, and to be ultimately extended to all classes. It is essentially a people's library for popular in-

struction; it is of permanent use only; and it is intended to serve as a type. Taken in connection with the "Calendar," which contains the names of nearly two hundred and fifty authors, it may serve as a guide of the books "that the world would not willingly let die." But it must be remembered that it has no special relation to current views of education, to English literature, much less to the literature of the day. It was drawn up nearly thirty years ago by a French philosopher, who passed his life in Paris, and who had read no new books for twenty years. And it was designedly limited by him to such a compass that hard-worked men might hope to master it, in order to give them an *aperçu* of what the ancient and the modern world had left of most great in each language and in each department of thought. To attempt to use it, or to judge it, from any point of view but this, would be entirely to mistake its character and object.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ANTHONY HAMELIN.

IT is the afternoon of a day in early January, a day which recalls what foolish people mean by a good old winter. It is a day, that is, which has been easily endured and even enjoyed by polar bears, seals, Arctic foxes, people who skate, people who are warmly clad, people who are well fed, and all creatures whose circulation is brisk. To the great majority of mankind and animals the day has been one of torture. Men out of work and low from insufficiency of food, women with babes crying from cold and hunger, children imperfectly dressed, wish it were not so cold. To the warm classes the day is a glorious winding up of that Yule-tide which they have striven to make glad. There is ice that will bear, there are branches bending beneath their weight of snow, roads crisp and hard, and, hanging over the eaves, icicles as long as a regulation sword. The cold and hungry regard these things with different feelings. To them the ideal day all the year round is warm, sunshiny, and favorable for rest, talk, and the promotion of thirst. Their pulses do not quicken even when King Christmas, who reigns only over the children of the rich, comes with frost in both his hands, bursts the pipes, stops out-door work, and puts an end to wages, beer, and food.

The broad face of Clapham Common is covered with a thin sheet of frozen snow, through which the bents and coarse grasses push up their dry stalks, and assert for the first time a distinct personality as seen against the pure white light of the snow, even although it is already four o'clock, and in the far-off southwest a lurid disk is sinking behind a fringe of deepest red. All day long the ponds of the Common have been covered with skaters; a bright sun without warmth has been shining; the glass has been six degrees below freezing-point in the shade, and there has been no wind. As we look around us a change falls upon the scene, the light has died out in the east and is fading in the west, but it seems to linger over the snow and becomes unearthly. The straggling furze, "fledged with icy feathers," looks, in the strange glimmer which renders any wild supposition possible, like some outlying portion of a great Canadian forest in

winter garb; the frequent ditches and the fissures which everywhere cover the Common, planted there by the beneficent hand of Nature for boys to jump over, become wild ravines and deep cañons of the Rocky Mountains, whose steep cliffs and rugged sides are crowned with snow. On the Mount Pond a few young fellows are still left, loath to tear themselves away from a sport far more delightful than waltzing, and much more rare. But the day is done; the man who has been driving a roaring trade with his hot-coffee can is packing up his cart; the men who have filled their pockets with coppers in reward for screwing on skates are marching off with their chairs; the two rival tradesmen, who deal in roasted chestnuts, have put out their charcoal fires and are comparing notes; and the man who has chanted all day, not without profit, the warming qualities of his ginger toffee, has covered up his basket, and is thinking of what the day's returns will run to in the shape of supper. Soon the last lingering skater will feel a sudden chill of loneliness, and leave the pond with a feeling, as he strides away across the crisp and frozen snow, as if the ghosts of many departed citizens, who in generations past skated round this little wooded islet on the mimic lake, will come, the moment he is out of sight, to flourish goblin legs, perform spectral figures of eight, and rush, with silent mockery of mirth, after each other's ghostly forms. When the Common is quite deserted, when not a single loiterer is left to clash his skates together as he hastens homeward, like Cowper's postman—

Whistling as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful—

then the snow begins again with its soft and noiseless falling. Presently the wind rises gently, and drives it about into drifts, and fills up the tiny ravines, and buries the furze.

All round the Common stand the stately houses of substantial city merchants—such houses as warm men loved to build early in the century—each standing in its own gardens, and these not skimmed and pinched of space; no narrow London slips of ground, but broad and spacious domains, generous in lawn, flower-bed, and kitchen-garden; stocked with good old fruit-trees, which produce apples not to be bought in Covent Garden, pears which would do honor to

a Corporation dinner, peaches and plums and apricots fit for a queen's table. They are large square houses, mostly built in two stories, with attic rooms for servants. They all have ample stabling; most of them stand too close to the road for modern ideas. That was because more was formerly thought of the view across the Common than of the lawn. It was before the days even of croquet or archery. Perhaps, too, that close proximity to the road was designed in kindness to the young ladies of the family; for in those old times, so near to us and yet so far away, the cribbed and cabined girls spent nearly all the tedious and proper days of pre-nuptial life in the house, and knew the world chiefly from seeing it through the window, or reading of it in a novel of sentiment, or observing it from a pew in church.

Come with me into one of these houses—that of Mr. Anthony Hamblin, senior partner in the house of "Anthony Hamblin," of Great St. Simon Apostle, City, indigo merchants. It is the most stately house of all. Before it stand a noble pair of cedars, sighing for Lebanon in the cold breeze, and stretching out black branches which seem about to sweep away the snow from the thin turf below them. The carriage-way curves behind them to the great porch, with marble pillars set in the middle of the house-front. Cross the broad hall, with its bright fire, its old carved chairs and sideboard, its horns and antlers, and its old-fashioned curios, brought home many years ago in one of Hamblin & Company's East Indianmen. On the right is the dining-room; behind it is the study; on the left is the drawing-room; and at the back of it, where we are going, is Miss Hamblin's own room.

A heavy curtain hangs across the door, which stands half open. There are voices within.

Let us lift the curtain softly and look in.

A lady of a certain age is sitting near the fire, a reading-lamp beside her, a book upon her knees. She wears a widow's cap, but the lines of sorrow have long since left her face, which is comely, and lit up by a soft light of comfortable benevolence, as if, being well off herself, she would wish all the world, without exception, to be in similarly desirable circumstances. She is a woman who finds pleasure in pleasant things. I am not here speaking as a fool; because, though it is hard to realize the fact, there are many women—in fact, a large minority of women—who are incapable of receiving pleasure from things pleasant. Mrs. Cridland, or Aunt Flora, as Alison Hamblin called her, belonged distinctly to the happy majority who delight in things delightful; loving, as far as the length of her tether went—naturally not very far—good eating and drinking, society, music, art, the happiness of

young people. The shortness of woman's tether deserves a special essay. Imagine the other sex as catholic, as prodigal, as eager to seize, devour, and enjoy, as critical in its tastes, as my own. Mrs. Cridland was Anthony Hamblin's first cousin, and lived in his house as chaperon, guardian, and best available substitute for a mother to his daughter and only child.

Upon the hearthrug stand a pair—a man of middle age, and a girl of nineteen or twenty. She has got her two hands clasped upon his arm, and is looking up into his face with caressing affection.

"You skated to-day as well as any of the boys, as you call them. Why, you dear old man, there were not half a dozen of the boys fit to compare with you!"

"That is what you say, Alison," he replied, with a laugh. "All the same, I persist in the statement that I am growing old and stiff."

"You will never grow old, and you shall never grow stiff," said Alison, patting his cheek with her dainty fingers.

"And you, my love, you are not tired?" asked her father. "Why, you began at ten this morning, and you skated till one; then you began again at two, and you skated till four. Alison, I insist upon your being tired."

She laughed.

"Anyhow, dear, do not dance too much to-night. One thing, at this party we begin so early that they are all ready to go at twelve or one."

"I will own to being a little tiny bit tired, if you will not talk about getting old and stiff, papa."

She had thrown off her hat, which lay upon a chair, and one of her gloves. She still had on the sealskin jacket in which she had been skating all the day. She was above the stature of most women, a tall and shapely maiden. Her hair was a deep dark brown; so dark that, when the light was not upon it, you would have called it black; her eyes were a deep dark brown, like her hair—they were steadfast eyes; her complexion was dark; she was a pronounced brunette, of a type uncommon in this realm of England. If her look, her attitude, the way in which she curled her arm about her father's, betrayed a nature affectionate and confiding, the firm lines of her mouth, the shape of her chin, a little too square for perfect harmony with the rest of her face, and the straight line of her dark eyebrows, showed that she was a girl whose will was strong, and with whom purpose meant resolution.

Over the mantelshelf hung a portrait, in water-color, of a young girl, in all the glorious ripeness of youthful beauty, whom Alison strangely resembled. It was her grandmother, the Señora.

The first romance in the Hamblin family, un-

less the success of the original Anthony be considered a romance, was that of Donna Manuela's elopement with Anthony the fifth (the man on the hearthrug is her elder son, Anthony the sixth) from a convent near Cadiz. All for love she gave up country, home, and mother-tongue. For his dear sake she became a black heretic, the only thing which ever troubled her after-life. She is dead now, and her granddaughter Alison has inherited her face, her eyes, her hair, her strength of will, and her possibilities of passion.

"I believe, Alison," said Mr. Hamblin, "that you were sent into the world to spoil your father. Certainly, to grow old is unpleasant, and to grow stiff more unpleasant. Well, we shall have more skating yet. Perhaps the Serpentine will bear to-morrow. Thank you, child, I *will* take a cup of tea."

"Dinner at six to-night, auntie, remember," cried Alison. "Dancing to commence punctually at half past eight. That is the rule at the Hamblin dinner."

"As if I should forget, my dear," said Mrs. Cridland.

"The old-fashioned time for the old-fashioned party," said Mr. Hamblin. "It was my father's time, and my grandfather's; although in his day to dine at six was considered presumptuous in a plain London citizen. For fifty years in this house, and for a hundred and fifty altogether, the 3d of January, the birthday of the founder, has been kept. We shall have a good gathering to-night, Alison."

"About the same as usual," replied his daughter. "Cousin Augustus Hamblin and his party, William the Silent, the Colonel and his contingent, the Dean and his wife, Mr. Alderney Codd of course" (here they all three smiled), "and—and Mr. Gilbert Yorke is coming too. You asked him, you know, papa."

"It was in a weak moment," her father replied. "Of course I did not expect him to accept. What attractions *can* he find at this house?" (Alison blushed, and shook her head, as much as to say, "Alas, none!") "Like the impudence of the boy, to come to the Hamblin dinner without being one of the Hamblin kin."

Alison laughed. "And then there is Uncle Stephen," she added, with just the least possible change in her voice, which showed that Uncle Stephen was not so acceptable a guest as the young fellow she called Gilbert Yorke.

Mr. Hamblin put down his cup.

"Yes," he said dryly, "Stephen is coming."

And on his voice as he spoke, and on his eyes, there fell a strange change of expression, as if something of cheerfulness had suddenly been taken away. Not much, but something.

"Have you thought, auntie, about the taking-in?"

"Yes, dear, I have got it all drawn out. Here it is. Mr. Hamblin of course takes in the wife of the second partner. Augustus Hamblin takes you. The Dean takes me. Mr. Stephen takes the Colonel's wife." She went on making up the roll. Alison observed that, by the arrangement proposed, the young man named Gilbert Yorke would sit on her left; and she acquiesced with a smile.

As Mrs. Cridland finished reading her list, the curtain before the door was pulled back noisily, in a masterful fashion, and a boy appeared.

He was a small boy for his age, which was thirteen; but he was a remarkable boy, for he was an Albino. He possessed perfectly white hair, thick white eyebrows, long white eyelashes, and a pink complexion, having pink cheeks and pink hands. In fact, he was pink all over. His eyes were sharp and very bright; his head was well shaped, with plenty of forehead. He stood for a moment in the door, surveying the group with an expression of mingled mischief, cunning, and self-satisfaction. He looked as if he were either chuckling over one piece of mischief or meditating another.

Mrs. Cridland changed in a moment at the sight of her son. She sat up, and became at once the watchful and careful mother.

"My dear," she cried, "are you only now returned? Come and let me look at you."

She meant, "Let me see if your garments are torn to pieces."

The boy nodded to his parent, and lounged into the room with his hands in his pockets. But he did not obey the command to go and be looked at; obedience was not his strong point. Nor was respect to persons older and superior to himself.

"Well, Nicolas," said Mr. Hamblin, "I saw you on the ice this morning."

"Your uncle saw you, my dear," said his mother, as if the distinction was one to remember with gratitude.

"Cats look at kings," replied Nicolas the irreverent. "I saw you too, uncle; and I saw you come that awful cropper. Ho, ho! Picked yourself up, and thought nobody saw it."

"You see, Alison," said Mr. Hamblin, "I *am* getting clumsy. Go on, sweet imp."

"A man of your weight ought to be careful," the boy continued. "At *my* time of life, a fall now and again is no such mighty matter."

"Why did you not help your uncle up again, Nicolas?" asked Mrs. Cridland.

The boy glanced at his uncle, who was looking at Alison. He therefore thrust his tongue in his cheek, and winked at his mother. He really could be a very vulgar boy.

"I was sliding," he said, "with a few other men. Casual acquaintances, not friends. We had an accident. I was at the head of the line, and there were about twenty-five after me. I fell down, and they all capsized, turned turtle—heels up, nose down—every man Jack, one after the other, over each other's legs. Never saw such a mix. A common-keeper, one of the lot, got a heavy oner on the boko for his share."

"Boys," said Mr. Hamblin, "who use slang come to the gallows. Boko is—"

"Conk or boko," said Nicolas the vulgar. "It's all the same. Took it home in a bag made out of a pocket-handkerchief."

"I believe he fell down on purpose, so as to bring all the others down too," said Alison.

The reputation of the boy was such that this unkind suggestion was immediately adopted. Moreover, he was known to cherish animosity toward common-keepers.

"And how much of the half-crown that I gave you this morning is left?" asked his uncle.

"Nothing at all." He dived into the deepest recesses of his pockets, and pulled them inside out. They were quite empty. "I've eaten it all; and got good value for the money, too."

"My dear boy," his mother interposed, "a whole half-crown's worth of things to eat? You can't have eaten all that!"

"Every penny, mother—parliament, toffee, and gingersuck."

"Anything shared with friends?" asked Mr. Hamblin.

"Not a farthing," replied the boy. "I'm not like you, Uncle Anthony, born with a silver spoon in my mouth. A man who has his own way to make can't begin by going halves with friends. Of course his friends may go halves with him; that's quite another thing."

"A most selfish sentiment," said Alison.

"Pretty well," said her father, laughing.

"Nicolas, you ought to beg your uncle's pardon at once," cried the boy's mother.

He begged no one's pardon. His eyes twinkled and winked, and his lips half parted, as if to smile, but changed their mind and became grave again. "Let him give me his silver spoon, then," he said, while Uncle Anthony laughed, and Alison boxed his ears, but in gentle and maidenly fashion, so that the chastisement only imparted a pleasant tingling of the nerves, which acted as a stimulant.

Presently the ladies went away to dress.

"Uncle," said the boy, "do you know that I am fourteen next birthday?"

"A great age, Nicolas"—Mr. Hamblin had taken Mrs. Cridland's easy-chair, and was stretching himself comfortably before the fire—"a great age. I almost wish I was fourteen again."

"What I mean," said Nicolas, "is—don't you think, uncle, I may stay with the other men when the ladies go?"

Mr. Hamblin laughed. Nicolas was privileged to come in with the dessert, but was expected to retire with the ladies. This interval, while it gave him opportunity too brief for eating, afforded none for conversation. Besides, it was below the dignity of manhood to get up and go away with the inferior sex just when real conversation was about to begin.

"To-day is the family dinner," said Mr. Hamblin. "We will make an exception for to-day; but it is not to be a precedent, remember. If you had not already had your dinner, I would let you dine with us, provided Alison could find you a place."

The boy jumped to his feet with joy.

"Already had my dinner!" he cried. "Why, I've had just exactly what you had: two helps of minced veal and two of currant-duff. What I call a simple lunch. And you had wine too. I'll run and tell Alison I'm to dine."

Then Mr. Hamblin, left alone, sat musing pleasantly.

He is a man of fifty-three or so, who looks no more than forty. Around his clear and steady eyes there are no crowsfeet, across his ample forehead there are no lines; his hair, of a rich dark color, is yet almost free from any silvering of time; his long full beard, of a lighter color than his hair, is, it is true, streaked with gray; his handsome face is that of a man who habitually cherishes kindly thoughts; nothing more distorts and ages a man than hard and revengeful thoughts; it belongs also to one who has lived a healthy, temperate, and active life. Needless to remind the intelligent reader that by the time a man is fifty his daily habits have made an indelible mark upon his face. Mr. Hamblin's was a face which inspired trust—a steady face. There was nothing shifty about his eyes nor selfish about his lips; a healthy, kindly, cheerful face, which seemed to all men to be what it really was—the index to his nature. It is by an instinct which never deceives that we take a man for what his face, not his word of mouth, proclaims him. The history of his life is written there in lines which no limner can reproduce; the level of his thoughts is indicated as clearly as the height of a barometer; his history is read at first sight, and, unless caught and remembered, perhaps never shows itself again.

Mr. Hamblin's musings were pleasant as he sat with his head in his hand, looking into the fire. I think they were of Alison. As for himself, life could bring him no new pleasures. He had enjoyed all, as a rich man can; he had feasted on the choicest. There is, it is true, no time

of life when new pleasures may not be found. Art, travel, study, these are ever fresh. Yet City men neither cultivate art, nor do they generally travel, nor do they study. To Anthony Hamblin of the City, the spring of youth came back when he sat and thought—for Alison. At twenty every rosy dawn is a goddess who comes laden with fresh and delightful gifts. At fifty the gifts of morning are given again to the unselfish, but they are given in trust for the children. That is the difference; and it is not one over which we need to groan and cry.

Presently carriage-wheels were heard. The earliest of the guests had arrived. Anthony Hamblin started, sprang to his feet, and ran up the stairs as lightly as a boy, to dress.

"O papa," cried Alison, coming from her room radiant in white, "you very, very bad man, what have you been about? I can only give you a quarter of an hour."

"I was dreaming by the fire, my dear." He kissed her as he passed. "I shall take only ten minutes."

CHAPTER II.

THE HAMBLIN DINNER.

THE Hamblin dinner was served with civic magnificence. No Company's banquet could have been more splendid, save that it was much shorter in duration. On this occasion the ancient silver-gilt plate, originally made for the first Anthony Hamblin, who founded the house, was displayed to gratify the pride, not to excite the envy, of the cousinhood. "It is an heirloom," said Alderney Codd, with pride, "in which we all have a part." After dinner Anthony Hamblin rose and invited his cousins to drink with him, in solemn silence, to the memory of their illustrious ancestor, Anthony, the first of the name, twice Lord Mayor of London. After this, Augustus, the second partner, proposed "success to the house." No one, it might have been observed, threw more heart into the toast—which was received, so to speak, prayerfully—than young Nick, unless, indeed, it were Alderney Codd. This was at a quarter to eight. The ladies withdrew after the toasts. At about half past eight the twang of a harp, the scraping of a violin, and the blast of a cornet proclaimed that the younger cousins had arrived, and that dancing was about to begin.

The younger men left the table. Young Nick, who had been eating continuously for two hours and more, remained, with a plate full of preserved fruit, for more conversation. He listened and watched. He was divided in his mind whether to grow up like Uncle Anthony, whose kindly

manner illustrated the desirability of wealth; or to imitate the severity of Mr. Augustus, which showed how wealth was to be guarded with diligence; or the taciturnity of Mr. William, commonly known as William the Silent, which was in its way awful, as it seemed to indicate power and knowledge in reserve. The example of Dean Hamblin, bland, courteous, and genial; that of the Colonel, brusque, short, and quick; that of Stephen, the "Black" Hamblin, gloomy and pre-occupied; and that of Alderney Codd, who assumed for this occasion only, and once a year, the manner and bearing of a wealthy man, were lost upon young Nick; he only thought of the partners.

When the gentlemen repaired to the drawing-room, young Nick brought up the rear with an expression of importance and pride twinkling in his bright eyes and shining in his white locks, which became immediately intolerable to the boys who, by virtue of their cousinhood, were assisting at the family gathering.

"Here's young Nick," they whispered, nudging each other. "Don't he look proud, having dinner with the gentlemen?—Nick, what did you have for dessert?"

"Conversation," replied the boy proudly, ignoring any reference to eating. "We talked politics. After dinner, when the ladies are gone, men always talk politics. I had a good deal to say, myself."

The weight of his superiority crushed the other boys, whose joy was dimmed not entirely by envy, but by the fact that young Nick—so called to distinguish him—held aloof from them all the evening, and joined the groups of men, with whom he stood as if he was taking part in the conversation, or at least critically listening. He danced once or twice, but only with grown-up young ladies, to whom his conversation was marked by a peculiar *hauteur* natural to a boy who had sat out the dinner, and "come in" with the gentlemen.

"No fun to be got out of young Nick to-night," whispered one boy to another.

"No: remember last year, when he tied the string across the stairs, so that the footman tumbled up with a tray of ices."

"Ah!" replied the other, with tears in his eyes; "and when he hitched the fish-hook into Mr. William's wig, and threw the line over the door, and then slammed it."

These reminiscences were gloomy. Supper alone was able to dispel the sadness of comparison.

The second partner, Mr. Augustus, was a man who would have been more impressive had his integrity been less strongly "accentuated," as they say now, upon his features. As some

men bear themselves bravely, some modestly, some braggartly, Mr. Augustus bore himself honestly. He was a merchant of a severe type. For every pride, if not from principle, he was incapable of meanness. It was he who conducted the most responsible part of the business of the firm, in which he had worked for forty out of his five-and-fifty years.

The third partner, Mr. William, whom we have already heard called William the Silent, was at the head of the finance. He certainly wore a wig, having had the misfortune to go bald very early in life. There was, however, no pretense about his peruke: it was impossible to mistake it for real hair. He, too, was a first cousin; he was remarkable for a great gift of silence. Augustus was married; sons and daughters were here to-night. William was a bachelor.

There was one guest who had sat out the dinner with a look of constraint, out of harmony with the pleasant faces of the rest, and who now stood before the fire looking infinitely bored. This was Stephen Hamblin—"Black" Hamblin, as the romantic among the younger cousins called him—younger and only brother of Anthony.

Although eight years younger, he appeared older. That was partly on account of his dark complexion, in which he resembled his mother, and partly by reason of his life, which had been, as the French say, stormy. Despite his complexion, he seemed at first sight strangely like his elder brother. Later on one saw so many points of difference that it became wonderful how two brothers could be so unlike; for in Stephen's face those lines were hard which in Anthony's were soft. His eyes were set too close together, their expression was not pleasant, they were imbedded in crowsfeet innumerable; the hair had fallen off the temples; he wore no beard, but a heavy mustache; his nose was long and rather aquiline. He had a gentle manner, which was perhaps assumed; he was a lamb who somehow gave one the impression that a wolf was beneath the skin. Reading his history in his face, one would say: "This man must have been in his youth singularly handsome; his life has not been one of noble aims; he has valued at their utmost the pleasures proffered by the well-known triad; he is able, but his ways are tortuous."

He comes to this house and meets the cousins once a year only, on the occasion of the Hamblin dinner; he greets them all with cordiality, which is distrusted by the elder members of the family; and for the rest of the year he goes his own way, seeing no one of them all, except his brother Anthony.

He calls upon him in the City, and they have a great secret which they keep entirely to them-

selves. It is none other than this, that Stephen has long since dissipated, squandered, and gambled away every farthing of the fortune which he inherited, and has been for some years living on his brother's generosity. This dependence, which would be galling to some thinkers, is quite comfortable for Stephen. Who, indeed, should maintain him but his brother? It is a sacred duty; Stephen would be the last to stand between any man and a sacred duty.

If you look closely, you will see that his eyes change their expression when they rest upon Alison. He does not like her.

Standing beside him is another cousin, Mr. Alderney Codd—a tall thin man about his own age. He is appareled in a dress-coat of great age, and he wears linen considerably frayed at the wristbands and collar. His face has one salient peculiarity—it is hopeful; he looks as if he was looking for something, as indeed he always is. What he is looking for is a fortune, of which he dreams and for which he schemes all day long and every day. Meantime his sole source of income is a lay fellowship at St. Alphege's, Cambridge, obtained three-and-twenty years ago, and conferred upon him in obedience to the will of a mediæval foundress, who hoped so to advance for ever the cause of learning. In this case she has provided an annual income for a man who, but for this provision, might have done something useful to the world. It is said that the moiety of the fellowship is retained by a certain firm of lawyers, and distributed annually among a small band of once confiding persons, who have with one accord removed their confidence from Mr. Alderney Codd. He is the only member of the family who retains a kindly regard for that dubious sheep of the flock, Stephen. Perhaps in some respects their tastes are similar; certainly the honest Alderney is happier at the bar or smoking-room of the Birch-tree Tavern than in a lady's drawing-room; and the time has gone by when female beauty, save when exhibited behind that bar, might have drawn him by a single hair.

The young people are waltzing; the young fellow called Gilbert Yorke—a well-set-up handsome lad of three-and-twenty—is dancing with Alison. They can both dance; that is to say, their waltzing is smooth, cadenced, and regular; they dance as if the music made them. Alison's eyes are sparkling with pleasure; Gilbert, it must be owned, wears upon his face the expression of solemnity thought becoming to the occasion by all Englishmen who dance, even by those who dance well.

"Time was, Stephen," said Alderney Codd, "when you and I liked these vanities."

"I suppose," grumbled Stephen, "that we

have been as great fools as these boys in our time."

"*Eheu, Postume!*" said Alderney. It was one of his peculiarities to lug in well-worn quotations from the Latin, in order to illustrate his connection with the university. "I wish that time would come again."

"You were ignorant of whisky in those days, Alderney," returned the other.

Alderney was silent, and presently, giving reins to his imagination, entered into a lively conversation with Mrs. Cridland on the responsibilities of wealth. In this atmosphere of solid and substantial prosperity he easily fancied himself to be also born in the purple, and assumed, in spite of his frayed wristbands, the burden and sadness belonging to great riches.

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constant arrival of new fellows, as clever and as brave as ourselves. But the new-comers would naturally be attracted by the older—I mean the more experienced—of the ladies; while the advanced *juvenes*, those whose years were approaching ninety, would naturally fall victims to the fresh young maidens. What a world!

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fireplace, and immediately became grave of aspect. Alderney Codd, who had as much ear for music as the mock-turtle, assumed for his own part a grave and critical air.

Then the singers ranged themselves about the piano—there were a dozen in all—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass; the oldest of them was not three-and-twenty; not one of the girls was so aged as that; and, as they held their music before them, and the light fell upon their fresh young faces, grave and earnest, they looked like a row of angels painted by Blake.

Then they began Barnby's glee, "Sleep, my Pretty One, sleep."

Mr. Hamblin was standing close to the piano facing the choir. While they were singing a card was brought him. Alison noticed that as he read the name his face became suddenly pallid, and he dropped the card.

"Show the lady into the study," he said.

When the glee was finished, Alison picked up the card lying at her feet. On it was the name of "Miss Rachel Nethersole, Olivet Lodge."

Who was Rachel Nethersole? Where was Olivet Lodge? She put the card upon the piano, and with a little uneasiness began to talk about what they should sing next.

CHAPTER III.

MISS NETHERSOLE.

THE visitor was a tall, bony woman between fifty and sixty. She was dressed in black, with a thin shawl which seemed to defy the weather; she carried over her arm a black wrapper of some soft stuff. She wore black-cloth gloves, and had with her a small bag.

When the footman invited her to enter the study, she snorted at him uncomfortably, and looked round her with a sort of contempt or defiance.

The study lights had been lowered; the man turned them up. A bright wood fire, with three great logs, was burning on the hearth, and threw a ruddy light over the dark old furniture. On either side stood a long and deep easy-chair; the walls were lined with books; heavy curtains hung before the windows; there were portfolios of engravings or water-colors on stands, a large cigar-box stood on a table near the right-hand chair; magazines and papers lay about. It was the study of a man who, in a desultory and rather dilettant fashion, turned over many pages, taking interest in many subjects, making himself master of none, yet able to follow, in some way, progress in all.

The servant invited the strange visitor to take a chair.

"No, I shall not sit down," she replied, in a hoarse and ill-boding voice, "in this house. I shall stand until Mr. Hamblin has heard what I have to tell him. He may sit, take his ease in low chairs, and comfort his soul with extravagant wood fires at a shilling a log, if he can."

The man felt that it would be bad manners to attempt any reply to so extraordinary a statement. He therefore stepped softly out of the study, and communicated to the below-stairs department the strange fact that there was an ugly customer up stairs, and that a shindy—nature and cause of the row unknown—was presumably imminent.

Had Mr. Hamblin been a notorious evil-liver, as the Prayer-book hath it, or had he been a hard man or a harsh master, there would have been no surprise, but rather the rapturous joy with which one human soul generally regards the discomfiture of another. But, for such a man, such a visitor! It was wonderful.

"Dressed in rusty black," said Charles, describing the lady, "with a shawl over her arm, and a white collar on. As for her face, it's like a door-scraper."

Being reminded that the comparison was vague, conveyed no accurate idea of the lady, and verged on poetry, he tried to make himself clearer.

"Which I mean that she's got thin lips set close together, and eyes which would turn your creams sour, cook. As for her voice—well, I shouldn't wonder if the beer didn't suffer by it. We must taste it very careful to-night."

The description was not of the exact kind which unimaginative hearers require. Yet there was the merit of truth in it. Miss Nethersole was certainly gaunt, elderly, straight, and, as Charles the footman rightly stated, possessed of thin lips, which she clasped tightly together, as if afraid that words of benevolent weakness might inadvertently drop out. Her face was long, thin, and oval; her eyes were severe, an effect produced partly by the fact that her thoughts, at the moment, were full of bitterness, and partly by their steel-gray coldness.

When she was left alone she trembled and shook.

"Give me strength," she murmured, in mental prayer. "It seems cruel; and yet, for my dead sister's sake—I am but an Instrument. The arm of the Lord is stretched forth to punish the unrighteous. Slow are his judgments, but they are sure."

Five minutes passed away; then the door opened, and the man whom she sought stood before her; not with the easy, happy careless-

have been as great fools as these boys in our time."

"*Eheu, Postume!*" said Alderney. It was one of his peculiarities to lug in well-worn quotations from the Latin, in order to illustrate his connection with the university. "I wish that time would come again."

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Five minutes passed away; then the door opened, and the man whom she sought stood before her; not with the easy, happy careless-

ness with which, at peace with all the world, and fearing nothing, he had been watching the dancers. Now he wore an anxious, even a frightened, look. He shut the door closely behind him, and advanced timidly, extending a hand.

"Miss Nethersole," he said, speaking in a sort of whisper, "what do you want with me, after these twenty years?"

She refused his hand with a gesture.

"Anthony Hamblin," she said, setting her lips hard and firm, "let me look at you well. Ay, the world has gone smoothly with you! No unhappiness, no care, no repentance. 'Their eyes swell out with fatness.'" This with an upturned glance, as if she was acknowledging the handiwork of Providence. "You have sat at home among your garnered fruit and corn, amid your barns, saying unto your soul, 'Be merry.' With such as you it is often so permitted by heavenly wisdom. But only for a time—only for a brief space."

"Have you come out on this cold winter's night, Miss Nethersole, to quote Scripture to me? At least I see that the old fashion of speech survives." He spoke lightly, but he watched her face with an apprehensive look.

"I have not come out to waste the words of Holy Writ upon scoffers, of whom you, I perceive, are still one, as of old. Not at all." She opened and closed her thin lips with a snap. "I come here, Anthony Hamblin, as the Instrument of vengeance; long deferred, but sure."

"Vengeance, vengeance!" muttered the man impatiently. "What do you mean by vengeance?"

"Let me recall the past."

"Let, rather, the dead past be forgotten," he interrupted. "Do you think it pleases me to revive the memory of the—the events connected with our acquaintance?"

"I presume not. Even the most hardened criminal must sometimes shudder when he looks back and reckons up, one by one, the many downward steps in his guilty career."

"Then," said Mr. Hamblin, sinking into his easy-chair, "as recalling the past is likely to be a long business, you may as well sit down and have it out in comfort. Pray take that chair opposite to me. It is late, and it is cold. Can I offer you anything?"

"I neither sit, nor break bread, in this house of sin," said Miss Nethersole solemnly. "I am here for a purpose. That dispatched, I go as I came."

Mr. Hamblin made no reply, but sat nursing his leg. Certainly he had little of the look of a sinner about him, except that touch of anxiety which wrinkled his ample forehead. The warm

light of the fire fell upon his healthy and ruddy features, seeming to soften them still more, and to heighten the expression which was certainly exactly the opposite of that which we generally attribute to the habitual criminal. The popular idea of this monster is, that he wears perpetually a grim look, made up of despair, determination, and gloom. The actual fact, generalized by myself from observation of a good many heads seen and studied about Short's buildings, Endell Street, is, that he has a retreating forehead, which means low intelligence; tremulous lips, which mean much bad drink; a twitching cheek, which means much bad tobacco; and a general expression of cretinism.

"Twenty years ago," she began—he sighed—"there came to a quiet little town, called Newbury, two brothers—"

"We know exactly what happened twenty years ago, you and I," he said. "Let us pass over the preamble—I will take it as read—and come to the present. Why are you here? what do you threaten? what do you want of me? and what does it all mean?"

"Two brothers," she went on relentlessly, as if unwilling to spare him one detail, "one of them, some eight years older than the other, was about thirty-two or -three. That one was you. The other, with whom I am not concerned—"

"The devil!" said Mr. Hamblin, sitting bolt upright and staring her in the face. It was noticeable that the look of apprehension changed at these words to bewilderment.

"Not concerned," she repeated, with an upward glance, as if she appreciated the interjection in all its sinfulness. "The younger brother, I say, named Stephen, a wretched boy who smoked tobacco and drank beer, was about four-and-twenty. They were out together for some sort of godless holiday."

"In the name of Heaven, Miss Nethersole, why godless? We were on a fishing tour."

"They staid in our town, they said, whatever was the truth, because there was fishing. Every day they pretended to go fishing, though I never heard that they caught any fish; and the sequel showed that they were fishers of souls, not of trout, and employed in the service of the devil, their master."

Mr. Hamblin uncrossed his legs, and lay back stroking his beard. He looked less anxious now, and rather amused, as if the narrative was not likely to concern him personally.

"They made the acquaintance while at Newbury"—she really was getting slower than ever—"of two maiden ladies, one of whom—"

"Was yourself, the elder of the two; the other was your sister, who was two-and-twenty years of age, pretty, attractive, and sweet. It is

not for me to interrupt you by drawing comparisons between her and her sister."

This was rude, but Mr. Hamblin was getting vexed. She only bowed, and went on:

"The younger was what the world—regardful only of the outward seeming—called pretty." Mr. Hamblin bowed and waved his hand, as if he had already made that sufficiently plain. "She was also, to outward seeming, a consistent Walker." Mr. Hamblin smiled. "She was, in reality, though her friends knew it not, singularly open to temptation, and easily led astray by the vanities, riches, and earthly loves of this sinful world—"

"Poor child!" sighed Anthony Hamblin; "she was, indeed."

Miss Nethersole looked at him in some astonishment, mingled with regret. Hardness of heart she could face—in fact, she expected it—with unrepentant scoffs; but a contrite spirit might disarm her and rob her of revenge. She went on doubtfully, holding herself more upright:

"These two brothers, in some way or other, made the acquaintance of the ladies, and were permitted to call. They came again; they came frequently: soon there was not a day when they did not come to the house. They were received as gentlemen, not as wild wolves, observe."

"They were," said Mr. Hamblin gently. His sympathetic face had grown sad, and his deep eyes gazed upon his visitor with a melancholy which had nothing of the scoffing spirit in it.

"In the end," said Miss Nethersole, "one of the brothers fell in love with the girl."

"Perhaps both, Miss Nethersole; perhaps both of the men loved that sweetest of tender and innocent country flowers."

"Both, if you please," said Miss Nethersole. "The elder sought an interview with me"—dropping into the first person—"and stated his case."

"Clumsily," said Anthony; "so that you believed I was making love to you. When you found out your mistake, you took your"—revenge, he was going to say, but he altered the word—"your own course."

"I replied," said Miss Nethersole, "that there could be no marriage of my sister with the worldly, and I requested that our acquaintance should cease. It did cease. The brothers called at the house no more. I do not disguise the fact that for several days there were tears, temper, and reproaches to put up with. I hope I bore these with a Christian spirit. In a short time they suddenly ceased, and I trusted that any light affection which might have been awakened had vanished already. I supposed, erroneously, that the young men had left the town. They were, however, still fishing—for souls. A week after my

interview with you, both you and your brother left the town on the same day; and on that day my sister, on the pretense of visiting an aunt at Hungerford, left my house. No one knows better than you at whose invitation she went away, and why she never came back."

"I certainly do know," said Mr. Hamblin gravely. "And since we both know the facts, why repeat them? We can not undo the past."

"She wrote to me," Miss Nethersole went on stolidly, "after her departure. She said that she was happy with her husband. She sent me her address, and begged my forgiveness. To all her letters I returned but one answer. I told her that she might draw upon me on the first of every January for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds; that, I said, was all that I would do for her. It was, in fact, all that I could afford to do. I never inquired if her husband was rich or poor. I never wished to hear about her affairs again. I promised her my prayers, and I let her go."

"You were then, as you are now, a cruel and unfeeling woman," said Mr. Hamblin sharply.

Miss Nethersole enjoyed the momentary triumph of having roused her victim to wrath.

"Then I heard no more from her. For eight years, however, I continued to receive the draft for a hundred and fifty pounds, and to honor it."

Mr. Hamblin started in his chair and sat bolt upright.

"For how long?" he cried.

"For eight years. Ah, you know now why I am here!"

"For eight years!" he repeated, as if incredulous.

"You pretend astonishment? That is because you have been found out. Surely I am but an Instrument. The judgments are slow, but they are very sure."

Mr. Hamblin sank back in his chair and grasped the arms as if he wanted physical as well as moral support. "Eight years!" he gasped.

"You know what it means. Come, Mr. Hamblin, have the courage to tell me what that means."

"It means," he said, with white lips—"it means—forgery."

"Forgery," she repeated, with manifest enjoyment. "That is exactly what it means. I kept all those drafts, never thinking what might happen. When the ninth first of January came and brought no draft, I knew that my sister was dead. I had the blinds down and went into mourning. But last week I made a discovery. I found out that my sister had been dead six years before the last of those drafts were sent me."

Mr. Hamblin was silent.

"I made more than one discovery," she continued. "I learned from a safe and trustworthy source that the man, her husband, behaved to her with brutal unkindness. It was his systematic neglect, his cruelty, which hurried her, poor and frail, unfit to die, into her grave. She left behind her a kind of journal, which my informant brought to me. I have a copy here for your own private reading. You will have so little time for reading that I advise you to read it at once—to-night."

She opened her bag and took from it a roll of paper tied round with black ribbon.

"This is a document," she said grimly, "which will revive many memories for you. It will perhaps serve," she added, "to inspire you with penitential thoughts while you are enduring your punishment."

"My punishment?" He looked up as he took the papers with a mild surprise.

"Your punishment," she repeated firmly. "The papers belong to the past, the punishment belongs to the future. All punishment does. The whole unending future to you, if you do not repent, and to the greater part of mankind, will most certainly be one long wail of despair as you suffer your punishment. But, having regard to the immediate future, I have prepared the facts with such care as my poor abilities have enabled me to bestow upon them. My lawyer—a most able and skillful lawyer, well acquainted with every point of the criminal law—has got the papers in his hands, and will next Monday—not tomorrow, because I wish you to have two clear days for repentance—apply for a warrant for your arrest on a charge of forgery. You will be charged with six distinct forgeries, each for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. The forged drafts will be presented in evidence; it will be proved that the signature in each is an imitation of my deceased sister's writing. It will be proved that her death took place two years after her marriage. Portions of the journal, the evidence of the dead wife against her husband, will be read, to show that the prisoner in the dock—the wretched prisoner in the shameful dock"—she repeated this very slowly, so as to bring out and enjoy the full flavor of the words—"was as cruel as he was unscrupulous."

She paused, while Mr. Hamblin regarded her with troubled bewilderment. "Before taking these steps," the woman went on, "I made inquiries about you. I learned who and what you are—a rich merchant, respected by your friends, successful in the world, living an outwardly respectable life, with ties and connections in your home. I gathered from my cautious inquiries that such a charge against such a man would

create the greatest astonishment. The higher the place, the greater the fall."

"This is like a horrible dream," said Mr. Hamblin, pulling himself together. "How am I to answer this woman?"

"You need not trouble about an answer to me," she replied. "I want no answer. The sight of you, after many years, is enough for me."

"A cruel and revengeful woman this," said Mr. Hamblin, for the second time.

"I see you—your sin found out and brought home to you—cowering in despair before me. Is not that answer enough? Think of the days, twenty years ago, when, in your insolent way, you laughed at the woman whom you had lured on to betray weakness—"

"Indeed I did not laugh at you. I was anxious, it is true, to let you understand clearly that I had never the least intention of making love to you."

She shook her head. "It is too late now," she said. "All is arranged. You have a little time before you in which you may pass over in mental review the things you have done, the things you have enjoyed, and the things you are going to endure. You have a few hours in which to say farewell to your life of ease and luxury, farewell to honor, farewell to friendship. Think of what you have before you: years in a convict prison; years in convict garb, on convict's fare, doing convict's work. And when you come out again, not a man in all the world to take you by the hand and call you friend! Do you tremble?"

He certainly did not. His face was pained, but not terrified. His look was troubled, but not with fear.

"Why should I tremble?" he asked, smiling. "You believe that your case has no flaw."

"Flaw!" she cried quickly. "What flaw can it have, when I tell you that I have spent weeks in following it up, step by step, writing it out, getting my documents in order? Why, man, to gain more time I have even abstained from the week-day services in the chapel!"

"Really!" he murmured, smiling. "Such devotion—"

"Miserable man!" She drew herself erect, and shook her finger with extended arm—an attitude worthy of Rachel. "Miserable man! You are trembling on the verge of dishonor and shame! A prison's doors are opening to you! And you dare to scoff and sneer! I will have no mercy on you, because of my sister, whom you wiled away from me; because of the cruelty which killed her; because of the forgery of these drafts—you and no other! O hypocrite!"

She did not finish the sentence begun so well. Her wrath overpowered her.

"Come," he said; "I am wrong to take that

tone with you. You are right to be angry; you are not right in one or two other points. There are things—shall I call them extenuating circumstances? No, they are facts of which you are ignorant, which make it most important that this matter should proceed no further."

"Facts, indeed! What facts other than those I know? As if they were not sufficient!"

"They are sufficient in themselves; but there are other things. I will tell you what they are, if—"

"If what?"—because he hesitated.

"If you will destroy those—those forged drafts first. Miss Nethersole, I implore you to pause before you proceed in a case which on your side is and can be nothing else than pure revenge. Believe me, it is a revenge which will recoil on your own head—your own, mind—in a way of which you know and suspect nothing. Destroy those forgeries, and I will tell you all."

She stared at him, taken altogether aback by an appeal which contained a threat. Was there anything she had overlooked? No, there could be nothing. It was a miserable subterfuge to deceive her and stay further proceedings. She set her lips firm, and answered nothing.

"It is for others' sake, Miss Nethersole, that I plead. Destroy those papers. Do not confound human revenge with divine justice."

"I am the Instrument," she repeated, hard and stern. "I will pursue this matter to your ruin or your death. I am appointed to this work."

"Will nothing move you?" he asked. "Will no assurances be believed? Miss Nethersole, I swear to you, by all that I hold most sacred, that if you take this case before a court of law you will repent, and go in mourning all the days of your life."

"I have no choice," she said coldly. "As the Instrument, I do not move—I am moved."

"I give you till to-morrow morning to think about it," said the man. "If I do not hear to-morrow morning that you have abandoned your purpose, I, too, must take my steps; and I ven-

ture to promise that you will never recover the surprise of those steps, and that you will rue the day so long as you live."

"My purpose is decided," she said. "The way before me is very clear. What may follow after, it is not for me, a blind mortal, to inquire. I follow up this forgery to your ruin or your death."

"To my ruin or my death," he repeated, rising from his chair. "So be it. You have, I believe, told me all you came to tell?"

"I have."

"In that case, Miss Nethersole, our interview may be concluded."

"When next I see you, Anthony Hamblin," she said, drawing on her glove, and shutting up her black bag with a snap, "you will be in the dock as a prisoner. I shall be in the witness-box giving evidence."

He shook his head, and laughed. Yes; the man actually laughed, to her unbounded indignation and astonishment.

"Your revengeful spirit," he said, "will not have that satisfaction. Allow me to wish you good night."

He opened the door. As she stood for a moment in the hall, adjusting her shawl, the voices of the young singers in the drawing-room broke out fresh and clear—

Ring out the false, ring in the true!"

"Some of those are your children, perhaps," she said, with a malignant smile. "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. My sister's wrong shall be upon you and yours like a scourge of scorpions."

She stepped out, and left him standing at the open doorway. The cold wind beat furiously upon his bare head, driving the frozen snow upon his face and great brown beard. He took no heed for a while. When he shut the door his eyes were swollen with an unwonted tear.

"Poor Alison!" he sighed. "Poor child! Must she, then, learn all?"

(To be continued.)

APPLES: A COMEDY.

It is spring-time in Rome, and one of the first hot days. In the veiled light of his studio CLAUD HUNTLEY is painting LADY ROEDALE'S picture. He likes to talk as he works.

Claud. Then why did you offer to sit to me?

Lady Roedale. Why? Why? It's too hot to give reasons. Perhaps because your studio is the coolest place in Rome. Or shall I merely say that I sit to you because I choose?

C. That's better. You always did what you wished. And now you are free. You delight in your liberty.

Lady R. "Delight" is a strong word. It is suggestive of violent emotion. I detest violence.

C. You say with Hamlet, "Man delights me not."

Lady R. I say nothing with Hamlet. Heaven defend me from such presumption! and, besides, Hamlet was a bore, and thought too much of himself.

C. Heaven defend you from presumption! But any way you agree. You don't like man, and you do like liberty?

Lady R. I prefer liberty of the two. A widow can do what she pleases, and—and this is far better—she need not do anything which bores her.

C. Ah, there you are wrong! Your liberty is a sham. You are bound by a thousand silk threads of society. Your conduct is modified by the criticism of a dozen tea-tables. Trippet takes your cup, and sees that your eyes are red. By the way, they are red—

Lady R. Thank you. If I am looking frightful, I had better finish this sitting.

C. Your eyes are red; off runs Trippet with the news. Lady Roedale has been crying. Why? Why, of course, because the Marchese has left Rome—says Trippet.

Lady R. Does he? Trippet is odious, and so is the Marchese, a Narcissus stuffed and dyed, who has been in love with himself for seventy years. You are all insufferable, all you men.

C. I beg your pardon.

Lady R. Oh, don't! If you were not so delightfully rude, I should go to sleep. I used to have a snappish little dog, such a dear, that barked when I dozed. He was very good for me, but he died.

C. And when I die, I should recommend a parrot.

Lady R. A parrot! A very good idea. A parrot to say, "Wake up, my lady." Will you get him for me?

C. I shall be dead. He is to replace me, you know.

Lady R. No; I shouldn't like that. I like you best, after all.

C. That is very kind of you. I believe you do like me, when you remember my existence.

Lady R. You wouldn't have me think of you all day. A man always about is insufferable.

C. Everything is insufferable or odious to-day.

Lady R. Do you think so?

C. I mean that you think so.

Lady R. How can you know what I think? I am sure I don't know what I think. It is so hot. I ought not to have sat to-day, but after all, as I said, your studio is the coolest place in Rome.

C. My room is better than my company.

Lady R. I hate jokes in hot weather. They remind me of "Laughter holding both his sides," and "tables in a roar," and all sorts of violent things.

C. It's no good. I can't get on. You look so lazy and indifferent. I hate that expression.

Lady R. I am sorry that my appearance is repulsive.

C. I wish it were. But no matter. We were saying—what were we saying? Oh, I remember. You were saying that you could not bear to have a man always about the house.

Lady R. I have been married.

C. How can you bear to talk of that?

Lady R. I don't know. (*She yawns and stretches out her arms lazily.*) I am free now.

C. Are you so in love with freedom?

Lady R. In love! I don't like the expression. "In love" is a vile phrase.

C. And you think yourself free. Did not I tell you that you can't move hand or foot without being talked about; that you can't buy a bonnet without being married to some fool; that you can't pass a club window without setting flippant tongues wagging, nor stay at home without tea-drinking dowagers finding the reason? Didn't I tell you—

Lady R. Yes, you did.

C. I wish I had the right to stop their tongues.

Lady R. You are a very old friend.

C. That's not enough.

Lady R. How hot it is!

C. Very. Will you be so kind as to turn your head a little more to the left?

Lady R. Oh, dear, how cross you are, and you ought to be so happy! You are not like me. You have something to do. You can stand all day and smudge on color.

C. A nice occupation—smudging on color.

Lady R. One can't select one's words in hot weather. I wish I could smudge.

C. You can sit for pictures.

Lady R. A fine occupation—to be perched on a platform, with a stiff neck and a cross painter, a Heine without poetry. I believe that you are only painting my gown. I shall stay at home to-morrow, and send my gown.

C. Your gown will be less cruel. (*He puts down his painting tools.*) Why do you play with me like this?

Lady R. Play? I was not aware I was doing anything so amusing.

C. It must end some day.

Lady R. Everything ends—even the hot weather.

C. Clara!

Lady R. Now, please don't quarrel. We have always been good friends, you and I.

C. Friends! Yes.

Lady R. Do let well alone.

C. Very well. As you please. The head a little more up. Thanks. (*He takes up his painting tools.*) You don't look well.

Lady R. I am sorry that I look ugly.

C. You don't look ugly. How irritating you are!

Lady R. I am sorry that I am so disagreeable.

C. Oh, I shall spoil this picture. Perhaps it will be more like the original.

Lady R. Spoiled! O Claud! I do wish you wouldn't be funny till the weather is cooler. It's almost vulgar. Besides, I am not spoiled, not in the least. I am generally slighted. No woman was ever so neglected. I am not fast enough to be a success. But to be fast in this heat! Oh, dear me! it's tiresome enough to be slow.

C. I am glad that you are no faster—not that it is any business of mine, as you were about to say. The chin a little more up. Thank you.

Lady R. How kind of you to talk for me! It saves me so much trouble. Go on: say what else I am about to say. You amuse me.

C. I am glad to do what I can for you. I will talk for you, walk for you, fetch and carry for you, live for you, die for you, and so—

Lady R. Mock! Heine!

C. "Without the poetry"! As you please. Take it as mockery.

Lady R. All romance is mockery. Romance is as much out of date as good manners.

C. Was I rude again? I beg your pardon.

Lady R. Only fashionably uncivil. It's quite the thing. The best men talk of women as if they were horses.

C. And women treat men as if they were donkeys.

Lady R. Oh dear me, how quick you are! I wish I was a jolly good fellow, with the last clown-gag, "You'll get yourself disliked, my boy," or "Sportsman." How popular I should be! But I can't do it naturally. I am not to the manner born. I am *bourgeoise*. Good heavens! Perhaps I am genteel.

C. I thought I was to do your talking for you. As if any woman could be silent for ten minutes!

Lady R. Do you think I wish to talk? I am not equal to the exertion. Time me, then. I won't speak a word for ten—no, for five minutes.

C. Keep your head up, please. Thank you.

Lady R. "How are you to-morrow?" I never could see the humor of that.

C. Just half a minute.

Lady R. Don't be ridiculous. Ah me! I shall never be a success.

C. A success! What do you want—to be stared at by every booby at the opera, to have a dozen fools smiling and looking conscious when your name is mentioned, to hear your sayings repeated, and lies told about you, and your gowns described, and your movements chronicled?

Lady R. It is my dream.

C. All women are alike—all women, except one, perhaps.

Lady R. "Except one?" Who? who? O Claud, do tell me!

C. That's better. Now you look awake. Keep that expression. Ah! now you've lost it again.

Lady R. You horrid man, tell me at once. Who is it? O Claud, do tell me, please!

C. It's nothing. I spoke without thinking.

Lady R. Then you meant what you said. I don't care for things which men say after thinking. Then they deceive us, poor simple women that we are!

C. Simple! There was never a simple woman since Eve. The best women manage us for our good—the worst for our ill. The ends are different, but the means the same.

Lady R. Was the one woman—the exceptional woman—the paragon—was she not simple?

C. On my soul I think so. *She* was not bent on success—success in society. Yes, she was simple.

Lady R. So is bread and butter.

C. And she was clever too. The innocence of a child and the wit of a woman, with a sweet,

wholesome humor—not a compound of sham epigram and rude repartee.

Lady R. I know, I know. A man's woman! a man's woman! With a pet lamb frisking before her, and an adoring mastiff at her heels; childlike gayety in her step and frolic fun; a gown of crisp white muslin; an innocent sash; the hair plain, quite plain; and the nose a little reddened by cold water. Oh, how I should like to see her!

C. You are not likely to be gratified. She is buried, as you would say, in the country.

Lady R. Do the Tyrrels never leave Limeshire?

C. The Tyrrels! How do you know? Why should you think I was talking of them? Have they a daughter?

Lady R. Have they a daughter! When men try diplomacy, how they overdo it! Have they a daughter! Claud, Claud, how strange that you should not know that the Tyrrels have a daughter, when you spent a whole summer at the Tyrrels' place, from the very beginning of May to the very end of September, and the girl was at home during the whole of your visit!

C. How do you know that?

Lady R. Do you think that there is one of your numerous lady friends who does not know the history of all your love affairs?

C. Perhaps you will favor me with this history. It will probably be entirely new to me.

Lady R. I will try. But it is hard to remember in this hot weather. Now attend. The scene is laid at Lindenhurst, an ancient house in Limeshire. There dwell the living representatives of the family of Tyrrel, older than the house; and thither came in early spring a painter bent on sketching—a sort of Lord of Burleigh, a Heinrich Heine, a man not too young, a—who was the man who had seen many cities and things?

C. Odysseus. Ulysses.

Lady R. And who was the girl who played ball—the *ingénue*?

C. That Nausicaa should be called an *ingénue*!

Lady R. Ulysses, who had been in many societies and seen all sorts of people, was rather tired of it all, and growing a little snappish and cross. So he sketched because he had nothing better to do, and he looked at Nausicaa for the same reason; and so by degrees he found himself soothed and refreshed by the girl's artlessness, or apparent artlessness.

C. Apparent!

Lady R. She was such a contrast to the weary women of the world. She was so ingenuous, oh, so ingenuous! When he went to sketch, she went with him as a matter of course; and she showed him her favorite bits; and he made

a thousand pretty pictures of cows and pigs and dandelions, and, above all, of the old orchard, full of apple-trees. He developed a passion for painting apple-trees in every stage, from blossom to fruit. And the country seemed very countryfied, and the green refreshingly green, and the cows nice and milky, and the pigs unconventional, and the dandelions a great deal finer than camellias, and everything lazy and industrious and delightful. And so the jaded man was very much pleased by the novelty.

C. A very pretty story. Pray go on. Your expression is almost animated, and this picture is coming a little better.

Lady R. Then came the reaction.

C. That's not so lively. Don't change if you can help it.

Lady R. The novelty ceased to be a novelty. Old Tyrrel grew grumpy. Mamma had always thought the child might do better if she had a season in London. And then my Lord Ulysses got disgusted, and the curtain fell, and so the idyl ended. There, I have told you how the country miss set her rustic cap at the man of the world, and set it in vain.

C. She was utterly incapable of setting her cap at anybody.

Lady R. Who? Miss Lottie—Tottie—Nelly—Milly—What's-her-name?

C. Betty—Miss Tyrrel.

Lady R. Then I have succeeded in recalling her to your mind? The Tyrrels *have* a daughter.

C. Go on, if it amuses you.

Lady R. It does amuse me a little. Now it is for you to take up the story. Why did you go away and leave this Arcadia and Miss Nausicaa?

C. Because I was afraid of loving her. That is the truth, since you will know it. And now let us drop it. It is as much a thing of the past as the Pyramids. I want to talk of the present—of you, Clara, if I may.

Lady R. Things of the past are so seldom past. The Pyramids are about still. I must know why you were afraid of loving this girl.

C. What is the use of talking about that?

Lady R. It's as bad as suppressing the third volume of one's novel. If you don't tell me I shall go away.

C. Why should I mind telling you? It's a tale of the dark ages long ago. Keep your head a little more to the left.

Lady R. But I want to look at you.

C. Deny yourself that pleasure if you can. Thanks.

Lady R. Well? Go on, do.

C. A nice fellow I was to win the love of a young girl.

Lady R. Why? You are not worse than most men.

C. Will you kindly keep your head turned to the left? Thanks. There was a girl with all the world about her sweet and bright and young, and a woman's life before her with promise of all good. There was I, a man who had outlived my illusions—who had found the world dusty, chokingly dusty. The apples were dust in my mouth. I had tried most things, and failed in most things. My art was of less importance than my dinner. I could still dine, though I didn't eat fruit in the evening. Bah! The apples turned to dust between my teeth. Why should I link a young creature, fresh as a June rose, to a dry stick?

Lady R. They train roses so sometimes.

C. Misleading metaphor! I came away. It's all over, all well over, long ago. Why you insist on raking up this foolish matter, I can't imagine. Yes, I can. It is to turn the conversation. You know quite well what I wish to say to you, what I have made up my mind to say to you. We have known each other for a long time, Clara: we have always been friends; we have both outlived some illusions: I think we should get on well together. Clara, consult your own happiness and mine. What do you think?

Lady R. May I look round now?

C. Do be serious. Don't be provoking.

Lady R. And you think that two dry sticks supporting each other is a more engaging spectacle than a rose trained on a prop?

C. Enough of tropes. I deserve a plain answer.

Lady R. Don't people strike sparks by rubbing two sticks together?

C. What are you talking about?

Lady R. How the sparks would fly! I suppose that I ought to be very grateful, Claud. I am not quite sure. It's not a magnificent offer. A banquet of lost illusions and Dead Sea fruit. What a pleasant household! "This is my husband, a gentleman who has outlived his illusions." "Permit me to present you to my wife, a lady who has everything but a heart." Will you have an apple? We import them ourselves fresh from the Dead Sea. Fresh!

C. I wonder you don't find the weather too hot for comedy.

Lady R. Do you call that comedy? It seems to me dreary enough.

C. The thought of joining your lot to mine?

Lady R. My lot! I never was dignified by such a possession. I go on by chance, and so do you. We have run along very pleasantly side by side. Hadn't we better leave it like that? If we were linked together, which of us would go in front?

C. You've the most provoking passion for metaphor.

Lady R. And you are sure that you have quite got over your admiration for Miss Tyrrel?

C. Don't talk of that. I tell you it is as much over as youth. I shall never see her again.

Lady R. You think not?

C. I am sure. The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

Lady R. What should you say if I told you that they were in Rome, let us say at the hotel opposite?

C. I should say that you were romancing. If I believed you I should leave Rome to-day.

Lady R. Then don't believe me. Couldn't you get me some ice?

C. I am afraid that my man is out.

Lady R. You said that you would fetch and carry for me.

C. Oh, you want to be rid of me! Very well, I'll go. I don't mind appearances.

Lady R. Why should you? Don't be long.

C. You mean it? Oh, very well, I'll go.

Lady R. *Au revoir!*

(*Hereupon CLAUD goes out and leaves LADY ROEDALE alone.*)

Lady R. She is in Rome, nevertheless, Mr. Claud, this Miss Betty of the apple-orchard. Shall I tell him, or shall I not? I am so sleepy that I can't decide on anything. Do I want to take Mr. Huntley? Ugh! I don't know. I am too sleepy to think. How tiresome men are! Why won't they stay good friends instead of turning into bad lovers? The age of lovers is past. Love is impossible in so enlightened a generation. I am bored and he is bored. We shall be twice as bored together. That's mathematics, or logic, or something. Now I dare say that Claud thinks I have sent him away that I may consider his proposal. As if it wasn't much too hot to consider anything. It would be easier to take him than to think about it. Dear old Claud! I am sure he pictures me at this moment striding up and down, twisting my handkerchief like the woman in the play, and muttering: "O Claud, Claud, why distract me thus? O cruel man, will you not leave me at peace?" Shall I say Yes or No? What would he say if he met Miss Betty? What would she say? I am very sleepy—very, very sleepy. He pictures me in an awful state of excitement and agitation. What must be, must. Apples turn to dust—cottage and crust. I'll let things drift. It doesn't matter much, not much. O Claud! O cruel man! O sleep! I'll take a nap just to spite him.

(*So she falls asleep, screened from the eyes of MISS BETTY TYRREL, who presently comes in, stepping lightly and quickly.*)

Betty. I saw him go out. He's sure not to come back yet. I am so frightened, and it is such fun. What's the good of being in Rome if you

don't do as the Romans do? He must have gone for his daily walk. He can't be back yet. And if he does come, why should I care? I sha'n't be frightened. He always said I was very cool. If he comes in, I shall drop him a courtesy, and say: "How do you do, Mr. Huntley? I said I would look in on you some day, and here I am." And he will make me a bow, and—but probably he won't know me. He'll take me for a tourist lady visiting his studio, and wanting to buy pictures; and I shall say: "Yes, thank you, very nice; put up that, and that; and would you be so kind as to send them down to my carriage? yes, and the little one in the corner too, please." Why, what is it? Yes, it is—it is the old orchard, our orchard, our orchard in May, with all the bright new blossoms, as it was when he— He used to say that it was like the foam of the sea at sunrise. I don't think he ever saw the sun rise. He was awfully lazy. How good of him to keep this near him—the orchard, and a little corner of the dear old house! O blossoms, blossoms, you are there now at home, and I wish I was there too, and had never come out and grown wise and old in this horrid world! It was there that I saw him first, just there. He was following papa through the little gate with the broken hinge, and he bent his head under the blossoms. He looked so tall, and so tired. And yet he hadn't been doing anything. Men are very strange. The less they do, the more tired they are. Why, here's another picture of the orchard. How funny! It must be autumn, for the apples are all ripe. But who is the young man in the funny cap? And who are the three ladies? And why does he sit, when they are standing? I can't make it out. Do they want the apple? If you please, sir, give it to the lady with the shield and spear. That other one is not nice—not nice, I am sure. I don't care much for that picture. Are there any more apple-pictures? No—no. Yes, here's another. Adam and Eve, I think. Yes, here is one great glittering coil of the serpent. I don't like Eve. What a languid, fine-lady Eve! Who's face is this? How handsome! And this? And this one on the easel? Everywhere the same face, handsome, lazy, indifferent. No, no, no, he never would be happy with her. It's Eve's face. Wicked woman! Wicked woman!

Lady R. (waking). Did you call me? Ah, what a sweet air! The day is changed.

B. Oh, I beg your pardon.

Lady R. (drowsily). Are you real, or a dream?

B. I am real. No; I had better say that I am a dream, and melt away.

Lady R. I was just dreaming of you, Miss Tyrrel.

B. Of me? You don't know me. How do you know—? I mean, you called me by some name, I think.

Lady R. Yes, Miss Innocence, I called you "Miss Tyrrel."

B. How can you know?

Lady R. I am a witch, for one thing; and, for another, I saw your picture.

B. Has he got a picture of me?

Lady R. Of course, my dear.

B. And did he show it to you?

Lady R. No; I was looking about for curiosity's sake, and I saw it.

B. You are often here, then? Oh, I beg your pardon. I have no right to question you. But I don't know who you are.

Lady R. I am Lady Roedale; I am a widow; I am sitting for my picture; I am an old friend of Mr. Huntley. Will that do?

B. A friend?

Lady R. A friend, my sweet Simplicity. And you? What brings you here?

B. Me? I—I am an old friend too.

Lady R. An old friend! Not quite old enough, I think.

B. O Lady Roedale, I didn't think. I ought not to have come.

Lady R. It's very pretty and unconventional, my dear. Somebody said that you were so simple, that you didn't know what was conventional and what wasn't.

B. O Lady Roedale, you know—you know that women are not like that.

Lady R. Yes, I know.

B. But I didn't think—I didn't think, or I shouldn't have come. We are living just opposite, and I saw him go out, and all of a sudden I thought what fun it would be to see his studio when he was away, and that I could run back, and he would never know. But if I had only known that you were here, I would have died sooner than come.

Lady R. It is better to live.

B. But you won't tell him? Promise me that you won't tell him. If you will only promise me, I will never come back, I will never see him again—never, never.

Lady R. Don't be rash, my dear. You are safe now. You have run into the arms of a chaperon, a duenna, a gorgon. But if Mr. Huntley is an old friend of yours, why didn't your father and mother come to see him too?

B. Because they are hurt. He went away so suddenly from home, and he never wrote, and they liked him so much, and they thought it unkind; but I know he never meant to be unkind, for he was always kind, and I know that he wouldn't be angry even at my coming here, and—and that's why.

Lady R. That's why, is it?

B. You don't think that I am very bad?

Lady R. My dear, you are much too good. I have no taste for bread and milk and book-muslin. I don't like men's women, but I do like you.

B. Thank you, thank you. Now I see that he has not flattered you, not a bit. I thought at first that he had. He had his heart in his work when he did this.

Lady R. Shall I show you the work in which his heart is?

B. Yes.

(*LADY ROEDALE draws aside a curtain and shows a picture.*)

B. My picture!

Lady R. Yours.

B. Oh, let me go. If he should come and find me here! Oh, let me go, let me go!

Lady R. Too late. I hear him on the stairs.

B. What shall I do?

Lady R. Do as you are bid. Give me your picture, quick! Now go behind the curtain, and be still.

(*She draws the curtain carefully. CLAUD enters, bringing ice.*)

Claud. I bring you ice, and something better. The day is changed. Ah, the air smells wooingly here. See how I fetch and carry! Doesn't this convince you that I—

Lady R. (studying the picture). Yes, it is pretty.

C. Where did you get that?

Lady R. Don't be angry; I won't hurt it.

C. As you please. It's of no value—now.

Lady R. It is much better than mine. Indeed, it has only one fault.

C. Indeed?

Lady R. It is awfully flattered.

C. How can you know, when you never saw the original?

Lady R. Ah, that is very true.

C. Put it down, please. I want to talk to you about—to go back to what we were saying, when—

Lady R. Shall I throw it down here?

C. Take care! What are you doing?

Lady R. I thought you said it was of no value?

C. It isn't. But then we are vain, you know, we artists; we don't like to see our work, even our bad work, destroyed.

Lady R. Then I won't destroy it. I'll improve it.

C. What are you going to do? I don't quite understand. Let me put it away.

Lady R. No, don't touch it. I often think of taking up painting. This is evidently unfinished. Why is it unfinished?

C. I was afraid of spoiling it.

Lady R. Ah! that was when it was of some value; but now—

C. Now it doesn't matter. Let me put it away.

Lady R. I shall finish it myself.

C. You!

Lady R. Any valueless old thing will do to practice my hand on; I am just in the mood. You have painted enough this morning. It's my turn.

C. But, Clara—

Lady R. Come, take my picture off the easel. There! There she is in my place. A change for the better, I think. Stand out of the light. I shall make her lovely.

(*As she begins to arrange the colors on the palette he gets more and more anxious.*)

C. Here, try this. This sketch is much better to work on.

Lady R. Don't bother. I am bent on improving this young woman.

C. That's a very odd color you are getting.

Lady R. What can it matter to you?

C. Clara, what are you at? Stop!

(*He snatches the picture from the easel.*)

Lady R. And the picture is of no value!

C. I beg your pardon, Clara.

Lady R. Valueless, but too valuable for me.

C. Clara, you won't understand.

Lady R. Oh, yes, I will. A mere sketch, and absurdly flattered.

C. Flattered! (*He holds the picture in his hands, perusing it.*) How can you know?

Lady R. It is much prettier than Miss Tyrrel.

C. What do you mean? Well, yes, I believe, if I remember right, that it was taken from Miss Tyrrel.

Lady R. And I believe, if I remember right, that it is twice as pretty as Miss Tyrrell.

C. You have never seen her.

Lady R. Indeed I have.

C. Indeed! Where?

Lady R. Here.

C. In Rome?

Lady R. Here.

C. Here! What do you mean?

Lady R. Here, in this room.

C. Clara, I dare say that this is extremely amusing to you. I don't see the joke myself. I don't see why you should rake up this old story. Yes, I do see. You wish to quarrel, to find an excuse for not answering me, when I ask you—

Lady R. She was here.

C. The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

Lady R. The Tyrrels are in Rome.

C. Is this true? Don't push this joke too far.

Lady R. It is true.

C. Then I must go.

Lady R. Why?

C. Is it true that the Tyrrels are here, in Rome?

Lady R. It is true.

C. I must go, then. Oh, don't imagine anything extraordinary. It is a simple matter. These people were kind to me—kind with a generous hospitality which is rare. I staid and staid in their house until I thought that I should never go, until I feared that— Well, it came to this: Here were people who, in honesty and good faith, had treated me like a king; people who—

Lady R. Don't dilate upon the Tyrrel character just now.

C. What was I doing in return for all their goodness? I found myself trying to win the love of their only child, a girl with no knowledge of the world, who had seen no men to speak of, and who might take me, even me, for a very fine fellow.

Lady R. You were on the way to get what you wanted.

C. I was not a scoundrel. I knew myself: a man who had knocked about the world, a painting vagabond, a social cynic, not worthy to touch her hand or look into her eyes. High-flown, you think; but I was not a scoundrel, and I went away.

Lady R. But now?

C. Now? Well, now, I don't want to have to do the thing again.

Lady R. Then it would be hard to see her again, and go?

C. Yes.

Lady R. You loved her?

C. I suppose so.

Lady R. I always thought that you were not a bad fellow.

C. I am not over-good. I don't wish to open an old wound. That's not extraordinary virtue, is it?

Lady R. And the girl? What of her?

C. By this time she has seen scores of men, in all respects better than me, confound them! She? Why, she—

Lady R. Don't say too much about Miss Betty Tyrrel. Put the picture back, and drop the subject. Put the picture back in its place.

C. Very well. I don't want to bore you.

(So he goes to replace the picture, and draws aside the curtain. There is BETTY TYRREL. Then there is silence in the room for a time.)

Betty. Mr. Huntley, I am very sorry. I did not mean to listen.

C. Miss Tyrrel—Betty—is it you?

B. Oh, forgive me! I did not mean to listen.

C. And it is you indeed?

B. But I did not mean it. Oh, you believe that I did not hide myself here to listen?

C. You!

Lady R. It was my fault.

C. What do you mean?

Lady R. Do attend to me. Miss Tyrrel is my friend. She came to fetch me after my sitting. Finding that the studio belonged to you of all men in the world, she was frightened; and I put her there.

B. Thank you—oh, thank you!—Mr. Huntley, it is so good of her to say that. But I must tell you. We are living just opposite, papa, and mamma, and I; and I saw you go out; and I thought you were going away; and I never stopped to think; and I slipped out by myself; and I did so want to see the place where you worked. I did not stop to think; that was where I was wrong. And I found her here, and I was frightened.

Lady R. Yes, as I told you, she was frightened, and I put her in the corner. Good heavens, Claud! ain't you going to say something? Why do you stand there like a tragedian or a May-pole? O you men!

B. Won't you forgive me?

C. Forgive you! Why? Can you do any wrong? You have heard me say what I never dared to say in the old days. I am glad that you have heard me. You will think more kindly of me some day, when— May I see you safe across the street? Will you say all kind things for me to Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrel?

Lady R. Is the man a fool?

B. You are not angry with me, then?

C. Are you not angry with me for having dared to love you?

B. I never was angry with you, not even when you went away so suddenly.

C. Were you sorry? Oh, take care—take care, child! Don't deceive me or yourself. Were you sorry when I went away?

B. We were all sorry, very sorry.

C. But you—you? You came here: would you stay here—with me? O child, is it possible that you should care for me?

B. Yes.

C. If I had known this!

Lady R. Any one but a man would have known it years ago. (As she looks at CLAUD and BETTY, she begins to smile at her own thoughts.) There were only two in paradise, in the first apple-orchard, unless you count the serpent, and that is a rôle for which I have neither inclination nor capacity. (Exit.)

(And so ends the COMEDY.)

JULIAN STURGIS, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A NIGHT WITH THE SARDINES.

"SARDINA, sardina—sardi-i-i-na frescua-a-a-a!"

"Sardines, sardines—fresh sardines!"

Such was the shrill cry that roused me at dawn on the first morning of my presence in Lequeitio.

Lequeitio is an ancient and not much frequented seaport on the coast of Vizcaya, almost impracticable to the stranger even in fine weather, owing to its numerous outlying rocks, just awash, and utterly unapproachable in half a gale. It is charmingly situated on the inner bend of a small gulf, and is protected from the full force of the Biscayan waves by an island, which stands in the center of the curve forming the miniature bay of golden sand. Legend tells us that in times gone by its mariners and galleys were renowned in the crusading fleets; and there are brasses in the crumbling, cathedral-like church of cross-legged knights, who, weary of smiting the Moor within their own realm of Spain, had sailed from the Vizcaino port to strike the Infidel on Syrian shores. From here, too, were furnished six caravels, with their sailors, bombardiers, and men-at-arms, for service with the Great Armada. More recently, vessels sailed regularly for the Greenland whale-fisheries, but this enterprise has long ceased to exist.

The Basque seamen retain their reputation as being the best in Spain, and I can vouch that the fishermen of Lequeitio are as fine and handy a set of fellows as a skipper need choose from. In their long, undecked, light-built galleys, manned by a patron and fourteen oarsmen, rowing double-banked, when not under sail, they put to sea, sometimes never to return. The bay of Biscay is not the safest cruising ground for fishing craft, and, despite the weather wisdom of old salts, a fleet will creep out in a dead calm, the men pulling sturdily at their long sweeps to make a good offing; at times striving madly, boat against boat, when a shoal of fish is sighted, for the first cast of the net is everything. I have often, from the rocky cliffs, watched the galleys darting from point to point until lost beyond the vapory horizon line; and then, perhaps later on, a narrow dark belt is seen in the northwest, faint and indistinct at first, but coming up, as seamen say, hand over hand. The oily swell that has lazily heaved in the sunlight loses its glassy glimmer, both sky and sea darken, and away, on the verge of sight, white crests are seen beneath the leaden cloud. They are the sea-horses racing madly in,

to dash themselves against the rocky shore, scattering foam to the very summit of the cliff.

My first visit to Lequeitio was in May, 1875, a period when the Carlist war was desolating the north of Spain. I had been following, as correspondent, the movements of the Legitimist forces, and, being weary and worn, had made for Lequeitio in search of renovating sea-breezes and a few days of peace and quiet. The shrill cry of the fishwomen reminded me that I was no longer in the trenches about Valmeseda and Orduna, and that to see the boats come in from their night's work would be worth the rising an hour or two earlier than usual. It may be as well to mention that the fishing, at the time I speak of, was mostly carried on between darkness and daylight, to avoid attracting the attention of the government cruisers, which were in the habit of prowling along the coast; and it frequently happened that they dropped, when least expected, on the unfortunate galleys, making a prize of boat, crew, and fish. As Lequeitio, besides other Vizcaino and Guipuzcaino ports, was in possession of the Carlists, such captures were considered perfectly legitimate, and it sometimes chanced that a galley, trying to escape, would be cut in two by a shot and all hands drowned. So under these circumstances the patrons and men preferred night-work, and generally managed to run in safely with their take at dawn. A very few minutes after hearing the awakening cry of "Sardi-i-i-na frescua-a-a-a!" I was standing on the end of the mole, amid a throng of women and girls, who waited for the boats that were pulling through the gut between the island and mainland.

The men in the leading galley had begun to unship oars, and in the bow, with one bare foot on thwart and the other lightly resting on gunwale, stood a linesman, about to give a cast to the two or three old salts ready to haul in and make fast. Whiz came the spinning coil, and in a second or so the boat was alongside the mole, the bowman still occupying his position, and scanning eagerly the crowd of women. He was a fine, handsome, clean-built fellow, his well-shaped athletic form being seen to advantage in his seaman's dress of red shirt, open at throat and chest, violet-colored waist scarf, white linen trousers rolled to above the knee, showing the bronzed muscular leg, and a blue *boina* or bonnet jauntily poised on side of head.

As luck would have it, the comandante de

armas, or town major, to whom I had delivered a strong letter of introduction on the previous evening, sauntered at this moment down the mole, followed by his orderly carrying a basket. The old gentleman was evidently intent on levying a contribution in kind, and when the patron of the galley caught sight of him he stepped ashore, shook hands with the veteran of previous Carlist struggles, and himself chose at least a couple of hundred of the choicest fish. The comandante then passed the compliments of the day with me, accepted a cigarette, and suggested that I should buy a dozen or two of sardines, and have them cooked for breakfast at the seamen's tavern close by. To this I assented, but on condition that something beyond sardines should form the fare, and that he and the patron of the galley should be my guests.

"Hola, Clementi Orué!" shouted the comandante; "here is a friend of mine, a señor Ingles, who asks us to breakfast with him. What say you? I am willing, and I should think that an appetite is not what you'll be wanting."

"Where, and at what hour?"

"At the tavern of the Widow Martinez at eight."

"I accept, and will send the fish."

I looked upon the advent of the comandante, just at the moment, as very fortunate. I was very desirous of making a night trip in one of the galleys, but hardly seeing how to work the project. Now matters appeared more promising, and I felt pretty certain to pull through before Clementi Orué and I parted.

The comandante then took me to a shed close at hand, to which the women and girls were bearing the catch made by Clementi Orué's and other boats. This was the store of a wholesale buyer, who that morning, thanks to the good supply, was purchasing sardines at the rate of ten reals the thousand, or twopence-halfpenny per hundred. Sometimes, owing to the presence of cruisers or an unusual scarcity of fish, the price would rise to thirty reals the thousand, or sevenpence-halfpenny per hundred; and if many boats went out, and met with a glut, four reals the thousand, or one penny per hundred, was considered a fair remuneration. Men and women were hard at work packing the sardines in baskets shaped something like a nautilus-shell, and holding each five thousand. The fish were placed in layers, separated by leaves and salt, and in this state were to be dispatched on mule-back over the mountains, to supply the interior of Navarra and Alava, and even through the government lines into Castile. Asking what they would be likely to realize in the inland towns, I was told tenpence per hundred at the very least. Thus the buyer who had his outlet was purchasing at

twopence-halfpenny, and even adding an additional twopence-halfpenny for packing expenses and transport, the profit would be fivepence on the hundred, or four shillings and twopence on the thousand; so that if, as I was informed, one hundred thousand would be sent off by this one dealer, he stood to clear twenty pounds, even allowing something for losses. Well, this gave me a tolerable notion of what the buyers were making in a fair season, but I felt more interested as to the gains of the men who risked their lives, and this is the information the comandante gave me: He said that if the patron made for himself, boat and net, two pounds the trip, the return would be considered good, and the crew would be well satisfied with twelve shillings each. Thus, supposing four voyages a week to be made during a good season, giving two days off for repairs of gear, and no serious accident met with, the patron might pocket something like ninety pounds in three months—it being impossible to count on a longer period, owing to weather and various obstacles—and the men possibly twenty-eight pounds. Of course there are the tunny, anchovy, mackerel and other seasons, but it is to be doubted, even with the best of luck, such as being able to put to sea nine months in the year, whether the patron ever gets beyond two hundred and fifty pounds, out of which he has to keep his boat, spars, sails, ropes, and above all his nets, in serviceable condition. Probably the men may realize in a good year eighty pounds. But, as the comandante observed, these calculations were made under the most favorable circumstances; and it was more than likely that, one year with another, neither patron nor crew ever reached these respective amounts.

We found Clementi Orué awaiting us at the tavern, and, if savory odor meant anything, but little appetite would be needed to relish the meal. It is true there was but one common, bare-walled, smoke-incrusted, rafted room, with seamen eating, drinking, and smoking—a hearty, frank set of fellows, who held their glasses toward us as we entered. A side table had been prepared for our party; and, certainly, not even in the best of *fondas* would be found a whiter cloth or napkins, brighter knives, forks, and spoons, or cleaner plates. As to the breakfast, the Widow Martinez had excelled herself, and contentment settled on the faces of the comandante and the patron as the last glass of *chacoli* (a local wine made from Vizcayan grapes) was emptied prior to coffee. Then over the steaming, aromatic beverage, flavored by some genuine Jamaica rum, and under cover of vapory clouds from the soothing cigarette, I made my proposition to Clementi Orué.

"Take you on a trip—well, I don't know what to say. There is no room in a galley for idlers,

and if it came on a breeze of wind, or the net got fouled, or a dozen other things, you would be in everybody's way. Besides, the men might not like it, and you might get sick; and, after all, there isn't much to see; and I know that, so far as I am concerned, if I was not forced to it, I would sooner be tucked up comfortable in bed than getting wet."

"Well, but look here, señor patron, this kind of thing is not altogether new to me, though I have never been after the sardine. The fact is, I was brought up in a fishing village, and could steer and row when only eight years old. In addition, I have knocked about at sea considerably, have crossed the Atlantic four times, have run through blockades on the American coast, and might perhaps be able to bear a hand if you were pushed."

"Hola, caballero," exclaimed the patron with beaming face—"hola, so you are a bit of a salt yourself; touch there," holding out his hand. "You shall make a trip, never fear, and it just happens that I am one short of my complement."

Having noticed half a dozen of the crew at the center-table, I suggested to Clementi Orué that he should call them over to drink the health of the new hand. This was done, and I saw the arrangement met with their entire approval, more especially that part in which was mentioned a keg of *aguardiente* and two or three bundles of cigars. Then it was agreed that the patron should take his evening meal with me in the same place, and that, wind and weather permitting, the galley would cast off at nightfall.

Well, at the time appointed, I found Clementi Orué awaiting me, and on a chair by his side rested a formidable-looking bundle.

"Here I am, señor, and here's your kit. There's just a steady capful from the northwest, which will be dead against us working out, but fair for running in. As it is more than probable we shall get a wetting, I have brought you a stout flannel guernsey and a pair of oilskin overalls, so leave your coat with the Widow Martinez. I see you wear the *boina*, like the rest of us, and *alpargatas* (canvas shoes with hemp soles), but slip off the socks—that's so—now then for the guernsey and overalls—bravo! and I'd like to see the fellow to you.—Hola, Widow Martinez; hola, chicas; come and look at the caballero Ingles; here's a *novio* (sweetheart) for the best among you."

Our supper was soon disposed of, and the patron slinging the keg of *aguardiente* over his shoulder, and tucking the cigars under his arm, we made down the mole for the galley. All hands were in readiness to start, and amid hearty wishes of good luck from a cluster of women and girls, we cast loose, and paddled toward the

mouth of the bay—it appeared that two other galleys were to put to sea that night, and had already worked out. As we reached the opening between island and mainland, the masts had been stepped, and at the word "hoist" from the patron, the two leg-of-mutton sails went up. There was a list to port, followed by a souging, rushing sound, three or four smacks against the bows, a succession of clouds of spray which soaked everything and everybody fore and aft, and then the men settling into their places to starboard, and a taughtening pull being got at the sheets, away we went on a westerly course, running diagonally outward from the coast. Clementi Orué had suggested the coiled net on the stern-board as a good seat for me, and against this he leaned and worked the steering-oar. The night was rather dark, the sky being patched with clouds, and there would be no moon for an hour or more; still, as the patron said, if there were fish he'd manage to catch them without candles.

"By the way, it never occurred to me to ask the name of your boat—what is it?"

"La Santisima Trinidad." Here Clementi Orué crossed himself, as did most of the crew, so far as I could distinguish in the gloom. "Sí, señor, La Santisima Trinidad. She belonged to three of us—three brothers; two have been drowned, I am the last. You see, señor, we were caught four years ago come San Pedro, off Cape Machichaco—that light away yonder on the port bow—in a tearing hurricane. It struck us almost without warning, and before we could either get sail in, or head on to it, we were bottom up. I never saw my brothers from the moment the boat capsized, and with them were lost six others. It was a wonderful business altogether; a few minutes before the sea was like a looking-glass, and a quarter of an hour afterward there wasn't a ripple. The six saved, including myself, were taken off the keel by a Bermeo galley, and the Santisima Trinidad was towed in and righted. The oars, spars, sails, and nets were, however, missing. But she's a good stiff boat; and will carry on, going free or close hauled, with any other—won't she, lads?"

"Ay, ay, patron; there's no better out of Lequeitio, or for that matter out of any of the ports on the coast; see how she flies, and well up in the wind too."

She certainly was moving along, though heading considerably to windward, and on the course we were going made capital weather, and was remarkably steady.

"Well, patron, let us hope you have seen your last accident in the Santisima Trinidad; come, serve out a cigar and a glass of *aguardiente* all round, and we'll drink good fortune to the boat and long life to her owner."

This was done, the steering-oar, meantime, being confided to me, and then after about an hour and a half of the same course, to just abreast the Machichaco light, we went about, and made due north for an offing. Our speed was nearly doubled, and as the moon had risen, and now and again broke through the clouds, we caught an occasional glimpse of the two other boats, about a mile to windward. Suddenly Joaquin, one of the men, who was standing on a thwart and leaning against the foremast, sang out:

"Sardina, sardina, sardina—yonder away, dead in the wind!"

Yes; there was the shoal, a luminous, phosphorescent streak, some hundreds of yards in length.

In an instant the galley's head was brought round, the canvas shook and flapped, and in another moment down went the sails. Then the oars were got out, and away we went, thudding through the seas which came stem on. Joaquin, in the bows, had a boom with block at end ready, and a coiled line, made fast to the outgoing extremity of the net, was passed forward, and this he rove through the block, and then rigged the boom firmly, so as to project from six to eight feet. All this had been done in the twinkling of an eye, the men, the while, bending to their oars with a will.

"Stand clear of the net, señor, and lend me a hand when the moment comes to pay out.—Give way, my lads, give way, or we shall have Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria down on the shoal before we get a cast; the wind will blow them clean on to it. Pull, chicos, pull, for sardines at twenty reals the thousand. They'll be well worth every farthing of it to-morrow, and only three boats out. Pull, boys, pull; Pedro and José have got a sight and are bound for the fish under full canvas. Give way—will you let a hundred reals each slip through your fingers? Pull, by all the saints in heaven, pull! Give way, chicos, give way, the sea's alive with them, and one cast will be a fortune for all of us!"

"Pay out, pay out!" shouted Joaquin, as the galley seemed to cleave into a liquid phosphorescent fire, flakes of which, in the shape of sardines, flew sparkling from the oar-blades.

While I rapidly cleared coil after coil of the net, the patron cast it adrift, Joaquin, meanwhile, slacking out the messenger-line through the block at the end of the boom. As the last coil went over, the line with it was only allowed to run a dozen yards or so, and then made fast. The oars were now tossed inboard, and the men commenced lifting the false flooring which fitted to about two feet above the keel, and wooden scoops were placed handy.

"Haul in fore and aft!" cried the patron, and half a dozen men clapped on to each line, bringing the net inward, to bow and stern, in a semi-circle, the form of which could be traced by the myriads of glistening fish that sought to escape over the floating corks.

But it seemed, despite these signs, that we had been too hasty and had made a false cast, for it soon became apparent we were only on the edge of the shoal, which was making away to windward, and right on to the galleys of Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria.

"Now may the saints have you in their holy keeping, Señor Joaquin, for the good you have done us! See, there go the fish, my lads, but haul in smartly, or the few we have will manage to get away. What say you, chicos, shall we make a present of this take to buy spectacles for Joaquin?"

Joaquin muttered something, to the effect that he was not the only one in the boat wanting eyes, and that he had given the word at the right time, that the galley's head was allowed to pay off, and what further observations he made were lost in a grumble. When the whole of the net had been gathered in, the scoops barely succeeded in getting a couple of bushels.

In anything but a good humor the patron gave the word to hoist sails, and as we turned again seaward the moon rose from a bank of clouds, and in its light we could see the galleys of Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria laying over to the weight of fish they were taking. One thing was positive, that we had left them behind, and that whatever we fell in with now we should have to ourselves. Well, for hours we tacked and retacked, making for wherever there appeared indications, and at dawn, greatly discouraged, Clementi Orué suggested putting about and steering homeward. At this moment Joaquin, who had been perched moodily in his usual place, turned to the patron, and asked him to look in the direction to which he pointed—the northeast. There was a line of light on the water and a broadening streak of morning in the sky. Scores of sea-gulls were eddying in circles, now poisoning for an instant, and then swooping down to the surface.

"If that doesn't mean fish," said Joaquin, in rather a sulky manner, "may I never catch another sardine as long as I live!"

"Right, my lad," replied the patron cheerily; "there are sardines there by millions, and as they are to leeward we can strike them where we choose.—Now, then, my lads, have everything in readiness, and stand by to down sail when I give the word."

In about a quarter of an hour we were right on to, and apparently near the center of, the shoal, which must have been a mile in length.

Every rising wave was literally alive with fish, and as we struck in they leaped from the water in every direction round the galley.

"Down sail!" shouted the patron, and with good way still on the boat the net was cast. Then came the hauling in, and by the dead weight there could be no doubt as to the take; indeed, as the net neared, the whole of the surface confined became solid with sardines. Half a dozen men with scoops leaped on to thwart and gunwale, and commenced ladling the fish in, while those hauling had to keep easing to give them time to work at the dense mass; and when at last the remnants were shaken out of the strands of the net, the patron said, turning to me:

"There, señor, you have brought us luck. I never saw a finer take, and, if there were millions more, we haven't room for another hundred."

And so it seemed, for we were pretty deep, and, as for the flooring, the boards were just cast loosely over the fish. Then, in the exuberance of his spirits, Clementi Orué served out a glass of *aguardiente* and a cigar all round. As he passed me the cup, he indicated with the hand holding the bottle the land.

"And now for Lequeitio with as many sardines on board as Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria have between them. There, abreast of us, lies Elanchove, and," turning slightly, "there is Cape Machichaco, where—"

His eyes and jaw became fixed, the fingers opened, and the bottle fell into the water. Following the direction of his gaze, I saw a steamer rounding the headland, and apparently pointing directly for us.

"Holy Mary! yonder is the government cruiser Ferrolano. Up sails, lads, and pray for the breeze to freshen, or we're likely to see Cuba or the Philippines on board a man-of-war."

We had a good ten miles to run, with the wind, which was increasing, on our beam. The steamer, to cut us off, would have to do the whole of fourteen, though when we sighted her she was not more than seven distant. We would both be going on diagonal lines, and ours was the shorter. It may readily be imagined that the chicos needed no recommendation to bestir themselves. The sails were hoisted in a jiffey, the galley trimmed to bear the strain, the course laid, and as the boat felt the "draw" she seemed to leap forward. Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria were already under the land, so they, at any rate, were safe. For some few minutes no one spoke, the whole attention being concentrated on the Ferrolano; and it soon became evident, from the increased volume of smoke, that she had caught sight of us and was firing up. We were well ballasted with fish, and stood the

spread of canvas admirably, though the list to port, now and again, brought the gunwale level with the seething water. The wind freshened considerably, and under other circumstances it might have been a question of taking in a reef, but we held on, banking sardines and men well over to starboard. I should think we must have been going eight or nine knots, but for all that the Ferrolano rose perceptibly every few minutes, and when we were within five miles of the entrance to Lequeitio I could distinctly see the group of officers on her bridge. At four miles she was not more than fifteen hundred yards off, and she soon let us know it; for following a white puff from her bows came a shrieking howl across our stern, which made all hands duck like a lot of salaaming mandarins. The Ferrolano gunner was trying his hand, and it was pretty certain that each succeeding shot would come closer, and so it proved, for the next struck the water on our starboard quarter, completely drenching the patron and myself.

"What do you think about it, señor: we have no chance, have we?" asked Clementi Orué of me in a low voice.

With a tolerably decent attempt at a smile, considering the awkward position in which we found ourselves, I suggested that while there was life there was hope, that I did not think we should be hit, and that every minute we drew nearer home. I had scarcely given expression to these comforting observations, when a flat contradiction came to the supposition that we were not likely to be touched. Vrrrowwww—vrrriiish—boom! and a shell struck our main-mast about three feet from the peak, bursting and sending the particles humming to port. The spar was shattered completely, and the canvas came down with a crash, partially falling on to the gunwale, and partially into the water, and as the men slid over to port at the same time, I thought we should capsize. The foresheet had also been cut, and the sail was banging and flopping terribly.

"Holy Mary! it's all over with us," gasped the patron; "we'd better luff up and give in; another shot will cut us in two."

I hardly know how to explain it, but somehow or other I found myself in command. I presume it was that I had kept my head, having, during campaigning experiences of fifteen years, been considerably under fire both at sea and on land; besides, I felt convinced that the chances were not altogether hopeless.

"Now, chicos," I shouted, "down with that foresail—unstep both masts—get that wreckage and dragging canvas inboard, and out with the oars; that's it, don't be flurried, he has not half the mark to shoot at now, besides which our

jumping will puzzle him.—I beg your pardon, patron, but as you are one hand short you had better take your place on the after-thwart to make up the number. I will steer, only tell me if I can keep a straight course for mid-entrance, without fear of rocks?"

Clementi Ouré looked at me curiously and steadily for a moment, then grasping an oar and seating himself, he answered.

"Yes, direct for the entrance; it's about high water, and there isn't enough sea on to make going over the rocks very risky."

"Well, then, give way all of you, and let him shoot his best; why, he'd have to be able to hit a fly to strike us now. That's it, my lads, pull your hardest and pull together; you are bound for Lequeitio, and not for Cuba or the Philippines."

Another shell flew over us, but at a considerable height, and then one ducked and draked across the bows; and though I told the men, who could not see where the water was struck, that it was at least a quarter of a mile off, I began to have serious misgivings. The Ferrolano was overhauling us rapidly, and, in addition to her gunning, would probably soon sprinkle us with rifle-shots. I had my eyes firmly fixed on the entrance, so as not to lose an inch by yawing, if I could help it, when to my utter astonishment a long puff of white smoke leaped over the wall of the platform in front of the Hermitage, near the summit of the mainland point. Turning my head quickly in the direction of the steamer, I saw a flash right on her bows—she had been struck by a shell.

"Don't stop to look, lads, but give way; every minute is worth an hour just now. Some one is helping us, and no mistake, and, if the second shot is an improvement on the first, we shall not have much more to fear from the Ferrolano."

"The gun must have dropped from heaven," cried the patron, with an expression of blank amazement on his face, "and Santa Barbara is working it!"

Again the white cloud leaped out from the Hermitage terrace, and this time the shell burst on the steamer's bridge; and when the smoke cleared there could be seen great scattering and confusion among the figures that had hitherto formed a dark group. But that was not all. The helm had been put hard a-starboard, and the Ferrolano, under full steam, headed seaward, checked and driven off by a single gun, where

she thought to have everything her own way and meet with no resistance. Delighted beyond measure at our lucky escape, I suggested to Clementi Ouré and the crew, that by way of a parting salute we should toss oars and give her a round of cheers, though the last might not probably be heard.

"And now, señor patron, as there are quite enough hands to pull, I resign to you your post—"

"No, by Our Lady! that shall not be. You have brought us through the difficulty, and you shall take us in. When we were struck, had you not acted as you did, I should have put about and surrendered. We owe our escape to you first, and then to the miraculous gun—isn't that so, chicos?"

"Sí, sí,—viva el capitan Ingles!"

As the patron and chicos insisted that I should maintain my place at the steering-oar, there was nothing for it but to obey, and splendidly they pulled in. No sooner did we round the point and come in sight of the mole, than cheer after cheer went up, for it was seen we were rowing full-handed, and that consequently no one had been killed or hurt. Each of the crew had some one near and dear to him crying and laughing with joy; and the patron's wife, a portly dame, hugged and kissed her husband as he had probably not been hugged and kissed for many a year. My welcome came from the comandante de armas, and from him I got the following explanation of the "miraculous" gun:

"Just after you had put out last night, a lieutenant of artillery, with ten men, arrived in charge of a Whitworth cannon, which had been ordered here for the protection of the port—it is to be mounted on an earthwork on the island yonder. Well, when Pedro Artégui and José Echevarna came in with the news that the Ferrolano was trying to cut off the Santísima Trinidad, I roused up the lieutenant, and, obtaining any number of volunteers from among the boatmen, the gun was dismounted, and, with the carriage, was lifted and hauled up the precipitous and narrow path to the Hermitage terrace. The first shot, as you must have noticed, was good, the second excellent, and with my glasses I saw that some of those on the bridge had been hurt by the bursting shell."

It was a very lucky accident that brought that gun to Lequeitio just in the nick of time. Without it I should probably have had but little taste for sardines after that night's adventure.

All the Year Round.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE spring exhibition at the Academy is thought by many persons to be the best ever held there, but very likely this is due to the vividness of present impressions as compared with recollections of exhibitions gone by. There is certainly, we think, more variety, a larger range of treatment and subjects, and more freshness of thought, if not more genuine force and excellence. Our exhibitions have commonly been declared to be monotonous; this charge, at least, can not justly be made to-day, for side by side with our own methods we see paintings inspired by all the various European schools and nearly every existing theory of art. There is excellent opportunity to compare established and hitherto generally accepted modes of treatment with bold innovations and strange methods of interpretation. It seems to us that if one will gather in his mental vision all the landscapes in the exhibition that are painted in the simple manner of the past—the charming subjects by Wyant, Minor, Casilear, Gifford, Richards, and some others—he must admit that their pure, unexaggerated, and unstrained interpretation of nature marks the true scope and purpose of landscape-painting, which is to delight by sentiment and beauty, and not to surprise by vehemence and novelty. The serene and lofty tone that pervades the poems on nature by Bryant is just as rightly fitted to landscape art as it is to verse. There is no reason why sensation and extravagance should be approved in the artist and condemned in the writer, and yet by current canons of criticism that which all instructed people are expected to condemn in the one is sought for and demanded in the other. All our young painters, and some not so young, are struggling to get away from the conventional, but, while this is highly commendable, they must not in doing so overthrow the established, nor purchase originality at the cost of taste and sanity. An artist must no less than a poet aim above all things at truth; and just as sure as men set up originality as the first requirement of either art or literature we shall have hosts of aspirants indulging in endless phases of grotesque and fantastic expression. If our painters have hitherto been monotonous and feeble, as we hear asserted on all sides, they have been so largely from a detestation of sensation, from an earnest sympathy with simplicity and modest truth. The paintings at the Academy that come

from the class to which we refer are penetrated with fine feeling; they are full of serene beauty; they give evidence in every detail of what Mr. Hamerton calls "affectionate fidelity."

Among the paintings which perplex rather than satisfy are those by Mr. George Inness. It is thought by many persons—good judges for the most part, and among them many artists—that Mr. Inness is the very best of our landscape-painters. That he is an independent thinker and a student all who know him are aware; that he is audacious, original, creative, his paintings bear witness to all; but to the unlearned in the mysteries of art theories they are in some things incomprehensible. His view at North Conway, New Hampshire, is the largest canvas in the exhibition. It is a spring day, and depicts the White Mountains, snow-capped, towering in the distance, an expanse of meadow and groups of trees in the foreground, and a vast extent of orchards and hills in the middle distance flushed with the roseate tints of spring. Nearly the whole charm of the picture lies in this middle distance. The mountain range is impossibly high, and would fairly dwarf the Alps or the Rocky Mountains, and the foreground trees are uncouth and distasteful. If nature ever built up trees in these strange shapes, the artist should have excluded them, in obedience to the principle of selection which lies at the base of his art, and chosen other forms. Mr. Inness is apt to assert imperatively the place of imagination in art; it seems to us conspicuously needed in parts of this painting. In all the other landscapes by this artist there is very strange and unreal tree-architecture, and equally strange and unreal cloud-forms. In one instance he piles up as storm-clouds masses that have much more resemblance to granite cliffs and mountain peaks than to vapor. That Mr. Inness is an absolute master of his art all persons who are well informed will concede; but being smitten with a passion for originality, and possessed with a host of theories, he rushes into strange extravagances. He believes, with Turner and Corot, in imagination in art—in painting dreams rather than realities. By all means let us have the artist's dreams on canvas as we have the poet's dreams in verse; but let there be no mistake. We want dreams, and not nightmares; and Mr. Inness is eminently capable, if he will, of giving us the former.

If not so large a canvas as Mr. Inness's "North Conway," Mr. Thomas Moran's "Ponce de Leon in

Florida" is more ambitious. This is a view of the interior of a Southern forest, with a large open glade in which is gathered a group of Indians, and of Spanish soldiers in the gay costumes of the period. It is pleasant to see our artists looking for picturesque subjects in our own history. The North has not wholly been neglected by them in this way, but few seem to be aware of the really excellent material which Southern scenes and Southern history offer for artistic treatment. Mr. Moran's painting is not hung in a way to afford a good opportunity to study it. Were it separated from other pictures, hung lower, and in a flood of strong, illuminating light, we imagine it would be much more satisfactory. There is endless painstaking in the details of the picture, and the execution in many particulars is excellent; but there is a suspicion of scenic and theatrical effect. It must be remembered that, should a painting planned on the heroic scale that this is prove a complete success, it would confer enduring fame upon the painter. Mr. Moran has not achieved as brilliant a result as this; few, indeed, are the really great pictures of the world; but his painting is of decided interest, and is measurably successful.

There is one *genre* subject by Mr. Guy, entitled "Bedtime Stories," that many people will have the temerity to admire, despite the fact that it is painted with a supreme unconsciousness of the whole body of Munich theorists. And it is impossible not to be interested in the story of the picture, although to be concerned in the story that a painting tells is proof, according to the dicta of the studios, of a wofully low artistic culture. We are instructed that we must care for nothing but the way the paint is laid on; to take any other interest in a picture is to show literary rather than artistic sympathies. Mr. Guy's composition shows a girl of about twelve years sitting on the side of a bed and reading to her two young brothers stowed away under the blankets for the night. The look of terror in the wide-spread eyes of the youngsters indicates that the stories read to them have been of mysterious goblins and the like. The painting is faithfully minute in every detail of drawing and texture, but undoubtedly the girl's face and hands are too smooth, and merely pretty. Ruskin affirms the artistic value of dirt, and evidently Mr. Guy should have avoided his extremely polished and untarnished surfaces. Our Munich friends, however, would have revolutionized the whole picture, substituting paint for texture, ugliness for beauty, confusion for purpose, and the unknowable generally for the knowable. It is to be wished that Mr. Guy would borrow from them a hint or two so as to be less rigid and hard, and give

to his work a few free touches; but one is glad for a pleasant little story pleasantly told without the sensible intrusion of the palette. "The art that conceals art" was once the ideal achievement; the latest notion is an art that shows every brush-mark. What are forms in art without texture but so many skeletons without flesh?

The various portraits and heads exhibited here and elsewhere by the Munich men are in one way a little tricky—if that word is not too strong. They are imitations of certain effects in old paintings that have come of age. The figures that fade into dark and mysterious backgrounds are distinct copies of examples that were not painted in this fashion, but have gained their tone and mystery by time. Perhaps imitation of this kind is defensible, but any artist with a slight knowledge of the resources of his palette can accomplish it. To our mind it is an illegitimate proceeding. In some paintings the trick is openly manifest; a suspicion of it attaches to Mr. Shirlaw's "Burgomaster" and Mr. Fuller's "Romany Girl." The technical excellence of both of these paintings must impress everybody. The head of the Burgomaster is vigorous and sound; the figure of the Romany girl is unique in conception, and the whole painting is pervaded by a rich dark tone that is very captivating. But are not both painted in imitation of time-mellowed canvases so abundant in European galleries? Mr. Fuller does not affect the rough dash and elementary massing of color that some of the young artists do; he gives adequate fullness and completeness to his work, and satisfies, so far as execution goes, without reservation. But are our young men to give themselves wholly to reproducing impressions formed by studying old pictures? What have these heads of burgomasters, these portraits of ancient dames, these cavaliers and old still-life subjects, to do with life to-day, with the aspirations, sympathies, feelings, intellectual being of our people? They absolutely reflect nothing and express nothing with which we have the least concern. Artists who, like Mr. Colman, Mr. Tiffany, and Mr. Sartain, go into Egypt, to Algeria, to any far-off place, and bring back studies of the life there, give us at least reflections of living forces; they enlarge our boundary of knowledge, and reveal to us strange and interesting experiences. There is a measure of this character in the "Romany Girl," but in the "Burgomaster," in Mr. Duveneck's "Cavalier," in Mr. Chase's "Coquette," and in other similar subjects, there is nothing to concern us but execution. American art must hold a sorry place in our civilization if it is to consist solely of exhibits of technical skill, if we are to see nothing but the way

paint is laid on, and feel nothing but pleasure for dexterous handicraft. Pedantry in art is as dreary and fruitless as pedantry in literature.

Fortunately, all our painters are not of one way of thinking. Mr. Winslow Homer is wholly *en rapport* with American life. He cares nothing for schools of painting; he is utterly free from foreign influences; and, being penetrated through and through with the spirit of the present, with the things and the ideas that surround us, his work reflects them exclusively. But Mr. Homer has always seemed for the most part to be only playing on the edge of his art. In three pictures this year there are more reach and fullness of purpose than in his recent works, and they indicate unmistakably, we think, that, when the conditions all unite favorably, Mr. Homer will produce a truly great American painting. The elements are all within him; they are simply to be adequately mastered and grouped. His "Shepherdess of Houghton Farm" in the present exhibition is a charming idyl—a sort of modern Watteau—in which there is a fullness of sentiment and tenderness that he has not been accustomed to exhibit. The landscape is treated, moreover, in a manner that has a most delicate and subtle relation to the sentiment of the story. "Upland Cotton," being almost without perspective, and painted nearly flat, must be recognized by the spectator as purely a decorative picture if he is to understand it. It represents two negro women in a field gathering cotton. Nothing could be more delicate and perfect than the painting of the cotton-pods in this picture—nothing more truly expressive within the design of the artist than the whole composition, which is brilliant and unique, and, viewed with a knowledge of the limitations of its purpose, is excellent. Of "Sundown," Mr. Homer's third picture, one can not speak with confidence. It is a seashore scene, with sky and sea bathed in deep indigo—a study of effect of light that may be true, but which seems to us an excessive exaggeration. Nor do we like the composition. The surf is a rigid wall with breaks that look like land-slides. The girl on the sand looks out of the picture, and holds up a shell as if it were a mirror to reflect the visages of the spectators. But it is original in thought, and, taken with Mr. Homer's other subjects, is valuable as indicative of the many resources of expression which he possesses. Let us hope that this painter, so completely a product of the soil, so interpenetrated with the genius of our life, will gird up his loins for a painting that shall assert the fullness of his powers, and the possibilities of a national theme.

One of the most striking pictures in the collec-

tion is Mr. McEntee's "Clouds," which represents simply a stretch of brown moorland with great billowy masses of cloud and mist sweeping over it. It is admirably painted. Mr. Arthur Quartley has nothing so imposing as last year, but it is evident that he is at the head of our marine painters. A small subject, the title of which we do not recall, is full of exquisite light and color; it is soft and mellow to the point of idyllic beauty. Mr. Sanford Gifford's "Seashore" is also an exquisite bit of color, being an example of the tender and melting yellow mists which he delights to bathe his distances in. Mr. Tiffany's "Harvesting" is another picture noticeable for its beauty of tone and sweetness of sentiment. The Smillie brothers have each a very fresh and strong landscape, which indicate their escape from somewhat timid theorizing, and the influence of recent discussion. But our space is exhausted, and we must forbear, although there are many other pictures we would like to mention. There are probably a hundred paintings out of the six hundred on exhibition that have noteworthy qualities, which, as exhibitions go, is a large proportion. But while these hundred please, none of them are absolutely great; a few have national character, but none of them exert absolute power over the sympathies of the people. Too many of them are simply anachronisms; others are narrowed by the petty and pedantic notions of the studios; and hence, amid many expressions of mere beauty, there is very little if anything in the exhibition that stirs the heart, takes possession of the imagination, or which can be permanently installed in the affections.

THE SUCCESS OF "PINAFORE."

WHAT is this "H. M. S. Pinafore" which, to reverse the sentiment of a well-known line, has enriched the gayety of the world? A burlesque that elicits from the grave "Quarterly Review" praise for "its genial humor and gay melody," which prompts the Easy-Chair to a graceful essay upon its captivating nonsense, which induces another of our magazines to descant upon its fitness for parlor representation, which has furnished the wits with a new, universally quotable joke, and amateurs with new airs, which has taken possession of half our theatres and supplied jaded society with a new sensation—a burlesque that can do all this must assuredly, one would say, possess distinctive characteristics and eminent qualities. Yet it is difficult to say what these characteristics and qualities are, as "H. M. S. Pinafore" does not possess one of the features that

have so repeatedly been declared indispensable for successful burlesque. It does not make a display of pretty women, nor give questionable dances, nor exhibit fine scenery or costly dresses, nor in any way appeal to the senses either in its story, its pictures, its situations, or its humor. It is as pure a piece of fun as was ever offered to the public—pure not only by virtue of its freedom from everything like salacious suggestion, but pure artistically because of the entire absence of vulgar extravagance, farcical incidents, and coarse humor. It has none of those rich and unctuous personations that hitherto have marked the burlesque, and because of which people have condemned much in them that was questionable both in taste and morals. It has but two or three laughable situations, and its witticisms can be counted on the fingers. Without unctuous acting, broad fun, rattling jokes, or the fascinations of female beauty, what then is the cause of its remarkable popularity? In the language of the "Quarterly Review," it is genial and gay, but have geniality and gayety alone ever so won the suffrages of theatre-goers? All comedy is largely genial and gay, and the burlesques of the popular Thompson troupe were eminently so, the success of which was supposed to be due mainly to the lavish display of female charms. The *Easy-Chair* calls the "Pinafore" a "prolonged, good-natured laugh set to music." This is exactly what *opéra bouffe* and all comic opera really is, for, whatever wickedness Offenbach and the rest may indulge in, their mirth is not ill-natured.

Now, we have not meant to imply by our questions and comments that we have at hand a solution of the problem, but rather to indicate that problems of this kind are not easily solved, and that all the theories so easily formed in matters of this nature are commonly fallacious. We are told, for instance, at one time that people want to go to the theatre solely to laugh, forgetting the success of Salvini and Booth in tragedy; on other occasions we are assured that only coarse comedy suits the palate of the public, overlooking such successes as Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*, Sothorn's *Dundreary*, and the annual revivals of old comedy at Wallack's; at other periods desponding critics are convinced that theatrical taste has degenerated into a passion for "Black Crook" glitter and upholstery comedies, oblivious of the facts to the contrary that exist on every side. In truth, the public are many-sided and like varied dishes; and then there are many different publics, so that all off-hand generalizations are apt to be misleading. It can be safely asserted, we think, that whatever is thoroughly good and fresh of its kind

will succeed—that the public, having no theories and indulging in no foregone conclusions, will run after whatever amuses them—which may be a bit of good broad comedy or good delicate comedy, or a piece of roaring fun, or something of pleasing sentiment, or an example of stirring and even stormy tragedy—but in each case it must be good in its way. The burlesque of "Pinafore" has really very delightful music; there is an artistic unity in all its parts; it is bright, light, gay; the comedy of the situations is amusing, the music tingles, and as a result the sensations are pleasurable. We get at the philosophy of its success by not attempting to be too philosophical, by believing that successes of broad burlesque may have often been in despite rather than because of objectionable features, and by recognizing that there are a good many chords in human nature, one of which a bright piece of musical comedy is sure to act upon. But do not let all our dramatic writers conclude that musical burlesques are to be exclusively the fashion. It will be just as unwise for them to tie themselves up in a new dogma like this as it has been unwise hitherto to bow down before the traditions of the theatre. There is but one tradition and one dogma that is—both being the same—binding, which is that a drama must be completely good in its way, a principle illustrated by a French saying in regard to literary composition—"There is but one bad style, and that is a dull style."

THE DISCIPLINE OF EDUCATION.

A GREAT deal that is said about the importance of classical education as a discipline of the mind largely disregards the operation of ordinary duties in this direction. We can imagine that a young nobleman so situated as to be above or beyond those compulsory circumstances that force the average man to exertion, would without the discipline of a college education fall into very loose and idle mental habits. College training is with him the only thing that will teach him to govern his desires, to concentrate his attention, and to bring his mind under the control of his will. Without the obligations and stimulus of college life he would be likely to develop into a very slothful and self-indulgent maturity, with little command over his faculties and little inclination to exercise them. It is this fact, we apprehend, that lies at the root of nearly all the utterances that we hear upon the subject—utterances that are for the most part traditional, that are borrowed from the higher ranks of English life, and which are derived

from observations purely special and local in their character. They apply with equal force to a small proportion of our own people, it being evident that young men of wealth would sink into marked inferiority if educational discipline did not extend well into their manhood. But we are convinced that the requirements of the schools, the mental training which comes of a study of the ancient languages and the higher mathematics, are far from being so completely disciplinary as the ordinary experiences of the professions and the trades. The lawyer in his practice soon gains the power of concentration, and is fairly compelled to bring his mind under the control of his will, his discipline being more thorough, more exacting, more sustained, than any that can be invented by college systems. The daily experience of the physician is likewise efficient in bringing all the functions of the mind into subordination and under control. It is only by sustained effort and severe concentration that the man of letters can succeed; the painter and the poet are helpless if their intellectual powers are not fully at their command. It will be said here that the exact purpose of college discipline is to prepare men for these exacting duties. But in our observation training at college bears so small a proportion to that which comes with the competitions of life that it is scarcely traceable. We have always found that men whose necessities force them to bend their energies to work are the men who hold themselves well in hand, and that other men usually have little power of appli-

cation—that is, the classification does not distinguish between educated and uneducated men, but between working and non-working men. In the list of men who have attained success or contributed notably to the world's advance, it will not be found that those who have exhibited remarkable mental power and intellectual self-command are specially on the side of the university class. Three of the most conspicuous men in English philosophy and science—Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall—have developed their remarkable powers from the impulses of their natural gifts and not by the aid of college discipline or classical guiding. Perhaps their labors would have been easier under a thorough preparatory course—this is not easy to gainsay—but the fact remains that in the pursuit of their several ends they have brought their mental forces under complete and perfect control. Necessity is the great master, and it operates on all classes of society—it gives the power of concentration to the lawyer, teaches the physician to be self-contained and studious, gives efficiency to the pen of the writer, drills the book-keeper and the clerk, and trains the hand of the artisan. It is an ever-present and most exacting schoolmaster; and, as with an immense majority of people this schoolmaster begins his lessons in youth by means of the struggles and burdens of life, and continues them without relaxation to the end, the discipline within certain limits is complete—the self-control being general but the proficiency lying in each case solely along the line of experience.

Books of the Day.

THE firmness with which the burly figure of the German Chancellor has taken hold upon the imagination of his contemporaries has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than by the sensation produced in at least three of the leading countries of the world by the publication of Dr. Busch's "Bismarck in the Franco-German War."* The book itself, from a purely literary point of view, is far inferior to its reputation. It is dull, as a whole; it is at least three times too long, its bulk being filled out with a truly German audacity by the insertion of scores of the author's thrice-stale articles in ten-year-old newspapers; and what is good in it is ill arranged, ill told, and lamentably lacking in artistic propor-

tion and deftness of workmanship. Its importance lies in no qualities which could secure it a permanent place in literature as literature, but in the intrinsic and vital interest of the personality and events with which it deals.

Nor is the author, as he unconsciously reveals himself, any more satisfactory than his book. He has been compared to Boswell, and not without plausibility; but such resemblance as there is between them is to Boswell as portrayed by Macaulay, and not to Boswell as interpreted by Carlyle. Nearly every one of the scathing epithets applied by Macaulay to Boswell would fit Dr. Busch with at least equal precision. He is a parasite, a flunkey, a canting Philistine, a mere echo of the sentiments and prejudices of those around him, a convenient because perfectly unscrupulous instrument for performing the dirty work of diplomacy, a *gourmand* appar-

* Bismarck in the Franco-German War. 1870-1871. Authorized Translation from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. 364, 347.

ently without being a *bon-vivant*, a man "whose god," in the old homely phrase, "is in his belly." He is perpetually writing or talking of eating and drinking, and no remark on these fascinating topics escapes the alert vigilance of his recording pen. If his picture is to be accepted as accurate, the Bismarckian *milieu*, so to call it, must be beefy and beery and port-winy and tobacco-smoky to a degree scarcely conceivable by those to whom the pleasures of the palate are not the chief reason for existence. Everything done or proposed to be done is preceded, accompanied, and followed by eating or drinking; and Bismarck narrates of himself the most startling achievements in both lines. These are specimen entries: "He [Bismarck] remarked on a subject to which he often recurred: 'If I am to work well I must be well fed. I can make no proper peace if they don't give me proper food and drink. That is part of my pay.' . . . 'In our family,' he said at another time, 'we are all great eaters. If there were many in the country with such a capacity, the state could not exist. I should emigrate.'" His sole reminiscence of a dinner with Moltke and the leading generals of the invasion is that he had tasted a new and extraordinary kind of drink, "a sort of punch made with champagne, hot tea, and sherry; which, if I heard rightly, was an invention of the great general." All this is, no doubt, in the case of Bismarck, partly humorous exaggeration and partly frank recognition of the real needs of a robust and vigorous constitution upon which enormous drafts are constantly being made in the shape of exhausting work; but with Dr. Busch it is evidently the serious confession of a faith for which men might willingly live if not heroically die. Here is an illustration of his view of the matter: "Diplomatists proverbially keep a good table, and, I am told, come next to prelates. It is part of their daily business to entertain distinguished guests, who, for some reason or other, have to be put into a good humor by the contents of a well-stocked cellar and the efforts of a skillful cook. Count von Bismarck therefore kept a good table, which, when circumstances permitted, rose to the rank of a very good table. This was the case, for instance, at Rheims, Meaux, Ferrières, and Versailles, where the genius of the artist who wore the livery of the household prepared breakfasts and dinners for us, to which persons accustomed to simple fare did justice, feeling almost as if they were sitting in Abraham's bosom, especially when, besides the other good gifts of God, champagne was not wanting in the list of drinkables." The italicized sentence, it will be observed, of course, has the genuine Boswellian naïveté.

Of another numerous class of entries similar in theme but somewhat different in character, the following are good specimens: "There was no stranger at table to-day. The Chief was in excellent humor, but the conversation had no special significance. I may, however, indicate what I remember of it. Who knows to whom it may be agreeable? First, the Minister [Bismarck] said, smiling, and looking at the menu lying before him: 'There is always a

dish too much. I had already decided to ruin my stomach with goose and olives, and here is Reinfield ham, of which I can not help taking too much, merely because I want to get my own share"—he had not been to breakfast. 'And here is Varzin wild boar, too.'" Four pages further along we read: "To-day's menu may be given as a proof that our table was excellently supplied at Versailles. It included onion soup (with port wine), a haunch of wild boar (with Tivoli beer), Irish stew, roast turkey, chestnuts (with champagne and red wine, according to choice), and a dessert of excellent Caville apples and magnificent pears." One dish in particular, which never fails to arouse the Doctor's most ecstatic emotions, or to be duly recorded in his diary, is pheasants and sauerkraut boiled in champagne.

Tiresome as all this guzzling and eating finally becomes, it is yet not the most disagreeable feature of the book. That preëminence may be assigned to Dr. Busch's private and special dialect of the Pecksniffian cant which seems to have pervaded the entire German headquarters, and which used to give a touch of grotesquerie to King William's telegrams from the seat of war. Those telegrams, it will be remembered, were wont to read something in this wise: "We fought a great battle to-day, and, with the help of God, killed four thousand Frenchmen, wounded eight thousand more, and burned two villages." A Boswell or a Busch is sure to turn such a perilous habit into burlesque—if, indeed, it is not burlesque already—and here is one instance of the naïve manner in which the latter does it: "After dinner, at which we always smoke, the Minister gives us each a big, full-flavored, first-rate cigar, saying, 'Pass the bottle.' His grateful countrymen have recently been particularly mindful to supply him with cigars, and on his sideboard stands box upon box of weeds, so that, *God be praised*, he has enough of what he likes in that way." What accentuates the offensiveness of this sort of talk—or the humor of it, if one chooses to look at it in that way—is that, if ever a group of men was brought together less likely than those of the German headquarters to possess a keen sense of God's approval or disapproval, then Dr. Busch and the rest of the world have done them a grievous injustice. The whole tone of the book would give an aspect of deliberate cant to such phrases, no matter how earnestly and honestly they might be felt; the Bismarckian atmosphere is certainly unpropitious to the growth of any such sentiments.

After all, however, the most persistent feeling awakened by a perusal of the book will be one of curiosity as to the motive of Prince Bismarck in allowing its publication—for, of course, it could not have been published without his consent. No one probably is better aware than the Prince that the portrait of him as photographed by Dr. Busch is a far from pleasing one, and that the cynical frankness with which he speaks of persons and things will arouse against him keener enmity than anything else he has ever done. "Contempt," says the Eastern proverb, "will penetrate through the shell of the

tortoise"; and Prince Bismarck evidently feels the supremest contempt for the rest of mankind, collectively and individually. All the kindly feeling for him aroused by the publication of his really charming letters to his wife and sister will be repelled by Dr. Busch's report of his table-talk and official bearing; and the world will again revert to its old conception of him as a man of "blood and iron"—as an incarnation of conscious, dominating brute force. The question recurs, therefore, What was his motive in allowing the book to be published? Nothing is made clearer by Dr. Busch than that "the Chief" never does anything, or allows anything to be done, in which he is concerned, without deliberate intention; and we think at least an approximation to his motive can be found in the following neat little story which he tells of himself: "The time that I concluded the treaty of Gastein with Blome . . . was the last time in my life that I played piquet, though I had given up play a long while before. I played so recklessly that the rest could not help wondering at me, but I knew quite well what I wanted. Blome had heard that piquet afforded the best possible opportunity for discovering a man's real nature, and he wanted to try it on with me. I thought to myself, 'You shall have your chance.' I lost a couple of hundred thalers, which I would have been honestly entitled to have charged as spent in the service of his Majesty. I put him all wrong; he considered me a reckless fellow, and gave way." It is just possible that the Chancellor is now playing this effective little game upon a wider theatre and for more far-reaching objects. For reasons of his own, he apparently desires to be regarded by the world not as the genial and affectionate husband and brother, but as a cold, hard, ruthless, and remorseless man of affairs. And certainly, whether designed or not, nothing could be better adapted to convey such an impression of him than Dr. Busch's revelations of his habitual mood during the Franco-German war. Even the ruin and bloodshed of that disastrous conflict were not sufficiently ruthless and copious for him; and he was constantly fretting because more villages were not burned, and especially because so many prisoners were taken. "About eleven," records Dr. Busch on November 29, 1870, "a telegram came in from Verdun about the sortie this morning. It was directed against La Haye, and about five hundred red-breeches were taken prisoners. The Chief complained bitterly that they would go on taking prisoners, instead of shooting them down at once. 'We had more than enough prisoners,' he said, 'already, and the Parisians were relieved of so many "consumers" whom we should have to feed, and for whom we had no room.' This is the keynote and burden of almost constant complaints of the same sort. Other subjects that fretted him were the delays in the bombardment of Paris, and the lack of "thoroughness" on the part of the military in collecting taxes in the conquered districts. "If we can not provide every place within our circle with garrisons, we can send a flying column from time to time to such places as prove troublesome, and shoot,

hang, and burn. If that is done twice they will soon listen to reason.' Winter thought that the mere appearance of the party to do execution in such places would produce the desired effect. 'I don't know,' said the Chief, 'a moderate amount of hanging does much better; and if a few shells are thrown in, and a few houses burned. That reminds me of the Bavarians, who asked the Prussian artillery officer: "What think you, comrade, are we to burn this village to the ground, or only wreck it in moderation?" I don't know what the answer was.' That is his way of dealing with soldiers and civil communities; here is his equally "thorough" way of dealing with an individual: "The Count [Bismarck's cousin] told us that a woman had come to the Chancellor at Commercey to complain that her husband had been put in prison for having struck a hussar in the back with his spade. The Chancellor looked pleasant, heard her story out, and when she had done, said to her in the kindest tone, 'My good woman, you may take my word for it, that your husband'—and he drew his fingers around his throat—'will be hanged at once.' On another occasion, when a lady had come to him from a remote province to petition for the life of her husband who had been condemned for complicity with the *Francs-Tireurs*, he refused to see her, and sent off a note at once, urging the military authorities to "let justice take its course."

Such is Dr. Busch's portrait of Bismarck. It is not to be denied, of course, that there is a much kindlier side to his character—for one thing, "the Chief" is very affable and considerate toward his subordinates—but the traits recorded above, and others like them, are what catch the reader's attention, and linger in his mind.

Having spoken at the beginning of our notice of the artistic defects of Dr. Busch's work, we will direct attention, in closing, to one thing which his very defects enable him to do well, as Macaulay would say. Here is his "after the battle" picture of the battle-field of Mars-la-Tour:

I walked to the battle-field through a narrow path on the left side of the road, where, in a ditch, a man's leg, which had been cut off, lay under a mass of bloody rags. About four hundred paces from the village I came to two ditches about three hundred feet long, running parallel to each other, neither wide nor deep, which men were still digging, and near them great heaps of dead bodies, French and German, huddled together. Some were half dressed, most of them still in uniform, all blackened and frightfully swollen from the heat. There must have been two hundred and fifty bodies, which had been brought together here, and carts were still arriving with more. Many others had, no doubt, been buried. Farther on toward Metz the battle-field sloped upward a little, and here more seem to have fallen than elsewhere. The ground was strewn with French caps, German helmets, knapsacks, arms and uniforms, linen, shoes, and papers, all strewn about. Among the furrows of the potato-field lay some single bodies, some on their faces, some on their backs; one had lost the whole of his left leg, to a span above the knee; another, half his head; some had the right arm stretched stiff toward the sky.

Here and there we came upon a single grave marked by a little cross made of the wood of a cigar-box, and tied together with string, or by the bayonet from a Chassepot. The odor from the dead bodies was most perceptible, and at times, when the wind blew from the direction of a heap of horses, quite unbearable. It was quite time to go back to the carriage, and I had had quite enough of this picture of the battle-field. I took another road, but here, too, I had to pass heaps of the dead; this time, "red-breeches" only, heaps of discarded clothing, shirts, shoes, papers, and letters; prayer-books and books of devotion. Near some dead bodies lay whole packets of letters which the poor fellows had carried with them in their knapsacks.

The grim realism and perfect truth of that picture are due chiefly to the very lack of imagination which is so conspicuous a defect in other portions of the book.

In so far as Mr. Hamerton's "Life of Turner" * is a biography, it is, we think, a comparative failure. It is a failure, too, not merely because of the scarcity of authentic material for such a life—Mr. Hamerton has avowedly not used all the material collected by previous biographers, and his narrative is much more meager in detail than Mr. Thornbury's—nor because, as some have complained, he has failed to make original investigations in illustration of his subject. No mere aggregation of material, however extensive or fresh, suffices to constitute a good biography; and in so far as the "Life of Turner" is a failure, it is so because, as we said in our notice of "Modern Frenchmen," Mr. Hamerton's *forte* is not biography. Wherever calm judgment, lucid analysis, quick emotional sensibility, and picturesque description will suffice, Mr. Hamerton leaves nothing to be desired, and he is in a preëminent degree what he himself calls "an artist in words"; but good biography implies a faculty very nearly akin to the dramatic, and this Mr. Hamerton has as yet shown no symptoms of possessing. In the present work, Turner is written about from many points of view, and always instructively, but we get no lifelike representation of the *man*. On the contrary, such dim conception of him as the reader may have obtained from Mr. Thornbury's otherwise far inferior work, will be apt to be confused rather than vivified by a careful perusal of Mr. Hamerton's.

To say this, however, is by no means equivalent to saying that the book as a whole is a failure; in fact, this scarcely touches at all the essential qualities of the work. To write a biography of Turner was quite evidently a secondary object with Mr. Hamerton, his real aim being to expound a theory the recognition and acceptance of which he considers necessary to any right thinking on matters of art—namely, the fundamental and radical distinction between Art and Nature. The common idea implied, even where it is not consciously avowed, is that

Art is the imitation of Nature; but Mr. Hamerton holds that not only is Art *not* the imitation of Nature, but that it becomes Art only by not being imitation; and, further, that the practice of all great artists, and especially of Turner, who is "the most poetic of painters," is based upon a recognition of this distinction. This theory is so important, and moreover so interesting, that it will be worth while to explain and illustrate it at some length—particularly as it really constitutes the *raison d'être* of Mr. Hamerton's book. The opening paragraph of the preface is as follows:

I have been the more willing to write a biography of Turner that it is impossible to study him without encountering the greatest of all problems in art criticism, the relation of art to nature. Of all landscape painters he is at once the most comprehensive in his study of nature and the most independent of nature, the most observant of truth and also, in a certain sense, the most untrue. This double life of Turner, as observer and artist, compels us to distinguish between art and mere observation from the very beginning, under peril of falling into snares which the subject itself has laid for us. We must understand that art and nature are not the same world, but two worlds which only *resemble* each other, and have many things in common. Turner, with the instinct of genius, understood this from the first. . . . With all his study of objects and effects, he was never a naturalist. The real motive of every one of his compositions is to realize some purely artistic conception, not to copy what he saw.

The radical distinction between art and the imitation of nature is thus defined by Mr. Hamerton:

The essentially artistic elements of a picture may be comprised under the two heads of feeling and composition, neither of which is to be found in external nature, though it suggests both to the human spirit. Composition includes all color arrangement, all combinations of light and shade, all groupings and contrasts of selected and modified forms. Feeling, in art, expresses itself *always* by the alteration of nature, by exaggerating and diminishing, by selecting and rejecting, by emphasis and accent. The art of a man of genius like Turner has much more in common with music than with photography. Even the enemies of painting, those who are hostile to it because they can not understand it, do at least understand so much of it as this, that it is intensely artificial, that it is not nature.—(Page vi.)

And here is the reason why a picture which really copies or imitates nature can never convey such an impression to us as we would get from the actual scene itself:

Our more conscientious artists . . . alter nature in order to make their work look pictorial, but they do not, as a general rule, abandon the endeavor to render local character to the best of their ability. There are great differences in their success, and differences in the license they allow themselves; but the general feeling among artists is that when a picture is called by the name of a place it ought to bear some resemblance to that place. One or two of the most earnest young English artists have gone further than this, and attempted genuine portraiture, trying to draw things really and truly as they are. They met with an unforeseen difficulty in the constitution of the human mind. *All men when they are struck*

* The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With Nine Illustrations, etched by A. Brunet-Debaines. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo, pp. 404.

by anything in nature exaggerate it. I mean that they see the real thing in nature bigger and more important than it really is. The consequence of this is, that a representation of the thing which only gives the true importance of it relatively to other objects is at once rejected as inadequate. There is a wide distinction between the really apparent size of objects and the size which we imagine them to appear. The first can be measured scientifically at any time with the utmost accuracy, and precisely stated in terms of degrees and minutes, just as we can measure the exact inclination of a mountain-slope; the second is purely a mental impression.—(Page 78.)

We may add that the researches of Mr. J. Norman Lockyer into what he calls the "optical vagaries of artists and the art-loving public" afford a curious confirmation of this. He found that in the landscape pictures in the National Gallery the average height of the mountains is thirty miles, while in those which have been particularly admired for "sublimity" the height is generally over one hundred miles!

The extent to which Turner repudiated accuracy of *form*, and even that *resemblance* which may fairly be expected to subsist between a locality and the pictorial representation which bears its name, is exemplified many times over by Mr. Hamerton, and with much minuteness of detail in the comparison of "Kilchurn Castle" with the scenery which it purports to depict. This comparison is too long to quote, but it shows that Turner deviated from reality in every detail of his work: changing the position of the river relative to the castle, painting the castle in such a way as to show that he "utterly despises the most important features of the building," altering entirely the shape and position of the principal mountain and inserting others that have no existence, and in fact changing the entire face of the country. And such was his habitual method even in his professedly topographical pictures—that is, pictures named after particular and sometimes well-known localities. After his first visit to the Continent in 1802 he painted a picture called "The Festival upon the Opening of the Vintage of Macon," which, as Mr. Hamerton says, is "a beautiful fancy with much southern poetry in it," but which "is *not* Macon."

At the same time [continues Mr. Hamerton] we are not to forget that excursions such as this Continental journey had their real utility for Turner, but a strange kind of utility. They gave materials for new dreaming. The picture of the Macon vintage is unlike the reality, and yet in some strange, unaccountable way was suggested by the reality. So with the mountains. It is probable that Turner never painted a portrait of any mountain whatever; . . . and yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that his traveling was of no use to him, that he learned nothing from the mountains in Argyleshire or Savoy. On the contrary, where another artist would have spent his time in the unintelligent copyism of particular facts, such as the shape of this or that rocky pinnacle or buttress (a shape which would be altered past recognition by walking a mile in either direction), Turner was imbuing his mind with those great laws of structure which govern every hill of one class and every mountain of another. All that this

proves is that his mind acted as the most elevated minds generally do act. The small mind learns painfully the particular fact, and feels lost if the memory fails to retain it; the large mind notes the fact, but at once passes beyond to the principle, and after that holds the fact with a somewhat loose and careless grasp. Emerson says that in youth we remember painfully the very words of some great man whom we admire; but that when our minds have grown larger we become indifferent to this kind of accuracy, being ourselves capable of thinking the thoughts over again in our own way. This was Turner's habit with regard to nature. He did not care to remember so as to quote nature word for word, but he put himself as nearly as possible in harmony with nature, so that he might be able at any time to create natural beauty over again in his own way. This is the sort of relation, and the only sort, which subsisted between the great natural universe and the little Turnerian one. From the date of his election as Academician, Turner fed himself at the everlasting and inexhaustible banquet of natural beauty, but only as an original poet may freely pasture his mind on the literature of other ages. In this free spirit he traveled, never resting long in one place, and never, or hardly ever, doing more than sketch with the pencil-point, altering everything that he sketched. On his return to London, after every such excursion, it is doubtful whether he ever possessed one accurate study the more, and it can not be proved that he had any accurate recollection of a single scene that he had passed through. The real gain to him was of a different order. After a sea-voyage he had the marine element in his mind; after wandering through Alpine valleys he came back with an Alpine education, knowing how a snowy crest shines in the sunset, how a glacier creeps down a valley, and a waterfall leaps from a cliff.—(Page 94.)

The foregoing citations indicate Turner's treatment of *form*, the following one analyzes his management of *color*:

If the reader will imagine Turner as a supremely clever executant in water-color, who played with his orange and purple, his red and green, his washes of cool gray to refresh the eye, and his touches of burning scarlet to excite it, just as a musical composer will combine the effects of the various instruments in an orchestra, he will, I sincerely believe, not be very far from a just appreciation of his work. I will go even a little further and venture upon the assertion that it is only the minor colorists who are quiet-minded enough, or humble enough, for fidelity. All the splendid colorists, the men who dazzle and astonish and win great reputations for their color-power, are utterly audacious in their manner of dealing with the truth of nature. They go beyond it to play their own mighty music. We all know the Rubens color, with its regular set scale of tints, so admirably and truly analyzed by Fromentin. Turner was more various, but not less personal, and if I were asked whether his color [in the "Rivers of France"] reminded me of France, I should answer, "No, not of France, but of Turner." And if the inquirer pushed his examination so far as to ask whether the Turnerian color seemed to me a compensation for the coloring of nature, I should answer that the two appeal to different sentiments, that Turner's work is a display, an exhibition of power and dexterity, calling for admiration, whereas the comparatively humble artists who touch our hearts by reminding us of the scenes and effects we thoroughly and intimately know, make little display, and are seldom extolled

for genius, but find their way to our affection. . . . This free way of playing with chromatic elements is the true sign of a great color-faculty, and the only way to produce splendid results, but, though originally suggested by nature, it leaves nature out in the cold.—(Page 254.)

We have expounded Mr. Hamerton's theory—or rather have allowed him to expound it—at considerable length, but the subject is a highly important one, and its presentation is certainly very interesting and suggestive. Moreover, we have thus conveyed more clearly than it could have been conveyed in any other way an idea of the essential character of the book, which belongs upon the shelf with "Thoughts about Art" rather than with "Modern Frenchmen."

THE restless activity of travelers during the last fifty years has left so few of those fascinating "unexplored regions" of the earth's surface, that it would be difficult to find a country and a people at once so interesting and so little known as those found by the Lady Anne Blunt in the heart of Mesopotamia, and which she describes in "The Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates."* In company with her husband she made the journey by a rarely traveled route from the port of Scanderoon to Aleppo and from Aleppo by the Euphrates Valley to Bagdad, after which, leaving the regular caravan-routes, and plunging into the Desert, without guides or escort, they ascended the Tigris for nearly two hundred miles, traversing a hitherto unexplored region, and visiting those great nomadic tribes of the Bedouins—the Anazeh and the Independent Shammar—which, it is believed, had never before been visited by a European. The visits, moreover, were made under what proved to be, notwithstanding the risk, peculiarly advantageous conditions. "Circumstances obliged us," says the author, "to go without escort, interpreters, or, for the most part, guides, a position which, as it turned out, more than anything else predisposed those we came to see in our favor. There was no real danger in this, or real difficulty, but it was unusual; and the Bedouins fully appreciated the confidence shown in them. They became our friends. The Desert, last winter, like the rest of the world, was in confusion; and we were fortunate enough to be witnesses of a crisis in politics there, and of some episodes of a war. In these we could not help being interested; and the sympathy we felt in their troubles reacted on our new friends, and invited confidences which would hardly else have been made to strangers. We thus acquired, in a few weeks, more real knowledge of the Desert and its inhabitants than has often been amassed in as many years spent in the frontier towns of Syria."

For these reasons the book has at least the attraction of novelty, and it undoubtedly contains some

* Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates. By Lady Anne Blunt. Edited, with a Preface and Some Account of the Arabs and their Horses, by W. S. B. Map and Sketches by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 445.

facts which will prove of value to geographers, but as described by the author it would be difficult to imagine a journey more utterly lacking in adventure or incident. From beginning to end there was, as the author says, no real danger or difficulty, no special variety of experience, no picturesque contrasts of life or scenery; simply a regular methodical progression from point to point, accentuated only by the little tediums, and vexations, and delays that are apt to characterize travel in any strange country. Of course such a journey could be, and in fact has often been, so narrated as to possess a far keener interest than could be attained by a mere record of hair-breadth 'scapes and daring adventures; but this implies a literary skill which Lady Blunt shows no signs of possessing. She exhibits a courage very rare in a delicately nurtured woman, and endurance still more remarkable, but she is destitute of that picturesque sense and quick observation without which the most faithful and painstaking record of experiences is sure to become dull and tedious if it extends to any considerable length. Her narrative ambles along at the drowsy pace which her camels compelled her to adopt in the actual journey, and, though sometimes apparently just on the verge of entering upon an exciting phase, as often subsides into its habitual tepid calm.

The husband of Lady Blunt, who was the companion of her journey, adds to her account of it a few chapters in which he discusses the history, geography, and physical features of the portion of Arabia traversed; summarizes what they learned about the character, habits, customs, religion, morality, and modes of life of the Bedouins; and explains their system of tribal and family government, and their relations to their nominal Turkish masters. He also adds a most instructive chapter on Arab horses and horse-breeding, which probably contains more practical and trustworthy information on this interesting subject than has ever before been brought together. Finally, in a brief postscript he discusses the proposed Euphrates Valley Railway, which is to furnish England with an unassailable overland route to India. He regards its construction as possible from the engineering point of view, though great difficulties must be overcome, but the prospect of its ever becoming a financial success he declares to be "the most chimerical of fancies."

OWING to the modest form in which it appears, Dr. Guernsey's monograph on Carlyle* will probably attract much less attention than it deserves; for it is an extremely useful and suggestive as well as a most fascinating little book. Notwithstanding the amount of self-revelation on the part of the author to be found in Carlyle's writings, there are probably very few readers who have not desired to know more

* Thomas Carlyle: His Life, his Books, his Theories. By Alfred H. Guernsey. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. No. 26. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 201.

about the man himself, his personality, his antecedents, and his experiences, than could be gleaned either from these writings or from the meager details of biographical dictionaries. To the great majority of those who have heeded him at all, the strange oracular and prophetic utterances of Carlyle have been as the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," so difficult has it been to connect them intelligibly with the character and personality behind them.

It is scarcely too high praise to say that to such readers Dr. Guernsey's monograph will furnish just the aid wanted—much more satisfactorily, indeed, than if it were exclusively and elaborately biographical. He has brought together every known and authenticated fact about Carlyle's parentage, early life, training, and subsequent career, including those vivid and touching autobiographical reminiscences uttered by Carlyle in conversation, and written down by Milburn, the blind preacher; but his little book is much more than an aggregation and rearrangement of these details. It offers some sound, acute, penetrating, and appreciative criticism; contains analytical summaries of the more important and characteristic of Carlyle's writings; and furnishes a real guide to the study of Carlyle, and genuine help toward an understanding of him. And there is perhaps no modern writer to the understanding of whom such help is more necessary. Like most oracles, Carlyle is very apt to need an interpreter—is, in fact, seldom perfectly intelligible without it—and a large part of the interpretation will usually consist in supplying the background of each utterance—in establishing its perspective, so to speak. Merely to know the period of Carlyle's life to which a given book or essay belongs, or the circumstances under which it was written, is oftentimes to illuminate it as efficiently as could be done by an elaborate exegesis and commentary. But Dr. Guernsey does much more than simply furnish these data. Having the entire body of Carlyle's utterances at easy command, he cites one in illustration or contravention of another, confronting the extravagant expression of one mood with the equally extravagant expression of its opposite, and thus enabling us to make the necessary deduction from both.

For mere fascination, however (for the interest excited amounts to that), the most effective part of the monograph is the copious citations or extracts from Carlyle's written or spoken utterances. These extracts occupy considerably more than half the entire volume; and it may be affirmed with confidence that an equivalent amount of space has seldom been so magnificently filled. The writings of Carlyle lend themselves with peculiar facility to this sort of detached quotation; and certainly from no other modern writer, save perhaps Macaulay, could so splendid a series of passages be culled. To those readers who are totally unacquainted with Carlyle, Dr. Guernsey's little book will convey a vivid idea not only of the man himself, but also of those qualities as a writer which have given him such a peculiar hold upon the admiration and respect of his contemporaries.

THE marked success which M. Legouvé's little treatise on "Reading as a Fine Art"* has achieved in France, where it has passed through nine editions, will give a certain interest to the translation; but any one who goes to it for practical help or specific suggestions will be apt to be disappointed. The author has directed his attention rather to proving that reading *is* a fine art than to explaining in what the art consists and how it is to be acquired, and the fact that the treatise is especially designed for use in schools is curiously significant of the difference between our own and the French standard of textbooks or books of instruction. An Englishman or American of equal eminence with M. Legouvé, and with equal mastery of his subject, would have deliberately repudiated all rhetorical aids to his exposition, and would have set himself to bringing together a set of rules, and examples, and "exercises," which should be as systematic as practical, and as minute as possible—knowing full well that almost the sole test that would be applied to his work would be whether it was sufficiently "practical" and sufficiently minute. M. Legouvé, on the contrary, aims to convince his hearers (the book consists of lectures delivered to the pupils of the High and Normal School) of the importance of his subject by showing them that it can be rendered attractive; and he embellishes his plea with anecdotes and epigrams, with specimens from the dramatic poets which he doubtless read with superb elocutionary effects, with little confidences concerning events in his own life, with reminiscences of the great actors and actresses with whom he has been brought in contact, and with bits of dialogue as neat and pungent as anything in his own comedies. We can recall but a single instance in which he makes a suggestion which can be called really practical, and even that seems designed rather to pique attention than to invite practice. Yet the book is well worth reading, even by those of a "practical" turn of mind; for M. Legouvé exhibits in it the true Frenchman's art of rendering his subject pleasing, and of presenting it in novel, graceful, and suggestive aspects.

. . . . Under the title of "Gleanings of Past Years" Mr. Gladstone has brought together the more important of the addresses, essays, and contributions to periodicals with which he has amused his leisure during the past forty-five years. Essays of a controversial character, whether in politics or religion, and classical essays, are not included in the collection; but enough remain, after omitting these two classes of productions, to fill six closely printed but neat and handy volumes, of which two are already published.† The first volume is entitled "The Throne and the

* *Reading as a Fine Art*. By Ernest Legouvé, of the Académie Française. Translated from the Ninth Edition by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 18mo, pp. 97.

† *Gleanings of Past Years*. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Vol. I, *The Throne and the Prince Consort*; the Cabinet and the Constitution. Vol. II, *Personal and Literary*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Square 16mo, pp. 248, 363.

Prince Consort; the Cabinet and the Constitution," and contains an address on the death of the Prince Consort, delivered at Manchester shortly after that event; reviews (reproduced from the "Quarterly Review") of the successive volumes of Mr. Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort"; three articles on the County Franchise and its relation to political reform in England; and the much-discussed article on "Kin beyond Sea" contributed to a recent number of "The North American Review." The second volume is assigned to subjects classed as "Personal and Literary," and contains essays, partly biographical and partly critical, on Blanco White, Giacomo Leopardi, Tennyson, Wedgwood, Bishop Patteson, Macaulay, and Dr. Norman Macleod. The earliest of these essays is dated 1845 and the latest 1878, and they illustrate a long career of literary activity carried on side by side with the most exacting and exhausting public labors. Each essay is reprinted substantially in its original form, any changes of opinion on the part of the author being recorded in the form of notes; so that the collection as a whole will furnish the most authentic possible material for the study of the character and development of Mr. Gladstone's mind.

... In the preface to his "English Actors from Shakespeare to Macready" * Mr. Henry Barton Baker describes his work as "a chronological history of actors and acting from Shakespeare to Macready." It is in reality much less than this, scarcely half the actors of the period named being treated of; while of acting, save as illustrated by the careers of individual actors, hardly anything is said. What it really comprises is a series of detached sketches of the most famous actors and actresses whose names have illuminated the annals of the British stage; and these sketches, taken together, will furnish the reader with valuable aid toward vivifying and realizing the more prominent figures that will be brought before him in any fairly complete historical account of the stage. The sketches are written with considerable skill and dramatic effect, are eminently pleasant reading, and bring together many of the best anecdotes and descriptive passages of previous annalists. "It is said," remarks the author, "that the actor's genius dies with him, and becomes merely a tradition to succeeding generations; and there is too much truth in the saying. Yet it is still possible, from the vivid word-paintings bequeathed to us by contemporaries, to clearly picture many of the famous performances of the past. Such paintings have been assiduously collected, in order to place before the reader a distinct idea of the various schools of acting, from the rise to that comparative extinction of the player's art which has taken place during the present generation."

... A scheme which could hardly fail to prove useful if executed with even moderate ability is that

* English Actors from Shakespeare to Macready. By Henry Barton Baker. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Two volumes. 16mo, pp. 308, 312.

undertaken by Professor David J. Hill, of Lewisburg University, in his series of "American Authors,"* of which the volume on Bryant has been sent us. This volume is presumably a fair specimen of the series, and shows with some definiteness what will be its character. It is a fairly comprehensive compendium of the leading facts and events in Bryant's life, put together with some skill, and illustrated by citations from his published writings in prose and poetry. Little is attempted in the way of exegesis or criticism, and what little there is does not make us regret that this was not made a more prominent feature. The author's critical faculty seems to be conveniently subordinate to his appetite for practical details, and, while his book tells the reader a good deal that is interesting about Bryant's personality and mode of life, it will afford him but little help toward an understanding or appreciation of Bryant's work and place in literature.

... The old aphorism which affirms that there is no royal road to knowledge is in a fair way of being disproved, in the case of science at least, by the publication of such works as Miss Buckley's "Fairy-Land of Science,"† which certainly demonstrates beyond cavil that learning's tree is not necessarily "woful." The little book consists of ten lectures that were recently delivered with cordial acceptance before a mixed audience of children and their parents, and which the author has taken the trouble to rewrite in order to eliminate those defects which are so easily compensated by gesture and experiment in *viva-voce* delivery. Miss Buckley is already favorably known by her excellent "Short History of Natural Science"; and the special merits which were conspicuous in that—clearness of thought, appositeness and fertility of illustration, and grace of style—are even more happily displayed in the present work, where precisely these qualities are indispensable. We have never read an exposition of the elementary principles of science which seemed to us so likely to please children while imparting very valuable instruction; and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Miss Buckley has made the fairy-land of science quite as fascinating as that other fairy-land in which so many generations of children have delighted to wander. We can even conceive of children finding it even more fascinating; for, while it furnishes the indispensable stimulus to the imagination, its illustrative experiments gratify that love of striking and somewhat marvelous achievements which is generally one of the strongest of their appetites. The volume is amply and very beautifully illustrated, and contains plain directions for a number of simple experiments which almost any one can perform.

* American Authors. William Cullen Bryant. By David J. Hill. With Portrait on Steel. New York: Sheldon & Co. 18mo, pp. 240.

† The Fairy-Land of Science. By Arabella B. Buckley. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 244.